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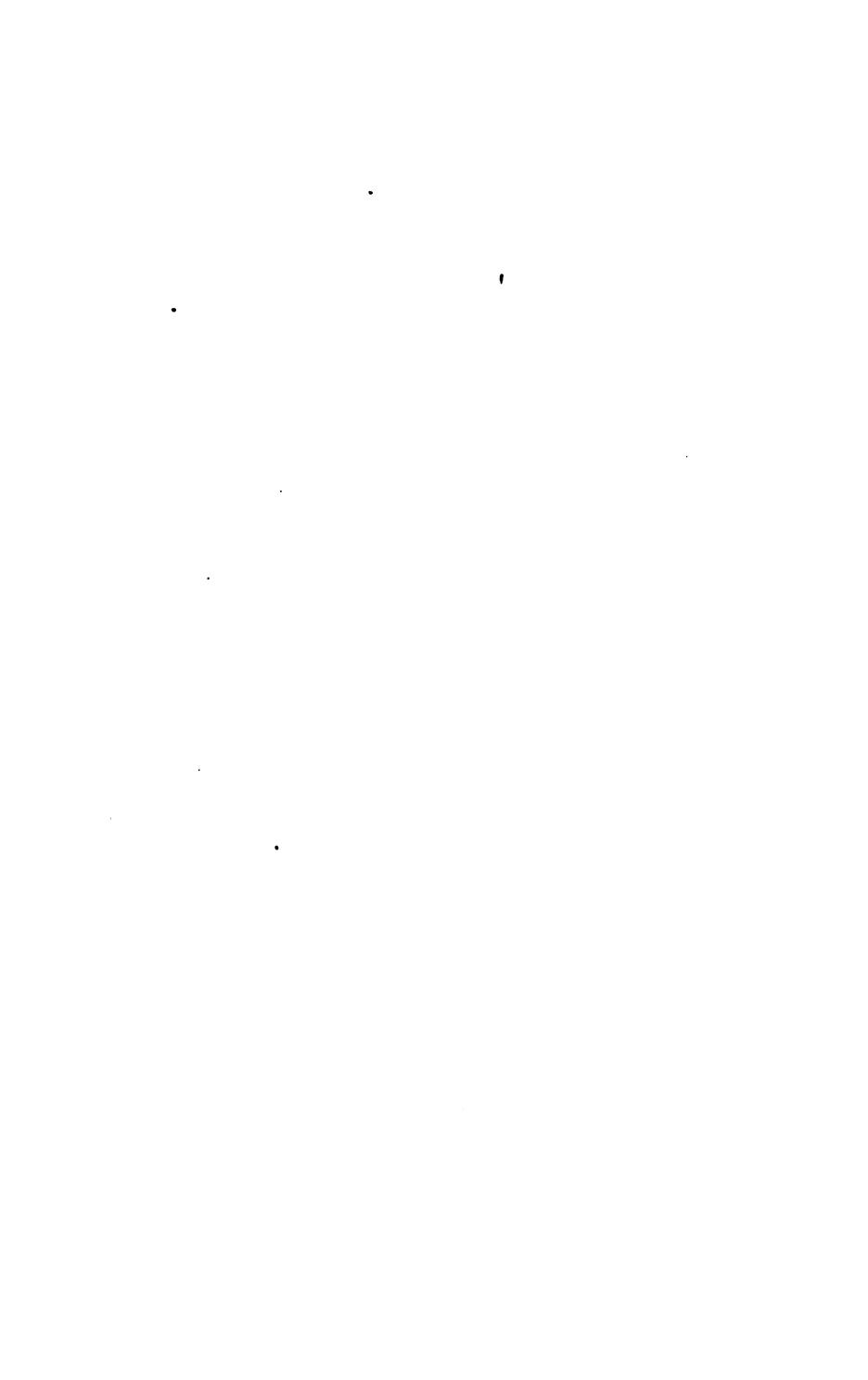


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THE
RHETORICAL SPEAKER;
AND
POETICAL CLASS BOOK.

COMPRISING
PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS
ON
THE STRUCTURE OF LANGUAGE,
AN ANALYSIS OF POETRY,
DIRECTIONS FOR THE MODULATION OF THE VOICE,
THE DELINEATION OF THE PASSIONS, &c.

TOGETHER WITH
A NEW AND CHOICE SELECTION OF PIECES
FROM THE MOST ESTEEMED AUTHORS,

FOR
RECITATION AND READING,
WITH COPIOUS INSTRUCTIONS FOR THEIR DELIVERY



BY
R. T. LINNINGTON,

Author of the "Companion to the Globes," and the "Compendium of Astronomy."

"Lapides et ligna ab aliis accipio, aulicis tamen extractio et forma tota nostra est. Architectus ego sum, sed materiam varie undique conduxi. Nec arenarum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster villor quia ex alienis libamus ut spes."—Lipsius.

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1833

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C. E. KNIGHT, HOLLOWAY, MIDDLES X.

TO SIR HUGH PALLISER PALLISER,

OF CASTLE-PALLISER: BARONET.

DEAR SIR HUGH,

IT is with infinite pleasure, and much confidence, that I submit the present work for public approbation, under the patronage of one, whom, from having had the honour of instructing, I know to possess talent to appreciate, and kindness of disposition to encourage any literary effort, however humble. With the most sincere regard, and greatest respect,

I am,

Dear SIR HUGH,

Your much obliged, most obedient,
and very humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

IT cannot but be admitted, that a correct and graceful Elocution is the most useful accomplishment that can be possessed; and it is equally a fact, that unless a foundation be laid in the early part of life for the acquirement of this bewitching art, it will be in vain to expect to arrive at any great degree of excellence in after years.

Although Oratory may not be now in such high estimation as it was in ancient times, when, as it has been justly observed, the tongue of an Orator could do more than the sword of the Warrior, or the sceptre of the Monarch, and when some thousands of pounds were given for a single speech; yet there is no respectable station of life in which it may not be the means of obtaining the most decided advantages, while to all who are called upon to address large assemblies, whether in the Parliament, at the Bar, or in the Pulpit, its value is inestimable. Should a

PREFACE.

youth not have any prospect of being called on to speak in public, he should endeavour to acquire a correct enunciation and a capability of reading with elegance and taste the works of our poets, from the gratification that he himself may receive, and the pleasure he will be enabled to give his friends.

From Elocution forming so necessary a branch of the education of youth, various compilations from the works of our best writers have at different times been made, by men of distinguished talent, for the purpose of supplying the student with Elocutionary exercises; some of which comprise the choicest extracts from the Poets of the *past* age, and have long enjoyed the patronage of our public and private seminaries. With this admission, it may be justly inquired what occasion there is for another work on the same subject.

The main object of the present compilation is not to supersede the old Speakers, but to form as it were an appendix to them, and thus supply a *desideratum* long experienced by teachers in general. The Poetical selections in the old Speakers suitable for Recitation and Reading are generally very far from numerous, and, however excellent in themselves, have been long so hackneyed, and are so familiar to every school-boy, that there is no stimulus for exertion nor room for exercise of judgment in their delivery.

The RHETORICAL SPEAKER will be found to contain a most copious and choice collection of Poetry,

principally extracted from the works of the most esteemed authors of the present century, and particularly suitable for Recitation and Reading. Few of these pieces have ever appeared in any similar publication, and they are accompanied by some which are original. To those which more immediately rank under the head of *Impassioned Pieces*, as well as to those of a *Comic* character, are appended directions for their delivery; which, it is hoped, may render at least a trifling assistance to the scholar. To afford him some exercise in the figures of Rhetoric, the names of such as are exemplified in the various Impassioned pieces, are placed at the head of each, which it is believed has the advantage of novelty.

The character of Poetry and the Laws of Versification, are, it is presumed, treated in such a way as to be thoroughly intelligible to the juvenile mind; and the principal Figures of Rhetoric are exemplified by extracts which have been selected, not only for their appropriateness, but their beauty.

Under the head of Elocution, directions are given for the modulation of the voice and the expression of the passions, in as concise a manner as the nature of the subject will admit; the writer being convinced from long experience, that conciseness is particularly desirable in conveying instruction to youth.

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collection of facts, and may possibly have the effect of drawing the attention of youth more deeply to the subject.

In conclusion, the writer earnestly solicits indulgence for any inaccuracy that a critical eye may discover ; and, in extenuation, offers the fact of the work having been entirely compiled during such hours as are usually devoted to rest and recreation, after days spent in professional duties.

8, *Upper Fountain-Place,*
City Road.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
STRUCTURE OF LANGUAGE.

OF LANGUAGE IN GENERAL.

LANGUAGE is the expression of our ideas by articulate sounds, or by the modulations of the voice formed by means of the mouth and its various organs.

Every animal has an innate power of expressing its passions and sensations; but the voice of the brute creation is very different from the language of man, the former consisting simply in instinctive sounds, while the latter conveys thought and reflection incomprehensible to the understanding of brutes: the one is the gift of nature, the other the result of art. A lion would roar instinctively, although he may have never heard another roar; but a man that had never heard another speak would be incapable of speaking: hence, those who are born deaf are always dumb, and such as have been found wild in the woods, that have never associated with other human beings, can utter only inarticulate sounds, expressive of any particular mental affection or emotion.

Since articulate language is not instinctive, it has become the subject of inquiry how mankind first acquired the faculty of speech, and whether language is of human invention, or whether it was originally an inspiration of the Almighty. Many ancient learned Greeks and Romans, as well as others of later date,* supposed that men originally lived wild; and from uttering at first indistinct noises, by associating together they gradually acquired a capability of articulation.† But this appears contrary to reason, and it

* Voltaire, Dr. Adam Smith, and Mr. Adelung, were of this opinion.

† Diodorus Siculus imagined that men originally fed on grass like beasts of the field; but being attacked by animals of the brute creation, they assembled together to defend themselves, and gradually acquired the faculty of speech, by using signs whilst they pronounced articulate sounds.

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ERRATA.

Page 4. line 17, for Georgic's, read *Georgics*.

23. line 4, from bottom, read *Amplification*

27. line 11, read Pollok's.

40. line 22, for, so very few, read *not more*.

48. line 10, note, requires a comma after it instead of a period.

218. line 1, for pinion's, read *pinions*,

246. line 14, for dame's, read *domez*.

281. line 12, from bottom, read *torches*.

330. line 3, read *Pelusium's*.

whom allusion is made in one of the books of Moses as being Giants. They were of great bulk and stature, and of incredible strength. It was from these Titans that the Jupiters and Junos, the Mercurys and the Minervas sprung, and had a real existence; but of whom, subsequently, the Greeks, through their love of fable and of the marvellous, related such incredible tales. A body of these Titans having proceeded beyond the Danube, gained the name of *Cimbri* or *Cimbrians*, that is, men of war: they were afterwards called by the Greeks *Commerians*. Having settled in different parts of Europe, they assumed the name of *Celts*; and finally, those who thoroughly established themselves in that particular part between the Rhine and the Bay of Biscay, were called Gauls, a name implying *potent*, or *warlike*. From ancient Gaul they passed over into Britain, and the remains of this great and warlike people, the first inhabitants of our native soil, are still to be found among the Welsh, who in a considerable degree preserve the Celtic language.

At the time of the conquest of Britain, by Julius Cæsar, the Celtic was the language of the nation, but Roman words were introduced to a very considerable extent by the conquerors. When the Saxons subdued Britain, the language became almost pure Saxon, even the names of places were altered, which often remain after the tongue of any country has been entirely changed; and it continued thus with but little alteration until the invasion of the country by William the Conqueror. It is true that the Danes introduced many words which are still retained in our language, but they form a small portion of the general stock. The Saxon and Danish having also one common parent, the *Gothic*, must necessarily have a striking similarity.

The Norman kings being desirous, through political motives, of substituting their language for the language of the country, made the Norman the language of the court, and ordained that it should be used in all judicial proceedings. This continued for a space of three hundred years, during which time a great number of Norman * words must have become incorporated into our language. During the last

* Words of Saxon origin are rude and unpolished, while those of Norman extraction possess a degree of refinement. Thus Wamba, in Sir W. Scott's *Ivanhoe*, observes, very justly, that the *ox*, the *sheep*, and the *hog*, are Saxons, but when killed and dressed they become Normans—*beuf*, *veau*, *mouton*, and *porc*; beef, veal, mutton, and pork.

is also at variance with Scripture; for we find, by referring to the sacred volume, that when the work of creation was finished, the Almighty brought to Adam the different animals that he had made for the purpose of their receiving from him their names. Adam is also said to have given to his wife the name Eve; and when they were charged by their Maker with the sin of disobedience, they are represented as exculpating themselves from their crime. It is hence most reasonable to suppose that Adam had received from God supernaturally, not only the faculty of speech, but also ideas to communicate.

Whether language was of human invention, or whether it was an inspiration of the Almighty, different tongues must have originated at the dispersion of mankind by the building of the tower of Babel, whence other dialects would arise, as men formed themselves into distinct and different bodies.

Although, at the present time, it is hardly possible to state what was the most ancient language, yet from their very striking similarity, it is evident that many tongues must have had one common origin.

The word BISHOP is in Saxon *biscop*; in Dutch, *bisschop*; in German, *bischoff*; in Danish and Swedish, *biskop*; in Polish, *biscub*; in Slavonian, *epkop*; in Russian, *episkop*; in Hungarian, *proscop*; in Welsh, *eskop*; in Celtic, *easbog* and *eascob*; in Ethiopic, *eskuph*; in Arabic, *oskof*; in Greek, *ἐπισκοπος*; in Latin, *episcopus*; in Spanish, *obispo*; in Portuguese, *bispo*; in Italian, *vescovo*; and in French, *evêque*.

BREAD is *bara*, Celtic; *βopa*, Greek; *breod*, Saxon; *braud*, Icelandic; *brod*, Swedish; *broed*, Danish; *brot*, German; and *barout*, Hebrew and Chaldee. BAR, in Syriac, Sanscrit, and Persic, signifies to *produce*; to which is allied the Chaldee *bar*, a son.

CUP is *kuppan*, *kupa*, *kupan*, *copan*, *cuib*, Celtic; *κυπελλον*, *κυφελλον*, *κυπη*, Greek; *cupella*, Latin; *coupe*, French; *cuppe*, Saxon; *coppa*, Italian; *copa*, Spanish; *kop*, Danish and Dutch; *kopp*, Icelandic; *kab*, Arabic; *kub*, Arabic, Chaldee, and Persic.

FATHER is *padar*, Persic; *petree*, Sanscrit; *πατηρ*, Greek; *pater*, Latin; *padre*, Italian and Spanish; *pere*, French; *pai*, or *pay*, Portuguese; *fæder*, Saxon; *vater*,

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reader may be excited to prosecute it for the pleasure he will derive therefrom, if he has a taste for languages.

Mankind in the early ages, from the barrenness of language, would be unable fully to convey their ideas and wishes without other aid ; hence arose the necessity and use of animated gesture. The Chinese and Japanese, in order to obviate the inconveniences of a deficiency of words, attach a different meaning to a different sound of the same word ; so that one word is made to have several meanings. It has been asserted that the original form of the verbs of the most perfect of languages, the Greek, consisted of the simple combinations *aw ew iw ow* and *vw*, (the former of the letters of each combination denoting the action, and the latter the person) from which alone, by inserting vowels, prefixing consonants, &c., the whole of the Greek verbs, amounting to some thousands, were formed.

OF THE ORIGIN AND FORMATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The English language is, without doubt, indebted to the Celtic for its origin. In order, however, to understand the subject, and to ascertain from whom the Celts themselves were descended, and with whom they were connected, it will be necessary to refer to the earlier periods of history.

According to M. Pezron, Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, became, after the confusion of tongues, the founder of a people, which from him received the name of *Gomarians*. These having spread over a great part of Upper Asia, obtained from the Parthians,* by way of contempt, the name of *Scacæ*, or *Sacæ* ; and under that name, through their warlike habits, obtained much renown. Having multiplied greatly, they passed into Asia Minor, and also into Crete, and other Grecian islands, as well as into Greece itself, and assumed the name of Titans ; and for the space of three centuries gained advantage over every people that opposed them. This is said to have taken place about the time of Abraham, or somewhat before that period. It may be proper to observe, that *Titan* implies an *earth-born man*, or *giant* ; and these are supposed to be the people to

* The Parthians were, according to M. Pezron, a tribe of the Gomarians, who were induced, through some internal discord, to separate from that people. From the Parthians were descended the ancient *Persians*, as also the *Germans*.

whom allusion is made in one of the books of Moses as being Giants. They were of great bulk and stature, and of incredible strength. It was from these Titans that the Jupiters and Junos, the Mercurys and the Minervas sprang, and had a real existence; but of whom, subsequently, the Greeks, through their love of fable and of the marvellous, related such incredible tales. A body of these Titans having proceeded beyond the Danube, gained the name of *Cimbri* or *Cimbrians*, that is, *men of war*: they were afterwards called by the Greeks *Cimmerians*. Having settled in different parts of Europe, they assumed the name of *Celts*; and finally, those who thoroughly established themselves in that particular part between the Rhine and the Bay of Biscay, were called Gauls, a name implying *potent*, or *warlike*. From ancient Gaul they passed over into Britain, and the remains of this great and warlike people, the first inhabitants of our native soil, are still to be found among the Welsh, who in a considerable degree preserve the Celtic language.

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The Norman kings being desirous, through political motives, of substituting their language for the language of the country, made the Norman the language of the court, and ordained that it should be used in all judicial proceedings. This continued for a space of three hundred years, during which time a great number of Norman * words must have become incorporated into our language. During the last

* Words of Saxon origin are rude and unpolished, while those of Norman extraction possess a degree of refinement. Thus Wamba, in Sir W. Scott's *Ivanhoe*, observes, very justly, that the *ox*, the *sheep*, and the *hog*, are *Saxons*, but when killed and dressed they become Normans—*læuf*, *veau*, *mouton*, and *pore*; *beef*, *veal*, *mutton*, and *pork*.

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Poetry is the most excellent of the fine arts : it existed long before music and painting ; for music was invented to accompany poetry, and painting to illustrate it. A person of taste, with moderate ability, may compose smooth and easy verses ; “but,” as has been prettily observed, “nature herself must frame the lay that quickens the pulse, flushes the cheek, warms the heart, expands the soul, and plays upon the passions.” It is not, as Aristotle has asserted, an *imitative* art, but an inspiration from heaven. Mr. Hazlitt remarks of poetry, “that it is that fine particle within us that expands, rarefies, refines, raises our whole being. It is the universal language which the heart holds with nature, and he who has a contempt for poetry cannot respect even himself. It relates to whatever gives pleasure or pain to the human mind ; it comes home to the bosoms and businesses of men, for nothing but what so comes home can be a subject for poetry. It is not a frivolous accomplishment ; it has been the study and delight of mankind in all ages. It is not a branch of authorship, it is the ‘stuff of which our life is made ;’ for all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it. Fear is poetry, hope is poetry, love is poetry, hatred is poetry ; contempt, jealousy, remorse, admiration, wonder, pity, despair, and madness, are all poetry.”

Poetry has been divided into different kinds, according to the subject and mode of it ; the chief of these are the Lyric, the Pastoral, the Didactic, the Descriptive, the Elegiac, the Epic, and the Dramatic.

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Lyric poetry is so called because it was anciently the custom to accompany this species of composition with a lyre. It is undoubtedly the earliest kind of poetry attempted, and was originally applied, by the Hebrews, to the purpose of expressing sentiments of gratitude to the Almighty ; while the heathen nations addressed their deities in a similar manner. Even to the present day is continued the custom of invoking the muses at the commencement of certain poems.

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Gay, Spencer, Collins, and Bloomfield, have particularly excelled in this kind of poetry.

OF DIDACTIC POETRY.

The chief aim of didactic poetry is to convey information on a particular subject, in an agreeable manner. The highest species of didactic composition is a versified treatise on some philosophical subject; the only point in which it occasionally differs, consists in the introduction of episodes and other ornamental matter.

Didactic poetry is usually divided into four kinds: 1. That which regards moral duties; 2. Philosophical speculations; 3. Business or pleasure; 4. Poetry or criticism.

Aratus used this kind of poetry to convey astronomical information, and Lucretius to elucidate the philosophy of Epicurus and Empedocles, which prevailed much in his time.

Virgil's *Georgic's*, and Horace's *Ars Poetica* are of the didactic kind, as also Young's *Night Thoughts*, Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*, Armstrong on *Health*, Blackmore's *Creation*, &c.

The *Satire* is a species of didactic poetry, its object being to ridicule and chastise the vices and follies of man. The most celebrated satirists of the Greeks was Aristophanes; of the Romans, Horace and Juvenal; and of our own poets, Dryden and Young.

OF DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

The office of descriptive poetry is, so to delineate objects of nature or art, that the reader may become intimately acquainted with them, and feel, in a degree, the impressions he would if he actually beheld them. Description is generally introduced as an ornament to other kinds of poetry, although some works rank more immediately under this head.

The principal poems that are peculiarly descriptive, are the *Georgics* of Virgil, Thomson's *Seasons*, Pope's *Wind-sor Forest*, and Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*.

OF ELEGIAC POETRY.

The elegy is a mournful kind of poetry, originally used in funeral lamentations, but is now more generally made to include all poems of a plaintive nature.

It is not known who was the inventor of the elegy. The principal elegiac writers amongst the Greeks were Theocritus, Tyrtæus, Pindarus, and Sappho. Amongst the Romans, Propertius, Silius, and Tibullus. The Elegy, written in a country church-yard, and *Posthumous* on an Unfortunate Lady, are the best pieces of the kind in the English language.

OF EPIC POETRY

Of the various kinds of poetry, this is universally acknowledged to be the most dignified, it is the most difficult in execution.

Epic poetry has for its subject the progress of heroic actions, which it should adorn with every thing virtuous and honourable. In an epic poem the subject must be great and interesting, and there must be an unity of action throughout. Unity of action is particularly evident in the most complete epic poems extant, viz. the Iliad of Homer, the *Æneid* of Virgil, and the *Jerusalem* of Tasso. The Iliad has the anger of Achilles for its subject, which is constantly kept in view throughout the poem, and as soon as possible, after reconciliation has been effected between Achilles and Agamemnon, the poem is made to close. The same observation is applicable to the *Æneid*, which has the establishment of *Eneas* in Italy for its subject, and to Tasso's *Jerusalem delivered*, which has for its subject, the recovery of Jerusalem from the infidels. Incidental circumstances are admitted, which may be made to form a considerable ornament.

The epic action should also be dignified, interesting, splendid, and important. Supernatural beings may be introduced, for the purpose of effect, it furnishes a subject for the machinery of the poem. Epic poetry has a striking resemblance to tragedy, the aim of each being instruction, and the means the imitation of human actions. The principal difference between them, consists in the mode employed, the one using narration, while the other represents facts as passing immediately before the eyes. In the former, the poet is the historian; in the latter, he possesses the actions without appearing himself.

Whether or not Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be ranked amongst epic poems, it is justly deemed one of the greatest

efforts of human genius, and affords, as an eminent writer observes, "the most complete example of elevation which the English language is capable of attaining by the force of numbers."

OF DRAMATIC POETRY.

Dramatic poetry is divided into two kinds, tragedy and comedy. It was the custom of the ancient Greeks to sacrifice annually to Bacchus, a goat, because of the injury that this animal did to the vine which was dedicated to the jolly god. At this sacrifice, hymns were sung, and odes were recited, which formed the ground-work of tragedy. For the purpose of giving variety to the exhibition, narratives were introduced at different pauses of the hymns, which was subsequently improved by the substitution of a single narrative instead of several short ones. To Æschylus the honour is due of being the first principal improver of this kind of entertainment. He, by introducing dialogues, and rendering the hymns, sung by the chorus, dependent on the dialogue, caused it to develope something of the character of the drama. It received a still greater improvement from Sophocles and Euripides, who increased the number of characters in the piece, and made them utter the most beautiful and forcible language.

It is not known who was the first inventor of the comedy. Performers of this kind of entertainment, were called comedians,* from their wandering about in villages, where they amused the inhabitants by a species of low buffoonery.

It is more than probable that comedy owed its origin to the *satires*, an interlude originally annexed to tragedies, in which the actors represented satyrs, or sylvan deities. The Greek comedy appears to have been purely satirical, and living characters were introduced for the purpose of ridicule. Aristophanes, who was the principal writer of Greek comedy, introduced into one of his plays, viz. the *Clouds*, that excellent man, Socrates, who had the mortification of beholding himself satirized at its first exhibition.

* From *Κωμη*, a village, and *ωδη* ab *αειδω*, to sing.

ancient languages. Also for the sake of euphony, and to prevent a disagreeable tone, which would necessarily arise, some liberty is allowed with regard to the placing of the accents, wherefore an Iambic or Trochaic verse, for instance, is not formed of pure Iambuses or Trochees, nor is the accent uniformly laid on each alternate syllable. This will be evident from the following lines, which are of the heroic measure, each line being *supposed* to consist of five Iambuses, or of ten syllables, alternately short and long :

— — — — —
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 — — — — —
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
 — — — — —
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
 — — — — —
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 — — — — —
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 — — — — —
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

POPE.

In reading the above extract, it will be perceived that the first syllable "rise," is long, both by accent and quantity, as also "see," in the third and fourth lines, whereas, if the verse consisted of pure Iambuses, these syllables would be short. "Head" and "lift," in the second line, are short, by quantity, but they are made long by accent. The first foot in the first line, therefore, becomes a *spondee*, while the first foot in the third line is a *trochee*. Other variations, of a similar kind, cannot fail to strike the ear of the reader, in perusing this extract, or any other piece of good poetry; and blank verse will be found to possess this apparent irregularity more than rhyme. It is to the skilful and judicious syllabic arrangement, that the beauty and excellence of poetry, in great measure, depends: when the subject is of a peculiarly dignified character, the verse should consist principally of *long* syllables; when it is of a lively nature, or when impetuosity and rapidity of movement are to be expressed, the verse should be chiefly composed of *short* syllables.

The Greek and Latin hexameter has an advantage over modern poetry, in this respect, as its length may vary from *thirteen* to *seventeen* syllables, whereas the number of syl-

DISSYLLABIC FEET.

The Iambus	— —	as <u>de</u> <u>bate</u>
The Trochee	— —	as <u>haugh</u> <u>ty</u>
The Spondee	— —	as <u>cold</u> <u>tomb</u>
The Pyrrhic	— —	as <u>moth</u> <u>er</u>

TRISYLLABIC FEET.

The Anapest	— — —	as <u>in</u> <u>tro</u> <u>duce</u>
The Dactyl	— — —	as <u>stat</u> <u>el</u> <u>in</u> <u>ess</u>
The Amphibrach	— — —	as <u>re</u> <u>pin</u> <u>ing</u>
The Tribrach	— — —	as <u>heav</u> <u>ily</u>

English poetry, of an elevated or dignified nature, is generally written in Iambics, while the Trochaic, the Anapestic, and the Dactylic measures are used for subjects of a lively, agreeable, and familiar character; and these four are the principal measures, the others being used only as auxiliaries.

The shortest form of the Iambic and Trochaic verse, consists of *one* foot, and *an additional* syllable, and may extend to *seven* feet, or *fourteen syllables*, although it is more usual to divide a verse of the latter kind into *two* lines, consisting, alternately, of *eight* and *six* syllables. The shortest form of the Anapestic and Dactylic verse consists of *one* foot, or *three syllables*; the longest form of *four* feet, with *an additional* syllable. Heroic verse consists of five Iambuses, or *ten syllables*, occasionally introducing a line of *twelve* syllables, called the *Alexandrine*.

As examples of the different kinds of verse are given in most treatises on English Prosody, as well as in that universally known work, Murray's Grammar, it is thought unnecessary to repeat them here.

Although English verse is said to consist of Iambics, Trochees, &c., which would seem to imply that it depends on the quantity or length of the syllable for its structure, yet, as has been already observed, the actual length of the syllable, as long, or short, has comparatively little to do with the measurement of the verse, this depending on the accent, which answers the purpose of quantity in the

ancient languages. Also for the sake of euphony, and to prevent a disagreeable tone, which would necessarily arise, some liberty is allowed with regard to the placing of the accents, wherefore an Iambic or Trochaic verse, for instance, is not formed of pure Iambuses or Trochees, nor is the accent uniformly laid on each alternate syllable. This will be evident from the following lines, which are of the heroic measure, each line being supposed to consist of five Iambuses, or of ten syllables, alternately short and long :

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lables in modern poetry, of any kind of measure, must continue uniform.

In the following extracts it will be perceived, that not only care has been taken as to the quantities of the syllables, but that those words have been selected, which, by their sound, might more strikingly express the sense. Thus in the following well-known sonorous line, Homer describes the roaring of the sea :

Βη θακεων παρα θινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης.

The swiftness of a horse, as also the sound of his feet, are expressed by Virgil, thus,

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

While the slow motion of the waggon is evident in the long syllables of the following line :

"Tardaque Eleusinæ matris volventia plaustra."

The laborious efforts of the Cyclops are also described in a line consisting almost entirely of long syllables.

"Illi inter sese magna vi brachia tollunt."

A sorrowful parting is admirably expressed as follows :

"Et, longum, formose, vale, vale, inquit, Iola."

The above are not insulated examples, for both Homer and Virgil have so modulated their verse as to express by the sound, as well as by the language, the sense they intend to convey.

Our own poets are found to accommodate, in a similar manner, the structure of the verse to the sense. Milton thus describes the immense size of Satan :

"So stretch'd out huge in length the arch fiend lay."

The following lines of Pope's are very expressive; the first two consisting principally of liquid sounds have an indescribable softness which is beautifully contrasted with the harshness of the two subsequent lines. The last four lines of the same extract form also a contrast between difficult and laborious movement, and ease and rapidity :

*"Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar."*

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line, too, labours, and the words move slow!
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

The following lines of Dryden's possess a remarkable sweetness :

" Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures."

Pope, in the *Odyssey*, thus describes the efforts of Sisyphus in rolling his ponderous stone :

" With many a weary step, and many a groan,
 Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."

The rapidity of the downward descent of the stone is beautifully contrasted with the above :

" The huge round stone resulting with a bound,
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground."

The following are Pope's, and are very expressive :

" Loud sounds the air, redoubling strokes on strokes,
 On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
 Headlong. Deep echoing groan the thickets brown,
 Then rustling, cracking, crashing, thunder down."

The sounding of a trumpet, and the rolling of a drum, are thus expressed by Dryden :

" The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double, beat
 Of the thundering drum,
 Cries, hark ! the foes come !
 Charge ! charge ! 'tis too late to retreat."

The sound may be truly said to be a picture of the sense throughout the following extract :

" His thoughts the bard must suitably express,
 Each in a different face and different dress ;
 Lest in unvaried looks the crowd be shown,
 And the whole multitude appear as one.
 With rapid feet, and wings without delay,
 This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away ;
 That vast of size, his limbs huge, broad, and strong,
 Moves pond'rous, and scarce drags his bulk along
 This blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
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object bears to another; or, it is the alienation of a word from its common application, for the purpose of ornament. Thus, "The Lord is my *shield* and *buckler*," i. e. *defence*. "Tell that *fox*," i. e. Herod.

"Thou art to me the *beam of the east* rising in a land unknown."

OSSIAN.

"Her eyes were *two stars of light*. Her face was *heaven's bow* in showers."

OSSIAN.

"See yonder comes the powerful *king of day*
Rejoicing in the East. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad."

THOMSON.

"First in his East the glorious *lamp* was seen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays jocund to run
His longitude through heav'n's high road, the great
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence."

MILTON.

ALLEGORY.

The Allegory, (from *αλληγορία*, ab *αλλος*, another, and *αγορευω*, to make a speech,) is a continued chain of metaphors. "The Lord is my *shepherd*," is a metaphor; but, if the figure be carried on, it will become an allegory, as, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures," &c. The allegory, in the early ages, particularly, was a most favourite method of conveying instruction. The heathen mythology is the most beautiful allegory ever composed. *Parables, Fables, Apologues, Proverbs, and Enigmas*, rank under this head.

The following are considered some of the most striking examples of the allegory in the English language. The figure of the vine, in the first example, is used to represent the chosen people of God.

"Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt, thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it and didst cause it to take deep root and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea and her branches unto the river. Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by do pluck her? The boar out of the wood doth waste it and the wild beast of the field doth devour it. Return we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven and behold and visit this vine, and the vineyard which thy d hath planted and the branch which thou madest strong for
-*Psalms* lxxx. ver. 8-15.

"No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters." SHAKESPEARE.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries." SHAKESPEARE.

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when, he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls as I do." SHAKESPEARE.

"The loud report through Libyan cities goes,
Fame the great ill, from small beginnings grows—
Swift from the first; and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produced her, last of the Titanian birth—
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast,
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
Millions of op'ning mouths to Fame belong;
And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is hung,
She fills the peaceful universe with cries:
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes;
By day, from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
And spreads thro' trembling crowds disastrous news;
With court-informers haunts, and royal spies;
Things done relates; not done she feigns; and
mingles truth with lies."

Dryden's Virgil, Æn. iv. L. 251.

"This is sweet
To see the heavens all open and the hood
Of crystal noon flung back! the Earth meanwhile
Filling her veins with sun-shine—vital blood
Of all that now from her full breast doth smile,
(Casting no shadow) on that pleasant flood
Of light." LAMAN BLANCHARD.

METONYMY.

The Metonymy (from *μετωνυμία*, a transposing of names, a *μετα* and *ονομα*, a name,) is the substitution of one name, or word for another, on account of their mutual relation.

The *cause* is by this figure sometimes put for the *effect*, and the *effect* for the *cause*, as, "He reads *Homer*," i. e. his *works*. "He is fond of the *course*," i. e. the *race-ground*.

"Caesar, have an eye to Cinna." SHAKESPEARE.

"The Fates will find their way "the Thunderer said,"
And shook the sacred honours of his head." DRYDEN.

"Achilles wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddess sing;
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain." POPE.

"Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain." POPE.

The *Container* is put for the *contained*, and *vice versa*, as, "The whole *kitchen* crowded about the corporal."
"He is fond of his *bottle*," i. e. *wine*. "I have no *gold*," i. e. *gold coin*.

"Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my *purse*, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name:
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed." SHAKESPEARE—*Othello*.

The *Adjunct* is put for the *subject*, and the *subject* for the *adjunct*, as "He is an excellent *whip*," i. e. *driver*.
"*Hearts of oak* are our men," i. e. *firm*.

By the METONYMY, the *General* is put for his *Army*, as, "*Wellington* conquered." The *Place* for its *Inhabitants*, as, "*Paris* was in a high state of excitement." "The *Substance* for the *Colour*, and *vice versa*, as, "*ivory* arms." "A cup of *nut-brown*," &c. &c. Also by this figure, things often receive their names from *persons*, *animals*, *apparel*, &c., as a *phaeton*, from Phæton, the son of Phœbus; a *blanket*, from Blanket, the name of the original manufacturer; *negus*, from F. Negus, Esq., who first introduced this kind of liquor, in the reign of George I.; a *hank* of worsted, from a manufacturer of the name; a *dennet*, from the inventor, Dennet; a *stanhope*, from the

Hon. Mr. Stanhope; a *Spencer*, a *D'oyley*, a *Sovereign*, &c. &c.

The ANTONOMASIA, the EUPHEMISM, and the METALEPSIS, seem to be allied to the *Metonymy*.

The ANTONOMASIA (from *αντι*, for, and *ονομα*, a name,) implies a change of names, or a substitution of a *common* for a *proper* name, and *vice versa*, in order to confer dignity, or to convey reproach, as, "He is the *Cicero* of the age.

"Who dares defy th' Omnipotent to arms?"

MILTON.

"Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state
With wrangling talent form'd for foul debate."

POPE.

By the ANTONOMASIA an Ambassador is termed his *Excellency*; a Clergyman, his *Reverence*; a cruel man, a *Nero*; the Bible, the *Scriptures*; London, *town*, &c.; also a hair-dresser is sometimes humorously called an *artist*; a baker, a *master of the rolls*; a conjurer, a *master of arts*; a cobbler, a *translator*, &c.

The EUPHEMISM (from *ευ*, well, and *φημι*, to say,) is a figure by which the idea of any thing harsh, or unpleasant, is conveyed by a more agreeable word: this figure is also called *Chroma*, a colouring; thus we use the word *deceased*, for died, and this is still more delicately expressed by St. Luke, who, in reference to St. Stephen's death, observes, that "*he fell asleep*."

The METALEPSIS, (from *μετα*, beyond, and *λαμβάνω*, to take,) is the continuation of a trope, in one word, through a succession of significations, as, "The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst," Lam. iv. 4. By the *thirst* of the child is implied the dryness of its mother's breasts, by the *dry breasts*, the famine which prevailed, and by the *famine*, the general distress.

"'Twas Bitias whom she call'd—a thirsty soul:
He took the challenge, and embraced the bowl,
With pleasure swill'd the *gold*, nor ceased to draw,
'Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw."

DRYDEN.

SYNECDOCHE.

The SYNECDOCHE (from *συνεκδοχη*, a comprehension, a *συν*, with, and *δεχομαι*, to take,) is a figure by which a *part* is put for the *whole*, or the *whole* for a *part*; the *genus* for the *species*, or the *species* for the *genus*.

A part is put for the whole, as, "Twenty *heads* of cattle;" "A strange *sail* appeared." The whole is put for a part, as, "The *window* is broken," i. e. a *pane* of *glass*.

The genus is put for the species, as, "The *beast*," for the ox. The species for the genus, as, a *flinty* heart for a stony heart.

"Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread :
From me no harm shall touch thy reverend *head*." POPE.

"Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy ! O Slave !—
Cut me to pieces, Voices ; men and lads,
Stain all your *edges* on me.—Boy ! Falsehound !
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Voices in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy !" SHAKESPEARE—*Coriolanus*.

IRONY.

The IRONY, (from *εἰρωνεία*, a dissimulation,) is a figure by which the contrary to what is affirmed is intended to be understood, as, "He is a *pretty* fellow truly," implying by the tone and air of derision with which the observation is made, that he is a *contemptible* fellow.

Elijah, in order to convince Baal's prophets that the Lord was the true God, desired them to take a bullock, cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, putting no fire under it, while he would do the same with another bullock ; the prophets were then to call on their God, and Elijah was to call on the name of the Lord, and it was agreed that the god who answered by fire, should be considered the true God. After Baal's prophets had prepared the bullock, and spent some time, ineffectually, in calling on their deity to consume it, Elijah used the following irony:

"Cry aloud for he is a God, either he is talking or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked."
1 Kings xviii. 27.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."
Ecclesiastes, xi. 9.

"Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men.)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral."

SHAKESPEARE.

By this figure, a fool is sometimes called a *Solomon*, a harlot, a *Penelope*, &c. The term *little* is, in a similar manner, applied to men of great stature, as *little* John the companion of Robinhood. We sometimes also, ironically, beg a *slow* person not to over hurry himself, and overwhelm a *bad* actor with applause instead of hisses.

THE SARCASM, (from *σαρκαζω*, to tear the flesh,) is a kind of irony; it properly consists in insulting with scoff, and derision, a dead or dying person: but most satirical expressions are termed sarcasms: Thus, "Let Christ the king of Israel descend now from the cross," Mark xv. 32. "Hail king of the Jews," Matt. xxvii. 29. "Thou who destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days save thyself. If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross." Matt. xxvii. 40.

"Him when the Daunian hero spy'd from far,
First a light dart he launch'd in open air,
Stops the fleet steeds and furious quits the car,
Stood o'er the Trojan prostrate as he lay,
Tro'd on his neck and wrench'd his sword away;
Then thro' his throat, the deadly falchion thrust,
And thus insults him grov'ling in the dust;
Lie there, possess the land thy valour gains
And measure at thy length our Latian plains,
Such rich deserved rewards I still bestow
When called to battle, on the vaunting foe;
Thus may you build your town and thus enjoy
These realms, ye proud presumptuous sons of Troy."

Pitt's Virgil, Æn. xii. 353.

HYPERBOLE.

The HYPERBOLE, (from *υπερβολη*, a throwing beyond, ab *υπερ* and *βαλλω*, to throw,) is a figure by which facts are exaggerated, in order to give the *highest* sense, or the *meanest* conception of the thing represented, as, "*Higher* than heaven." "*Deeper* than hell." "Jonathan was *swifter* than an eagle, *stronger* than a lion."

"Why man he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;

To write the love of God on high
 Would surely drink the ocean dry;
 Nor would a scroll contain the whole,
 Though widely stretch'd from pole to pole."

"His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
 Crested the world: his voice was propertyed
 As all the tuned spheres and that to friends;
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty
 There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
 That grew the more by reaping: His delights
 Were dolphin like; they shewed his back above
 The element they lived in. In his livery
 Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket."

SHAKESPEARE—*Antony and Cleopatra*.

A certain quack, in order to enhance his mode of imparting information, stated that he could teach a person, of the most moderate ability, the Greek and Latin languages in a single month; "nay," said he, (attempting an hyperbole,) "give me but *an ass*, and I will positively engage to make him capable of taking a *doctor's degree* in less than ten years. He shall be a *profound grammarian*, a *complete orator*, a *sublime poet*, and a *Christian philosopher*." The king, having heard of his fame, commanded him to appear before him, when he thus addressed him: "I have in my stable an ass of bright conception; him I would fain have made an orator; what is your charge for the undertaking?" To which the man replied, "he only required maintenance, clothing, and a piece of gold in his pocket; and, if in ten year's time, the ass were not to his will, he would voluntarily be hung before the populace, as a spectacle of infamy, and as a proof of his impostures." He was subsequently asked if he were not afraid that the king would really take him at his word, and hang him as an impostor? "O, no," replied he, "if neither the king nor I should die before the term expires, I will take care that the ass shall."

CATACHRESIS.

The CATACHRESIS (from *καταχρασμαι*, to abuse,) is a trope by which words are anomalously wrested from their primitive sense, or generally received acceptation, as, "A *wooden tombstone*;" "A *glass inkhorn*;" "My bones *stare* upon me," Psalm xxii. 17.; "Thou hast stripped the *naked* of their clothing," Job xxii. 6.

"These things to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse." SHAKESPEARE—*Othello*.

"Phœbus ! let acts of gods and heroes old,
 What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
 Attempt'd to the lyre your voice employ ;
 Such the pleased ear will drink with silent joy." *Pope's Homer's Odysseus*.

The principal Rhetorical Figures, as distinguished from Tropes, are as follows :

ALLITERATION.

The alliteration (from *ad*, and *littera*, a letter,) is an ornament of language chiefly used in poetry, and consists in the repetition of the same letter or letters at intervals, as,

"Behemoth, biggest, born." MILTON.

"Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh and groves for ever green." POPE.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !
 Confusion on thy banners wait !
 Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state !
 Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears." *Gray's Bard*.

"Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
 That shook the earth with thund'ring tread ?
 'Twas Death.—In haste
 The warrior past ;
 High tower'd his helmed head :
 I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
 I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
 I saw his giant arm the falchion wield ;
 Wide wav'd his bickering blade, and fir'd the angry air." *Mason's Caractacus*.

AMPLIFICATION.

The AMPLIFICATION (from *amplifico*, to enlarge,) is a figure by which the writer or speaker enlarges a narration, heightens a praise, or aggravates a crime, for the purpose of exciting the feelings, as,

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet*.

"Then from his ear

He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear,
The deadly weapon hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drunk his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round: his eye-balls roll in death,
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath."

Dryden's *Virgil*, Æn. ix. 551.

ANAPHORA.

The ANAPHORA, (from *αναφωρω*, to bring over again,) sometimes called the *Epanaphora*, is a figure by which several sentences, or the clauses of a sentence, begin with the same word, as, "The *voice* of the Lord is powerful; the *voice* of the Lord is full of majesty. The *voice* of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon," Psalm xxix. 4, 5.

"And when kind fortune with thy lover smiled!
And when high flavoured thy fresh opening joys!
And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete!
And on a foreign shore where *strangers* wept!
Strangers to thee, and more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness wept!"

YOUNG.

"Death is the crown of life;
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain:
Were death denied, to live would not be life:
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die."

YOUNG.

"Thee, his loved wife, along the lonely shores,
Thee, his loved wife his mournful song deploras;
Thee, when the rising morning gives the light;
Thee, when the world is overspread with night!"

Virgil's Georgics.

ANTITHESIS.

The ANTITHESIS, (from *αντι*, against, and *τιθημι*, to place,) or Contrast, is a figure by which words or sentiments are placed in opposition to one another, generally, for the purpose of heightening the effect, or displaying the superiority of one of them, as,

"Homer is a more cheerful and sprightly poet than *Ossian*. You discern in him all the Greek vivacity; whereas *Ossian* uniformly maintains the gravity and solemnity of a Celtic hero. Both poets are eminently

sublime, but a difference may be marked in the species of their sublimity. *Homer's* sublimity is accompanied with more impetuosity and fire; *Ossian's* with more of a solemn and awful grandeur. *Homer* hurries you along; *Ossian* elevates and fixes you in astonishment. *Homer* is most sublime in actions and battles; *Ossian* in description and sentiment. In the pathetic, *Homer*, when he chooses to exert it, has great power; but *Ossian* exerts that power much oftener, and has the character of tenderness far more deeply imprinted on his works."

Blair's dissertation on Ossian.

"Lord, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air and earth, and stars and seas,
I call them all thy slaves;
Commission'd by my Father's will
Poisons shall cure or balms shall kill;
Vernal-suns or zephyr's breath,
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp *December* saves!
What can winds or planets boast,
But a precarious power;
The sun is all in darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire and fire be frost,
When he appoints the hour."

Watts's Lyrics.

"The diamond's and the ruby's rays
Shine with a milder finer flame,
And more attract our love and praise
Than beauty's self if lost to fame.
But the sweet tear in pity's eye
Transcends the diamond's brightest beams;
And the soft blush of modesty
More precious than the ruby seems.
The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,
May strike the sight with quick surprise;
But truth and innocence alone
Can still engage the good and wise.
No glittering ornament or show
Will aught avail in grief or pain;
Only from inward worth can flow
Delight which ever shall remain."

Fornwen

APORIA.

The APORIA (from *απορία*, a doubt,) is a figure by which a speaker deliberates before he resolves; as, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend to Heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in Hell, thou art there likewise," Psalm cxxxix. 7, 8.

"It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after Immortality?"

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

ADDISON—*Cato*.

"Deeper and deeper still, thy goodness child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my falt'ring tongue.
Oh! let me whisper it to the raging winds,
Or howling deserts! for the ears of men
It is too shocking.—Yet, *have I not vow'd,*
And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps
Like Chemosh, and such fabled deities?
Ah! no.—Heaven heard my thoughts and wrote them down:
It must be so——'tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs
That lash me into madness! Horrid thought!
My only daughter—so dear a child—doom'd
By a Father! Yes: the vow is past, and
Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes.
Therefore, to-morrow's dawn—I can no more." JEPHTHA.

APOSTROPHE.

The APOSTROPHE (from *απο*, from, and *στροφή*, a turning,) is a figure by which the speaker turns off from the regular course of his subject to address some inanimate object, as, "O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction," Hosea xiii. 14. "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" 1 Cor. xv. 55.

"Sun! didst thou fly thy maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt
That bow'd his blessed head, o'erwhelm'd his cross,
Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd, and heaven that hour let fall a tear,
Heaven wept that man might smile! Heaven bled that man
Might never die." YOUNG.

"Hear it not ye stars!
And thou pale moon turn paler at the sound;
Man is to Man, the sorest, surest ill." YOUNG.

"Sun! couldst thou shine and see my love beset,
And didst not clothe thy clouds in fiery coats,
O'er all the heavens with winged sulphur flames,
As when thy beams, like mounted combatants,
Battled with Python in the fallow'd lays." PEELE.—*King Edward, 1.*

"Harp! lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
 And loudest ye redeemed! Glory to God,
 And to the LAMB who bought us with his blood,
 From every kindred, nation, people, tongue,
 And wash'd and sanctified and saved our souls,
 And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns
 Of life; and made us kings and priests to God.
 Shout back to ancient Time! Sing loud and wave
 Your palms of triumph! Sing, where is thy sting
 O Death! Where is thy victory, O Grave!

Polluk's Course of Time.

THE ASYNDETON.

The ASYNDETON, (from *a priv*, and *συνέτω*, to connect,) is an omission of the conjunctive-particle, for the sake of effect, or for the exhibition of haste or passion; as,

———— We fall, we rise, we reign." YOUNG.

"We will be revenged:—revenge! about! seek!
 Burn! fire! kill! slap! let not a traitor live!" SHAKESPEARE.

"What is death?—'Tis to be free!
 No more to love, or hope, or fear—
 To join the great equality:
 All alike are humbled there!
 The mighty grave
 Wraps lord and slave,
 Nor pride, nor poverty dares come
 Within that refuge house,—the tomb!
 What's the grandeur of the earth
 To the grandeur round thy throne!
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
 To thy kingdom all have gone.
 Before thee stand
 The wond'rous band,
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
 Who darken'd nations when they died.
 Earth has hosts, but thou can'st shew
 Many a million for her one;
 Through thy gates the mortal flow
 Has for countless years roll'd on:
 Back from the tomb
 No step has come;
 There fix'd, 'till the last thunder's sound
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound."

CROLY.

CLIMAX.

The CLIMAX (from *κλίμαξ*, a ladder,) is a beautiful figure, whose purpose is to elevate our ideas by a series of circumstances increasing in importance; as, "Add to

your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity," 2 Pet. i. 5—7.

"Give me the cup,
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the cannoniers without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth:
Now the King drinks to Hamlet." SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet*.

"The cloudcapp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind." SHAKESPEARE—*Tempest*.

"Ah! must I dwell in infinite despair,
As many years as atoms in the air?
When these expire as many yet in store,
As grains of sand that crowd the ebbing shore;
When these are gone, as many to ensue,
As blades of grass on hills or dales that grew;
When these pass o'er, as many left behind
As leaves of forests shaken by the wind;
When these run out, as many on the march,
As brilliant lamps which gild yon azure arch;
When these are past, as many, many more,
As moments in the millions past before;
When all these dreadful years are spent in pain,
And multiplied by myriads again,
'Till numbers drown the thought: could I suppose
That then my wretched years were at a close,
This would afford some ease; but, ah! I shudder
To think upon the dreadful words for ever;
The burning gulph where I blaspheming lie,
Is time no more, but vast eternity" RALPH ERSKINE.

"I need not ask this verdict from your mercy; I need not extort it from your compassion; I will receive it from your justice. I do conjure you, not as fathers, but as husbands;—not as husbands, but as citizens;—not as citizens, but as men;—not as men, but as christians:—by all your obligations, public, private, moral, and religious; by the hearth profaned; by the home desolate; by the canons of the living God foully spurned; save, oh! save your firesides from the contagion, your country from the crime, and perhaps thousands yet unborn, from the shame and sin and sorrow of this example." PHILIPS.

"Ah! what Israel! sit down and tell me when you came to Town and how affairs go on at home." "Bad enough, your honour, for the magpie is dead." "Poor mag! so he is gone the way of all flesh. What occasioned his death?" "Over ate himself Sir." "Did he faith? gluttonous bird! why what did he get that he liked so well?" "Horseflesh, Sir: he died gorging horseflesh." "How came the silly bird to get so much carrion?" "Your Father's horses, Sir." "What has he lost any?"

'Yes Sir, five died last Thursday by overwork.' "And why were they worked so hard, Israel?" 'Conveying water, Sir, to quench the fire.' "Fire! what fire?" 'The fire at your Father's house, Sir, which is now a heap of ashes.' "My Father's house burnt to the ground! good heavens! how came it on fire?" 'It is generally supposed by the torches, Sir.' "Torches! what torches?" 'Why, Sir, the torches used at your Mother's funeral.' "What, my Mother dead?" 'Yes, Madam is no more.' "Of course you have brought a letter from my Father!" 'Why, Sir, he took to his bed and died yesterday, about two hours after the bad news.' "O heavens! what afflictive intelligence! what news do you allude to that affected the old gentleman so deeply?" 'The run upon his bank, Sir, which has stopp'd payment. The credit of the Heartwalls' is gone, and you are not worth a shilling.'

The following is a beautiful example of a *descending* climax :

"It is a determined case, that whosoever *hateth* his brother is a murderer; it is an unquestionable truth that he who *envieth* his brother will soon *hate* him; and it is no less certain that the spirit that *delleth* in us *lusteth* to envy."

BISHOP HORNE.

ECPHONESIS.

The ECPHONESIS (from *εκφώνω*, to exclaim,) is an exclamation, through fear, surprise, &c., as, "Help! help!"

"O wretched state! O bosom black as death!

O limed soul! that struggling to be free

Art more engaged."

SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet*.

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,

How complicate, how wonderful is man!

How passing wonder HE that made him such!

Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!

From diff'rent natures, marvellously mix'd,

Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!

Distinguish'd links in being's endless chain!

Midway from nothing to the Deity!

A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd!

Though sullied and dishonour'd still divine!

Dim miniature of greatness absolute!

An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!

Helpless immortal! insect infinite!

A worm! a God!

YOUNG.

EPANORTHOSIS.

The EPANORTHOSIS, (from *ἐπι ἀνα*, and *ορθώω*, to make straight,) or *Correction*, is a figure by which the speaker retracts something before alledged, as not sufficiently forcible, and adds something more conformable to the subject,

and nature of his feelings, as, "I laboured more abundantly than they all; *yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me,*" 1 Cor. xv. 10. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? *Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee,*" Isaiah xlix. 15.

"Oh folly! folly shall I say? rather intolerable impudence." CICERO.

"I have an only son; ah! what did I say?

I have? no, I had."

TERENCE.

"The slightest glance of her bewitching eye,—
Those dark blue eyes,—commands the inmost soul.
Well, there is yet one day of life before me,
And whatso'er betide, I will enjoy it.
Tho' but a partial sunshine in my lot,
I will converse on her,—gaze on her still,
If all behind were pain and misery.
Pain! were it not the easing of all pain,
E'en in the dismal gloom of after years,
Such dear remembrance on the mind to wear,
Like silv'ry moon-beams on the nighted deep,
When heaven's blest sun is gone."

"If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife,—

My wife!—my wife!—What wife?—I have no wife!

Oh insupportable! O heavy hour! SHAKESPEARE—*Othello*.

EPIZEUXIS.

The EPIZEUXIS, (from *επι*, and *ζευγνυμι*, to join,) or *Repetition*, is a figure by which either the same words are repeated, or the same meaning is conveyed in different words; as, "*O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom!*" would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, *my son, my son!*" 2 Sam. xviii. 33.

"Happy, happy, happy pair;

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair."

DRYDEN.

"Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O you are men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so

That heaven's vault should crack; O she is gone for ever."

SHAKESPEARE—*King Lear*.

EROTESIS.

The EROTESIS, (from *ερωταω*, to ask,) or *Interrogation*, is a figure in which the writer or speaker proposes questions, and sometimes returns answers, as,

"And what is death, my friends, that I should fear it?
To die! why 'tis to triumph!" Mrs. H. MOORE.

"Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a Farmer's fire?"

SHAKESPEARE—*Taming of the Shrew.*

"Which way shall I fly,

Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

MILTON.

"And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations, hear it, O ye dead!
He rose, he rose! he burst the bars of death;
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the King of Glory to come in.
Who is the King of Glory? He who left
His throne of glory for the pangs of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the King of Glory to come in;
Who is the King of Glory? He who slew
The rav'nous foe that gorged all human race!
The King of Glory, he whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld,
Pow'rs most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme."

YOUNG.

HYPOTYPOSIS.

The HYPOTYPOSIS, (from *υποτυπω*, to delineate,) gives a strong and beautiful representation of a thing, or circumstance, as, "the *bending* reed," "dove-like innocence," "a *torrent* of eloquence."

"The foe came on like a storm. The mingled sound of death arose. Man took man; shield met shield; steel mixed its beams with steel. Darts hiss through the air; spears ring on mails; swords on broken bucklers bound. As the noise of an aged grove beneath the roaring winds, when a thousand ghosts break the trees by night; such was the din of arms."

OSSEAN.

"Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
Have dimm'd his lustre. He is as a rock,
Oppos'd to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them

In sullen majesty.—Rugged, now, his look—
 For out, alas ! calamity has blurr'd
 The fairest pile of manly comeliness
 That ever rear'd its lofty head to heaven !
 'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice,
 But, if it be not chang'd—I think it cannot—
 There is a melody in every tone,
 Would charm the tow'ring eagle in her flight,
 And tame a hungry lion." COLMAN—*Mountaineers.*

"How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of Heaven.
 In full orb'd glory, yonder moon divine,
 Rolls through the dark blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray,
 The desert circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean girded with the sky.
 How beautiful is night ! *Southey's Thalaba.*

" 'Tis Time gives strength. To ripening time is due
 That grapes once green assume a purple hue.
 In Time, plough'd fields with crops are cover'd o'er,
 And that turns corn which was but grass before.
 E'en the strong stems of yon wide spreading trees
 Rose all in Time, and swell'd but by degrees."

"Now stormy fury rose,
 And clamour, such as heard in heaven, till now,
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing, bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
 Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew ;
 And flying, vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage ; all heaven
 Resounded, and, had earth been then, all earth
 Had to her centre shook." MILTON.

IMPRECATION.

The IMPRECATION (from *in*, and *precor*, to pray,) is an ejaculatory address, earnestly entreating adversity or evil, as, "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, there is a man-child conceived. Let that day be darkness ; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it ; let a cloud dwell upon it ; let the blackness of the day terrify it," &c. Job iii. 3, 4, 5.

" All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!"

SHAKESPEARE—*King Lear*.

" Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the dainties that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospects, murd'ring basilisks!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

SHAKESPEARE—*King Henry VI.—Part 2*.

" Now may the pestilent dew of vaporous night,
Pierce to their marrow! Sap their hated bones!
The flagging air blow hot, and moist upon them!
May the high prophet who protects our battles,
Pour from the ponderous and scowling clouds,
Deluge on deluge down! till the swoll'n Darro
O'erflood its limits; and the sodden christians
Rot, like starv'd carrion, in the drowned field."

COLMAN—*Mountaineers*.

" I curse your purpose homicides! I curse the bond of blood by which
you are united. May fell division, infamy, and rout defeat your projects
and rebuke your hopes! On you and on your children be the peril of the
innocent blood which shall be shed this day."

SHERIDAN—*Pizarro*.

DIDO'S CURSE ON ÆNEAS.

" Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below!
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow!
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes!
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods!
All powers invoc'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses and avenge her death!
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands;
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:
Oppress'd with numbers in the unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects and his son's embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace;
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand!"

Dryden's *Virgil*, Book iv. L. 872.

INVOCATION.

The INVOCATION, (from *in* and *voco*, to call,) is a kind of supplicatory address ; as,

" Father of light and life ! thou good supreme !
Oh teach me what is good ! teach me thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss." THOMSON.

" Thou, who did'st put to flight,
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball :
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the Sun, strike wisdom from my soul,
My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest." YOUNG.

" And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer,
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,,
Instruct me, for thou know'st ; Thou, from the first,
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark,
Illumine ; what is low, raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man." MILTON.

" Hear, Angels, hear,
Hear from these nether thrones of light ;
And, oh ! in golden characters record,
Each firm, immutable, immortal word.
Then wing your solemn flight
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, and there
Hang the conspicuous tablet high,
'Mid the dread records of Eternity." MASON—*Elfrida*.

LITOTES.

The LITOTES, (*λιτοτης*, a lessening, a *λιτος*, slender,) is a figure which by an apparent negation makes a more forcible affirmation, as, "A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt *not* despise," i. e. *accept*. Psalm li. 17. "But with many of them God was *not* well pleased," i. e. *displeased*. 1 Cor. x. 5.

" Yet, as I am allow'd to walk at large,
Within the tower, and hold free speech with any,
I have not dream't away my thoughtless hours :" ROWE—*Lady J. Grey*.

" Mexicans,
He sent to bid me wear a woman's robe.—
When was the day that ever I *look'd back*
In battle ?" SOUTHEY.

ONOMATOPEIA.

The ONOMATOPEIA, (from *ονομα*, a name, and *ποιω*, to make,) is a figure by which a word is formed from the sound, or an appellation given to a person from some relative employment or duty. Thus hail is said to *rattle*, a serpent to *hiss*; also a bailiff is termed a *catchpoll*, a robber, a *cut-throat*, &c.

"The Thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;
A reverend horror silenced all the sky." *Pope's Homer.*

"To spin with art, in ancient times, has been
Thought not beneath the noble dame or queen;
From that employ, our maidens had the name
Of *spinsters*, which the moderns never claim."

OXYMORON.

The OXYMORON, (from *οξύς*, sharp, and *μωρος*, a fool,) or sharp *blunt*, is a seeming contradiction of expression, as, "a *bitter sweet*," "a *cruel kindness*."

"I am never *less alone*, than when alone."

"Love, heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still waking sleep, that is not what it is."

SHAKESPEARE—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"A person having remarked that it was absurd to call a well-known hedge-fruit, *blackberries*, when they were *red*. "Don't you know," replied the other, "that *blackberries* are always *red* when they are *green*."

PARALEIPSIS.

The PARALEIPSIS, (from *παρα*, and *λειπω*, to leave,) sometimes called *Apophasis*, and *Ampliminus*, expresses the seeming omission of something in order to enhance its value, as,

"I might say many things of his liberality, of his kindness to his domestics, his command in the army, and moderation during his office in the province; but the honour of the state presents itself to my view, and calling me to it, advises me to omit these lesser matters."

"Not to mention his public charities, to count the widows' hearts he made to sing for joy, the fatherless who found in him a benefactor, and the indigent whom he befriended. He lived the life and died the death of the righteous."

PERIPHRAISIS.

The PERIPHRAISIS, (from *περι*, about, and *φραζομαι*, to say,) or *Circumlocution*, is a figure, which, for the sake of emphasis, or ornament, expresses a thing, or circumstance,

in more words than are actually necessary to convey the meaning, as, "He who is, and was, and is to come," i. e. *God*. "The disciple that Jesus loved," i. e. *John*. "That abominable thing that God hateth," i. e. *Sin*.

" 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world." SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet*.

" Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men ; he, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquish'd." MILTON.

" Their ships with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams." DRYDEN.

" Hail reverend priest ! to Phœbus' awful dome
A suppliant, I, from great Atreides come :
Unransom'd, here receive the spotless fair,
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks' prepare ;
And may thy God who scatters darts around,
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound." POPE.

POLYSYNDETON.

The POLYSYNDETON, (from πολυς, many, and συνδew, to connect,) is a repetition of the conjunction, or particle, as, "Ye observe days, *and* nights, *and* months, *and* years," Gal. iv. 10.

" The dreadful cry
Shakes earth *and* air *and* seas." DRYDEN.

" Now from the north
Of Norembega, and the Samoeid shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeons, arm'd with ice,
And snow, *and* hail, *and* stormy gust, *and* flaw,
Boreas, *and* Cœsias, *and* Argestes loud,
And Thrasias rend the woods and seas upturn." MILTON.

PROSOPOPEIA.

The PROSOPOPEIA, (from προσωπον, a person, and ποιew, to make,) or Personification, is a figure by which absent persons, or things, are addressed as present, or when inanimate things have a living power attributed to them, as, "The sea saw it and fled ; Jordan was driven back," Ps. cxiv. 3.

" Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world." YOUNG.

" The Sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot : Midnight veil'd his face." YOUNG.

"When young eyed Spring profusely throws,
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear,
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear."

WARTON.

"Eternity, the various sentence past
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambrosial. What ensues!
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
The Goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamant key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep-driving every bolt, on both their fates;
Then from the crystal battlements of heav'n,
Down, down she hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathoms; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more."

YOUNG.

"Patience, here
Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
In mute submission lifts th' adoring eye,
Even to the storm that wrecks her."

MASON—*Caractacus*.

"The time will come, when Destiny and Death,
Thron'd in a burning car, the thund'ring wheels
Arm'd with gigantic scythes of adamant,
Shall scour this field of life: and in the rear,
The fiend, oblivion: kingdoms, empires, worlds,
Melt in the general blaze: when, lo! from high,
Andraste darting, catches from the wreck
The roll of Fame, claps her ascending plumes,
And stamps on orient stars each patriot name,
Round her eternal dome."

MASON—*Caractacus*.

"Atlas' broad shoulders, prop th' incumbent skies,
Around his cloud-girt head, the stars arise;
His towering neck supports th' ethereal way,
And o'er his brow, black woods their gloom display;
Hoar is his beard, winds round his temples roar,
And from his jaws the rushing torrents pour."

Silius Italicus, Lib. i. v. 202.

* THE CRUCIFIXION.

I ask'd the heavens, "What foe to God hath done
This unexampled deed?" The heavens exclaim,
"Twas MAN; and we in horror snatch'd the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."

I ask'd the sea ;—the sea in fury boil'd
 And answer'd with his voice of storms, " 'Twas MAN !
 My waves in panic at his crimes recoiled,
 Disclos'd the abyss,—and from the centre ran.",
 I ask'd the earth ;—the earth replied, aghast,
 "'Twas MAN ;—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
 That still I groan and shudder at the past."
 —To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man I went,
 And ask'd him next : He turn'd a scornful eye,
 Shook his proud head and deign'd me no reply."

MONTGOMERY.

SIMILE.

The SIMILE, (from *similis*, like,) is an elegant and striking species of comparison, by which any thing is illustrated or aggrandized, as,

" She never told her love,
 But let concealment, *like a worm i' th' bud*,
 Feed on her damask cheek ; she pin'd in thought,
 And with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat *like patience on a monument*,
 Smiling at grief."

SHAKESPEARE—*Romeo and Juliet*.

" On th' other side,
 Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
 Unterrify'd, and *like a comet burned*,
 That fires the length of *Ophiuchus huge*,
 In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war."

MILTON.

The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none,
 Distinguishable in member, joint or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either ; black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten *Furies*, terrible as *Hell*,
 And shook a dreadful dart."

MILTON.

" She died in beauty !—*like a rose*,
 Blown from its parent stem :
 She died in beauty !—*like a pearl*,
 Dropp'd from some diadem.
 She died in beauty !—*like a lay*,
 Along a moonlit lake :
 She died in beauty !—*like the song*,
 Of birds amid the brake.
 She died in beauty !—*like the snow*,
 On flowers dissolved away :
 She died in beauty !—*like a star*,
 Lost on the brow of day.
 She lives in glory !—*like night's gem*
 Set round the silver moon :
 She lives in glory !—*like the sun*,
 Amid the blue of June."

Sillery's *Eldrid of Erin*.

SYNCHORESIS.

The SYNCHORESIS, (from *συνχωρεω*, to grant,) or concession, is when something disputable is admitted in order to obtain advantage in an argument, as,

"I am, I own, the common bane of youth, a perjured villain, a very pest; but I never did you any injury." TERENCE.

"I allow, that no one was more nearly related to the deceased than you. I grant that he was under some obligations to you; nay that you have always been in friendly correspondence with each other: but what is all this to the last will and testament?"

"Can every part depend and not the whole?
Yet grant it true, new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore,
Whence earth and these bright orbs? eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal: still these orbs
Would want some other father."

YOUNG.

VISION.

VISION, (from *video*, to see,) is an abrupt exclamation through a feigned or real illusion of the senses, as,

"My father! methinks I see my father." SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet*.

"Why look you there! look! how it stalks away;
My father in his habit as he lived;
Look where it goes, even now, out at the portal."

SHAKESPEARE.—*Hamlet*.

"What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade!
'Tis she—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly, tell,
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?"

POPE.

"Lo! silence himself is here,
Methinks I see the midnight god appear.

In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend shade:

An ancient sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone
And purposely annihilated for his throne:
Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer feet.

A melancholy thought condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in despair,
Like a thin mantle serves to wrap,
In fluid folds his visionary shape.
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
Where curling mists supply the want of hairs,
While the still vapours which from poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary face and lull his eyes."

CONGREVE.

ELOCUTION.

OF THE MODULATION OF THE VOICE.

MAN is the only being to which the Almighty has given the faculty of speech ; and so obvious are the advantages of a correct and graceful Elocution, that no labour nor effort should be deemed too great to obtain it. Music is a most delightful accomplishment ; “ yet,” as has been beautifully observed, “ the voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence.” A person of indifferent mental qualifications, but possessing a good ear, and a correct taste, may, by long habit and practice, excel as a performer on any instrument, but to become a *perfect* elocutionist requires talent of a very superior order. Reading and speaking require not only a good ear, but a good voice, and more particularly, the closest thought, with the finest discrimination and judgment.

Although it is far from being expected that it is in the power of every one to become a Siddons or a Kemble, it is most certain that there are but few who may not attain, by study and practice, a respectable and creditable elocution ; it is, therefore, much to be lamented that, while such is the fact, there are so very few who possess this accomplishment.

Even in the senate, the pulpit, and at the bar, the finest sentiments, and the most brilliant ideas, are often rendered ineffective, by the monotonous, inappropriate, graceless, inanimate manner in which they are uttered. The ancients were by very far our superiors in this art. To excel, as orators, was their greatest ambition, and they directed all their energies to the attainment of this object. By the severest application, they not only stored their minds with treasures of learning, but devoted the greatest attention to the cultivation of the voice, actions, and gestures. The

more eminent thus acquired, apparently, a superhuman ascendancy over the minds of their less cultivated auditors.

The chief aim of every speaker should be to attain a perfectly correct enunciation. By enunciation is meant the utterance and combination of the elements of speech, and the pronunciation of syllables, words, &c., as distinguished from the tones of the voice. A good enunciation will then consist in that clear and accurate delivery of language, by which the requisite qualities of distinctness and articulation are combined and modified. Enunciation thus combines *articulation* and *pronunciation*.

Articulation is the linking together of the respective elements, so as to form them into syllables and words, and is a component part of pronunciation, which latter is regulated by the authority of the learned and polite in society. Correct articulation is of the highest consequence to a public speaker; every word should be articulated distinctly, without any one of the sounds being suppressed. A person who possesses but a moderate voice, if he articulate clearly, will be heard much more easily, and will afford infinitely more pleasure than one who possesses a voice of superior power, but has a thick and inarticulate utterance.

In order to have a full command of the voice, which is obviously necessary to a correct articulation, the speaker should stand perfectly erect, with his chest expanded as much as possible, so that the lungs may have free action: he should also take care never to exhaust his lungs, but to keep a supply of breath in reserve.

In reading, or speaking, the standing position will be always found to be the least fatiguing to the voice; for, in sitting, the blood has not a free circulation, nor have the muscles of the chest their full play. If the voice be weak, nothing will so much tend to strengthen it as reading aloud; and the open air will be found infinitely preferable to a room for that purpose. It is astonishing how much the voice may be strengthened by exercise: this was strikingly exemplified in the case of Demosthenes, who, from possessing, naturally, a weak and disagreeable voice, by unwearied exercise, rendered it strong and harmonious, and he became the most eloquent and powerful speaker that Athens ever produced.

With regard to Pronunciation, little more can be said than that every word should be pronounced according to the most approved authorities; above all, provincial accents should be guarded against, and, if acquired, should be immediately eradicated.

Among the chief errors in pronunciation may be enumerated the dropping of the final letter, and the giving of an improper sound to the vowel, thus, *proving* and *moving* are sometimes pronounced as if written, *provin* and *movin*, the final *g* being dropped; also, *education* as if it were *edecation*; *singular* and *regular*, as if they were *singelar* and *regelar*, &c. The aspirated *h* is also sometimes omitted, thus, *hate* is pronounced *ate*, *heat*, *eat*, &c. and sometimes an aspirated sound is given to the vowel, thus, *animal* is pronounced as if it were *hanimal*, &c. There are certain errors which the youth of the Metropolis too often contract, and which it may not be improper to notice. They substitute the *v* and *w* for each other, thus, *veal* is pronounced as if it were *weal*, and *vinegar* as if it were *winegar*. They change the final *aw* and *ow* into *ar* and *er*, and say, *sar* for *saw*, *winder* for *window*. Words that end in *a* are made to terminate in *ar*, thus, *Sophia* is pronounced *Sophiar*, and *Maria*, *Mariar*, &c. It is however presumed that no one would attempt public speaking who had acquired habits so vicious as these enumerated.

At the commencement of a speech, or of an address, especial care should be taken that the voice be at a proper pitch, that is, that it be neither too high nor too low, and also that the natural key of the voice be never, at any time, exceeded. A person will readily ascertain from experience, that he can raise his voice from a *low* to a *higher* key much more easily than he can bring it down from a *high* to a *lower* key. It should therefore be a rule with speakers to commence rather in a low, than in a high tone, as they can raise it gradually as they proceed; they will thus, independently of having a better command of the voice, be reserving their strength for the body and conclusion of the address. Should the voice become *too high*, which it will always be inclined to do, it should be brought down, by lowering the tone at the end of a sentence and commencing a fresh one, on the note with which the former sentence was concluded. Although the voice should not

be raised too high, the contrary extreme should be avoided: it should not be suffered to drop too low. Neither should an address be given in a dull monotonous tone. The voice must be made to suit the subject, and in impassioned reading or speaking, it must be in accordance with the nature of the passion delineated.

As to the *force* or *loudness* of the voice, it is recommended that every speaker should endeavour to fill with his voice the room in which he speaks; and this he may readily discover by the reverberation of the sound to his ear. But at the same time he should be careful to avoid a loud vociferous tone, which will be equally as unpleasant to the ears of the audience, as it will be exhausting to himself. It may be observed, that the *force* of the voice should not be confounded with the *elevation* or *depression* of tone. A person may speak in a very *low* key, with a very *loud* voice; and on the contrary, he may speak in a very *high* key with a very *soft* voice. A low toned bell struck violently will produce a *loud* sound in a *low* key; whereas a high toned bell struck slightly will produce a *soft* sound in a *high* key.

It is impossible to lay down any specific rules for the rate of utterance, as that must depend entirely on the nature of the subject, for while on the one hand, a drawing languid manner should be avoided, too great a rapidity, a fault very prevalent, is equally as improper and more usual. A speaker will, however, generally err less in being too slow, than in being too rapid.

OF THE INFLECTIONS.

All vocal sounds, as has been justly observed by a late eminent elocutionist, Mr. WALKER, may be divided into two kinds, speaking sounds, and musical sounds. Musical sounds continue for a certain time on a precise point of the scale, and then leap, as it were, to a higher or lower note, while speaking sounds instead of dwelling on the note with which they begin, gently slide upwards or downwards without resting perceptibly on any note. The upward slide or *rising inflection*, as it is termed, is distinguished by the acute accent, thus, (´) the downward slide or *falling inflection*, by the grave accent, thus (˘). On these

two slides or *inflections* of the voice, the harmony of elocution depends.

It is impossible, in a work like the present, to give lengthened rules, under any particular head, without swelling it to a bulk incompatible with its design : the reader who wishes to enter very minutely into the subject, is referred to WALKER'S Elements of Elocution, where the inflections, in particular, are treated in a complete and masterly manner. The following observations it is hoped will convey at least a superficial view of the nature of the inflections.

In general, in simple *unimpassioned* sentences, where there is a contrast in the sense, there is a contrast in the inflection, as,

" I said these, not those."

" He went by sea, not by land."

Interrogatories made by the verb, (unless in some instances where the sentence is very long or concludes a paragraph,) require the *rising* inflection, thus,

" Have ye not known? Have ye not heard?

Hath it not been told you from the beginning?

Have you not understood from the foundations of the earth?"

Interrogatories made by the pronoun or adverb, require the *falling* inflection, thus,

" What shall be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honour?"

If the question form an exclamation, it will sometimes require the *rising* inflection, as,

" Where shall we go? What shall we do?"

Affirmations require the *falling* inflection, as,

" What if I can shew no statues of my family? I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished."

In *impassioned* language, the ANTITHESIS or CONTRAST often requires a strong *rising* inflection on the latter of the two things or persons contrasted, thus,

" It is not CÆSAR, but the GODS, my fathers,

The GODS declare against us and repel

Our vain attempts."

CATO.

" No, you have judged as I have the foulness of the crafty plea, by which this bold invade would delude you. Your generous spirit has

compared, as mine has, the natives, which is a war the less should animate their minds and arms. They, by a strong heavy downy light the power, for plunder, and extended rule; we, for our country, ourselves, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear and serve, a power which they hate; we serve a Monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore."¹

The Echo, as it is termed, or repetition of a word or thought, requires the echoing word to be pronounced with a strong rising inflection: thus,

"And feel I death, no joy from thought of thee!"

Death, the great counsel when man sighs

With every sadder thought and fiercer sigh;

Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!

Death, the rewarder, who the virtuous crown! *Terence*

The proper delivery of language so much depends on taste and judgment, that it is impossible to lay down rules always applicable: a strict attention to the best speakers will do more to form the elocutionist than any written directions, however excellent. It has been stated, as a general rule, that "whenever the hand and eye must necessarily be elevated in action, the voice should take the rising inflection, in accordance with them, and the reverse. In other words: Whenever any thing good, great, exalted, elevated, pleasing, amiable, exhilarating, &c. as, beauty, virtue, victory, power, wisdom, happiness, goodness, heaven, are mentioned, the *rising* inflection should be used, and when the contrary, the *falling* inflection."²

An union of the two inflections on the same syllable is sometimes required. This is called a *Circumflex*.

When the syllable begins with the falling, and ends with the rising inflection, it is said to have a *rising circumflex*, which is marked thus, ~, but when the syllable begins with the rising, and ends with the falling inflection, it is said to have a *falling circumflex*.

The circumflexes are often used in expressions of irony, reproach, and contempt. Both of the circumflexes are exemplified in the following extract:

¹ Newton's *Studies on the Science and Practice of Public Speaking*, &c.

“ ’Tis true, this god did shake ;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose bend does awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre : I did hear him groan ;
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried—Give me some drink, Titinius—
 Like a sick girl.”

SHAKESPEARE.

OF ACCENT.

By Accent is generally understood a particular stress on a certain syllable, or syllables, of every word of more than one syllable. As it regards single words, the accent is acquired by the ear from the earliest infancy ; but in sentences the judgment must be called into exercise, that the stress may be so laid as to convey the sense intended in its proper force.

The accent is sometimes shifted from one syllable to another to mark a contrast of meaning, thus,

“ For this corruptible must put on *incorruption*, and this mortal must put on *immortality*,” 1 Cor. xv. 53.

In the above example, the accent is shifted from its natural place, the third syllable of *incorruption* and *immortality* to the first syllable.

Also, in the following line in Douglas :

“ His constant care was to *increase* his store ;”

the accent is laid on the second syllable of the word *increase*, whilst in the following, “ He must *increase* but I must *decrease*,” the accent is laid on the first syllable.

But there is an accent which principally relates to the reading of verse, and which may be called the accent of Rhythm.* In accordance with the opinion of an eminent Elocutionist,† every heroic verse of ten syllables requires an accent, either on the *sixth* syllable, or else on the *fourth* and *eighth* ;‡ as also on the *tenth* syllable, which latter can never be removed without reducing the line to prose, thus,

“ An angel’s arm can’t *snatch* me from the grave,
 Legions of angels can’t *confine* me there.”

YOUNG.

* An accent of this character is often observable in Orations ; particularly in those of Cicero and Demosthenes.

† Mr. Smart.

‡ An exception is to be made in Dramatic Poetry ; the accent being often neglected when it is of a conversational character.

It is not to be understood that the syllables used are the *only* syllables which require an accent, but that these must be accented in order to preserve for it the character of verse. The accentuation of any other syllables must depend on the nature of the subject, and the taste of the reader.

Mr. Smart, in reference to this, observes, "the necessity of these accents is evident on this simple principle: the natural division of a heroic line is at the sixth syllable; the accent at that place is therefore the chief accent: it is in the middle, and is the great stay or support of the line: take away that support, and you can supply it only by two others at equal distances from it towards each end. These therefore may be called the essential accents of an Epic line; it is by these that blank verse is distinguished from numerous prose; it is by these, when the sense of one line runs into that of another, we are enabled to know when the one ends and the other begins, and not by any pause at the end of the lines, which, if not required on any other account, is unnecessary and useless."*

The accent is, for the reason just named, sometimes shifted, in poetry, that it may fall on the proper syllable: thus,

"With joy and love triumping, and fair walk." HERMES.

The accent on the above line will be on the second syllable instead of its natural place, the first.

Other kinds of verse are obedient to a law similar to the above, but especial care must be taken in observing the accentuation, to avoid a sing-song, which, of all things, is most disagreeable to the ear, and which the mechanical structure of certain kinds of verse may sometimes seem inclined to induce.

OF EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a particular stress laid on certain words in a sentence. There are two kinds of emphasis: *Explanatory* and *impressive*. *Explanatory* emphasis is that which simply conveys the meaning of the speaker or reader; *impressive* emphasis is that more forcible stress used in Impassioned Reading and Declamation. The first kind

* Theory of Education.

of emphasis the student will find well explained and illustrated in Murray's Grammar, and, as it more particularly refers to plain reading and speaking, it is not deemed necessary to introduce it here. The second kind, or *impressive* emphasis, is that to which the following remarks principally refer :

Although no rule can be given for the emphasis that is applicable in all cases, yet, in general, the *Names* and *Attributes* of the *Deity*, the *Names of Persons* and *Places*, especially of those of note. *Personifications* and *Epithets* require a powerful emphasis, thus,

" See now that I, even I am HE, and there is NO GOD with me ; I kill and I make alive and there is none that can deliver out of MY hand," Deut. xxxii. 39.

" The MIGHTY MASTER smiled to see,
That LOVE was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For PITY melts the soul to LOVE."

DRYDEN—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

In the above extract, the words marked by capitals will require a *powerful* emphasis ; those marked by italics will require a slight emphasis.

Antitheses require a strong emphasis, as,

" Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose—SLAVERY OF DEATH," CATO.
" It is not CÆSAR, but the GODS, my Fathers—
The GODS declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts." CATO.

A *double* emphasis is sometimes required, thus,

" So LOVE was crown'd, but MUSIC won the cause."

Sometimes a *triple* emphasis is necessary, as,

" He raised a MORTAL to the SKIES,
SHE drew an ANGEL down."

In extemporaneous addresses, the speaker rarely fails in giving the proper emphasis ; in reading, or reciting, he should thoroughly comprehend the writer's meaning, and speak as he would do if the language he uttered were his own. It may not be irrelevant to caution the juvenile elocutionist against laying a powerful emphasis too often, or where the sense may not require it. The object of emphasis being to fix the attention to some particular point of the

subject in preference to the rest, if words of little importance be rendered emphatic, the object will not only be unanswered, but the effect will be ridiculous.

OF PAUSES.

A Pause is an interval of utterance, caused by a suspension, or dropping of the voice. The common use of pauses is to allow the speaker time to take breath, as well as to relieve the ears of his auditors from an incessant continuity of sound.

In reading poetry, or in delivering impassioned language of any kind, and even in common reading, the points or stops are not only totally inefficient to direct the place and length of the pause, but they often mislead young persons, who, from having been erroneously taught, attach too much importance to them. The chief use of the points is to assist the reader in ascertaining the grammatical construction of the sentence, and not to determine, decisively, the duration of the pause. The pauses must be made to depend on the nature of the subject, and the judgment and discrimination of the reader or speaker: they must be at the same time, explanatory of the sense, and productive of harmony of sound.

A particular pause is required sometimes after, and sometimes before any thing, which we may be desirous of rendering peculiarly emphatic. This, from its nature, is called the *emphatic* pause, thus,

“ O DEATH!—where is thy sting? O GRAVE!—where is thy victory?”

This kind of pause is also much used for the purpose of Dramatic effect, as,

“ *Queen.* HAMLET——You have your father much offended.

Hamlet. MOTHER——You have my father much offended.”

A pause, properly sustained, adds great force to a sentiment, or expression, and renders it particularly emphatic. It was in pauses of this nature that Garrick so much excelled.

There is in verse a pause called the *Cæsural Pause*, which takes place somewhere in the middle of the verse; there is also sometimes a *demi-cæsura*, one half of the length of the former, which either precedes the former, or

succeeds it, or both. The cæsural pauses are particularly sensible to the ear, in the last four lines of Pope's Messiah.

" The seas | shall waste, || the skies | in smoke decay ;
 Rocks | fall to dust, || and mountains | melt away ;
 But fix'd | his word, || his saving power | remains ;
 Thy realm | for ever lasts, || thy own Messiah | reigns."

It has been recommended by Mr. Sheridan, and other elocutionists, that in reading *blank verse*, the termination of the line should be marked by a slight *suspensive pause* ; but Mr. Smart, as already quoted,* considers that the accent on the final syllable will sufficiently mark the conclusion of the line. Mr. Walker has observed that the best pronouncers of tragedy have never regarded this pause, and he does not see the necessity of its being introduced into other kinds of verse. Whether or not Garrick marked the termination of his lines by a perceptible pause, has been a matter of contention : if he did, it was effected in that masterly manner which was only perceptible to a delicate ear.

There is often a protracted utterance, somewhat similar to a suspension of the voice, extended through several words, or through the individual syllables of a single word, rendering them, to a considerable extent, emphatic ; thus,

" But—in—the—cutting—it—if—thou—dost—shed—
 One—jot—of—Christian—blood." PORTIA—*Merchant of Venice*.

" But by the gods, I swear, millions of worlds
 Should never buy me—to—be—like—that—Cæsar." CATO.

OF TONES.

The human voice is capable of uttering three distinct tones, or every individual may be said to have three kinds of voice,—the Colloquial, the Declamatory, and the Singing voice ; the declamatory being, as it were, a mean between the other two, but more allied to the *singing* than to the *colloquial* tone.

The human voice also has either in declaiming or singing the power of *sustaining* the note for a considerable time, and producing a vibratory sound, which well managed, has a most delightful effect.

Nothing adds greater charm to elocution than a proper modulation. and blending of the tones of the voice ; even

* See Page 47.

the most musical voice, without being properly modulated, sounds harsh and inharmonious, whereas, an unpleasant voice may, to a certain extent, be rendered agreeable by being well managed.

Nature has adapted a peculiar tone to every passion and feeling that we may have to express, which is intelligible to all; nature must therefore be studied and followed, and if the speaker, in uttering the language of another, can enter sufficiently into the subject, to make it, as it were, his own, his voice will soon learn to accommodate itself to the sentiment he is conveying. It is true that, at first, some difficulty will be experienced in becoming sufficiently identified with a character it may be desirable to delineate, but study and exertion will be soon found to surmount it.

In Reading, the same rule will hold good as in speaking. If the reader enters into the sentiments of the author, he will scarcely fail to use a proper tone of voice. Subjects of a grand and sublime nature require a dignified and elevated tone; subjects of a light character require the tone to be lively and playful. Sacred poetry, and indeed *sacred* reading, of all kinds, requires a peculiarly solemn and deep tone of voice, varying according to the nature of the subject, while the rate of utterance should be slow, and the manner impressive.

Certain sublime passages will require a continuation of *one* tone, through many words, this is called a *Monotone*, and should be delivered with due force and solemnity, thus,

"Night, sable goddess! from her ébon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world."

YOUNG.

Parenthetical sentences require the tone to be somewhat monotonous, and the rate of utterance rather more rapid than in the principal sentence: the parenthesis also requires a slight pause both before and after it, thus,

"If there's a power above us;
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy."

CATO.

The *Climax* generally requires a swell of the voice; and this will appear evident by reading any example of this

beautiful figure. The following sublime extract partakes of the nature of the climax, and is well calculated to illustrate the above remark :

“ ’Tis list’ning fear and dumb amazement all ;
 When to the startled eye, the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first heard solemn through the verge of heav’n,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burthen on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds ; ’till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze :
 Follows the loosen’d aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deep’ning, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush’d horrible, convulsing heav’n and earth.” THOMSON.

The first part of the above piece should be given in an impressive manner, although somewhat akin to level reading. At the description of the approaching storm, “ At first heard solemn o’er the verge of heaven,” the voice should deepen into the most solemn tones, and, as the storm comes on, it should rise and roll in accordance with it.

The *Soliloquy* depends entirely on the nature of the subject for its mode of delivery. The *Soliloquy of Macbeth*, and that of *Octavian* in the “*Mountaineers*,” although of a very different nature, require intense feeling, while the *Soliloquy of Cato* should be delivered in a calm, impressive manner. Particular care is requisite in delivering a soliloquy of any kind, that the speaker seem not to address the audience, but to appear to be uttering his thoughts and feelings to himself, unconscious of the presence of any one.

OF GESTURE.

By Gesture is understood a suitable conformity of the countenance and other parts of the body to the subject delivered. Gesture is the language of nature, and as Cicero observes, “ its power is greater than that of words.” Unaided by language, a person may, by gesture alone, convey his meaning to another, whereas, without it, the most powerful language will be tame and inefficient. As the voice in its tones and inflections accommodates itself to

the nature of the subject, or to the impressions of the mind, so should the gesture accommodate itself to the voice.

Although the correct delivery of an impassioned discourse requires the aid of every feature of the countenance, and a proper comportment of every part of the body, yet the principal dependence is on the management of the eyes and hands. Cicero directs the orator to bestow the chief care on the management of the eye, and Quintilian observes, "that the action of the hands is the common language of all mankind, without which all gesture is weak and impotent." In reference to this, Sheridan observes, "What inward emotion is there which cannot be manifested by these? Do not the eyes discover humility, pride, cruelty, compassion, reflection, dissipation, kindness, resentment? Is there an emotion of fancy, is there a shade of ridicule which they cannot represent? With respect to the power of the hands, every one knows that with them we can demand a promise, call, dismiss, threaten, supplicate, ask, deny, shew joy, sorrow, detestation, fear, admiration," &c.

A speaker, in addressing a number of persons, should, after having cast a modest glance round on his audience, direct his looks in front, and commence by extending his right-hand and arm, having, at the same time, his right foot a little in advance, on which the chief weight of his body should be placed, his left hand hanging gracefully by his side. If, in the course of the address, the left hand be required to be used, the left foot should have a corresponding advance. If both hands be required, the advanced foot should be drawn rather back, and the speaker should stand firm and erect. The left hand should be used as sparingly as possible, and the fingers of the hand in use, should be open and rather curved, the forefinger being generally rather more extended than the others. The action must be suited to the discourse, and vary according to its energy. The stroke of the hand which marks any particular emphasis, should be in exact accordance with it, and, at the conclusion of every sentence, the hand should fall gently by the side to be again raised when required.

When giving utterance to any tender emotion, and, on some occasions, when speaking of ourselves, in contradistinction to others, the right hand should be placed over

the region of the heart. In an appeal to heaven, or in uttering any sublime sentiment, the eyes, and either one hand, or both, should be elevated. When any thing low is mentioned, the eye and hand should be directed downwards. But the gesture, similar to the inflections of the voice, the tones, &c., must depend entirely on the nature of the subject, and the passions, or emotions, which are excited.

In the delineation of any character, nature will be found to be the best guide; if the speaker possesses sufficient judgment, and considers himself actuated by the feelings he is feigning, he will rarely err.

The following are the principal Passions and Emotions with the manner in which they are expressed; there are various shades of the same passion which will of course require a corresponding difference in the delineation.

CHEERFULNESS and JOY require a gaiety of tone, and a smiling countenance. The eyes are opened *wide*, often raised to *heaven*, and sometimes filled with tears. If Joy be excessive, it causes a wildness of gesture, as dancing, singing, and clapping of hands, apparently bordering on madness.

HOPE and DESIRE brighten the countenance, open the mouth to half a smile, give the eyes a wishful look, and extend the arms as if to receive the desired object.

LOVE gives the voice a most tender sweetness. The eyes languish, the eye-brows are arched, the mouth is a little open, and the whole countenance is beautifully serene. Love which is unsuccessful gives an anxious and melancholy air.

SORROW and GRIEF cause the countenance to lour, cast down the eyes, and give the voice a plaintive tone, which is occasionally interrupted with sighs. Extreme grief raises the voice in wailings and lamentations, the sufferer beats his head and breast, tears his hair, and appears in a state of phrenzy.

PITY is a compound of love and grief, and evinces itself by compassionate tones, and by gently raising and falling the hands and eyes.

DESPAIR clouds the forehead, rolls the eyes, opens the mouth in a frightful manner, widens the nostrils, and gnashes the teeth. The head hangs down, the fists are

clenched, the veins and muscles are swelled, and the whole body becomes violently agitated. Groans are more frequently uttered than words; if there are words they are sometimes expressed in a sullen tone, and sometimes they are loud and furious.

HATRED gives the voice a harsh and disagreeable tone. The eyes glance angrily, the eye-brows are contracted, the teeth are set, the upper lip is curled in a disdainful manner, the body is drawn back, and the hands are thrown out as if to keep off the hated object.

AVERSION is similar to Hatred, but of a milder character.

ANGER, when violent, or *Rage*, expands the nostrils, strains the muscles, clenches the fist, and stamps on the ground; sometimes it gives the voice a high and loud tone, and sometimes a tone peculiarly low and emphatic.

MALICE sets the jaws, clenches the fist, and causes the eyes to flash. The tone of voice is similar to that of Anger but in a lower key.

REVENGE expresses itself similar to Malice, but more openly, and in a louder strain.

ENVY is similar to Malice but of a milder character.

MELANCHOLY is gloomy and motionless. The lips are pale, the eyes are cast down, the lower jaw falls, and there is a total indifference to every thing that passes.

DISTRACTION and MADNESS open the eyes and roll them fearfully. The features become distorted, the teeth are gnashed, and every part of the body is most violently agitated.

FEAR opens wide the eyes, gives the countenance an air of wildness, and the voice a low, hollow, and tremulous tone. The hands are extended, one foot is drawn back and the whole body appears to shrink from the danger. Extreme fear sometimes produces on females violent shrieks without any articulate sound.

ALARM, SURPRISE, WONDER and AMAZEMENT border slightly on Fear. The eyes are opened wide, and sometimes are fixed on the object, and sometimes are raised upwards. The mouth is open and the whole body seems contracted.

ANXIETY which is always attended with a degree of Fear or Apprehension, casts down the eyes, closes the

mouth, and bites the lips. The person appears uneasy, walks about, and sometimes stops abruptly, and talks to himself. If he speaks to another, his pauses are long, and his sentences broken.

PERPLEXITY is expressed in a manner similar to Anxiety.

VEXATION adds complaint to the tones and gestures of Anxiety.

SHAME hangs down the head with downcast eyes, turns away the face, and causes the tongue to falter.

REMORSE casts down the countenance, and gives it a most anxious look. The teeth gnash with anguish, the right hand beats the breast, and the whole body is violently agitated.

CONTRITION raises the eyes, as if to heaven, and immediately casts them down again, causes the body to assume a suppliant posture, and gives the voice a hesitating and trembling tone.

JEALOUSY is a mixture of all the passions that can agitate and torture the human mind. It shews itself by peevishness, restlessness, thoughtfulness and anxiety. Sometimes there is a gleam of hope, then the mind becomes clouded with suspicions, the arms are folded, the fists clenched, and the eyes dart most fearful glances. A person that is the prey of this worst of passions has been justly compared to a ship on a stormy sea : he has not a moment's rest.

FAINTING dims the eyes, takes the colour from the cheek, causes every muscle to seem unstrung, and the body, if not supported, to fall to the ground like a lifeless corpse.

MODESTY gives a downcast, submissive look, and a low rate of utterance.

SUBMISSION is expressed in a similar manner to Modesty.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE require a firm tone and an open manly look and deportment.

BOASTING is loud and blustering. The voice is hollow, the eyes stare, the mouth pouts, the fist is clenched, and the head nods in a menacing manner. The right foot stamps the ground, and the legs take large strides.

PRIDE assumes a pompous look and air, the tone of voice is elevated, and the person strides about in a haughty manner.

AFFIRMING OR PROTESTING, if vehement and with an oath or an appeal to heaven, requires the eyes and right hand to be raised upwards. If an appeal be made to the conscience the right hand should be laid on the breast.

AUTHORITY assumes a grave look, it opens the countenance, but somewhat contracts the eye-brows.

COMMANDING requires a stern air and a forcible utterance. The hand is extended and the head nods towards the person commanded.

It must be borne in mind that there are not only various shades of the same passion, but that the mode of expressing any particular passion must be accommodated to the circumstances of the character. The anger of a youth, of a full grown man, of an old man, and of a woman, although violent in each, will require a very different delineation. Every other passion must be made to vary similarly, according to the age and sex of the individual represented.

In *unimpassioned* subjects little action is required, while the voice should be even and moderate.

NARRATIVE subjects require little more than distinct delivery. The hand may be occasionally extended, and, accompanied with the eyes, be carried gently round to the audience.

ARGUMENTATIVE subjects sometimes require a slow and sometimes a quick utterance, the tone of voice is occasionally high and loud according to the argument, and the action is proportionally energetic.

MEDITATIVE subjects give the countenance a thoughtful expression and a low tone of voice, with frequent pauses. The eyes are sometimes cast on the ground, sometimes raised, and the action is feeble and unimpressive. The hand is occasionally placed on the chin; sometimes on the forehead.

The foregoing observations are, in a great measure, as applicable to Reading as to Public Speaking; particularly to *impassioned* or *dramatic* reading,* in which it is necessary that the tone, the look, and the gesture of the speaker should correspond with the subject or character represented.

* Mr. Smart's *Dramatic Readings* are most earnestly recommended: they will afford a rich intellectual treat to those who have any taste for Elocution.

IMPASSIONED

PIECES FOR RECITATION.

THE CAPTIVE.

(PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION WITH INTENSE FEELING.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures* are the *Metonymy*, the *Epizeuxis*,
the *Ecphonesis* and *Vision*.

^a Stay, Gaoler, stay, and hear my woe,
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I was too well I know,
And what I am, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, tho' sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forg'd the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail,
^b Oh! Gaoler haste that fate to tell!
Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
To know though kept a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

* The principal Rhetorical Figures in each piece are noted without a direct reference, that the pupil may exercise his abilities in finding them out.

^a *Entreaty*, requiring a most supplicatory tone and manner.

^b *Great Earnestness*.

- c He smiles in scorn and turns the key!
 He quits the grate, I kneel in vain!
 d His glimm'ring lamp, still, still I see,——
 'Tis gone—and all is gloom again.
 e Cold, bitter cold! no warmth! no light!
 f Life, all thy comforts once I had:
 Yet, here I'm chain'd, this freezing night,
 Altho' not mad! no, no! not mad!
- e 'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain,
 What I, the child of rank and wealth;
 Am I the wretch that clanks this chain,
 Depriv'd of freedom, friends, and health?
 Ah! while I dwell on blessings past,
 Which never more my heart must glad,
 How aches my heart! how burns my head!
 But 'tis not mad! no! 'tis not mad!
- b Hast thou, my child, forgot ere this,
 A mother's face, a mother's tongue;
 She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
 Nor round her neck how fast you clung,
 Nor how with me you used to stray,
 Nor how that suit your suit denied,
 Nor how——¹ I'll drive such thoughts away,
 They'll make me mad! they'll make me mad!
- k His rosy lips, how sweet they smil'd!
 His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!

^a *Disappointment.*

^d The speaker should look anxiously in the supposed direction of the object, and keep his eyes fixed on it for one or two seconds, after he has uttered the word "see," suspending his voice at the same time.

^e The feeling of cold is represented by shuddering, and contracting the shoulders, and clasping the hands.

^f *Repining*, requiring a plaintive tone with much feeling. A speaker should, however, at all times, be careful to avoid a whining cant, which is too frequently mistaken for pathetic expression.

^g *Doubting*, immediately followed by a deep sense of injury, which increases to *Anguish*.

^h This verse should be delivered with much tenderness; the tone of voice should be at first low, and gradually rise as the feelings of the mother increase in intensity.

ⁱ To be spoken rapidly, with an expression bordering on *Distraction*.

^k Again resumes maternal tenderness.

None ever bore a lovelier child !——

¹ And art thou now for ever gone,
And shall I never see thee more,

My pretty, pretty, pretty lad ;

^m I will be free, unbar the door,
I am not mad ! I am not mad !

ⁿ Oh hark ! what mean those yells and cries ?

His chain some furious madman breaks ;
He comes ! I see his glaring eyes !

Now, now my dungeon grate he shakes ;
Help ! help !——He's gone——^o Oh ! fearful woe,

Such screams to hear, such sights to see ;
My brain ! my brain ! I know, I know,
I am not mad, but soon shall be !

^p Yes soon ! for, lo, you ! while I speak,

Mark how yon Demon's eye-balls glare,
He sees me——now, with dreadful shriek,

He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror ! the reptile strikes his tooth

Deep in my heart, so crush'd and sad !

Ay, laugh ye fiends ! I feel the truth,
Your task is done ! I'm mad ! I'm mad !

LEWIS.

¹ Here is a transition from the most joyous and delightful feelings to the most distressing apprehension.

^m Violence bordering on Rage.

^o Bitter Anguish.

ⁿ Fear rising into extreme Terror.

^p Madness.

GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE DALECARLIANS.

Christian II., King of Denmark, having made himself master of Sweden, confined Gustavus at Copenhagen; but he, making his escape, retired to reach the Dalecarlian mountains, where he worked at the mines like a common slave. Having seized a favourable opportunity, he declared himself to the nobles and people, who were incited to espouse his cause. Fortune befriended him, and he ultimately gained the throne of Sweden.

(VIGOROUS ADDRESS.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Metonymy*, the *Imagery*, the *Simile*, the *Eretnia*, the *Euphemism*, and the *Metaphor*.

- ^a Men of the Dales! behold at last
A thousand dangers safely past,
Your true, your sworn Gustavus here;
Long have I sigh'd in foreign lands,
Long have I roam'd in foreign lands,
At length 'mid Swedish hearts and hands,
I grasp a Swedish spear.
- ^b Yet, though I look around, and see
None but the fearless and the free;
Sad are the thoughts the sight inspires;
Ah! where, I think, on Swedish ground,
Save where these mountains frown around,
Can that best heritage be found,
The freedom of our sires?
- Yes! Sweden pines beneath the yoke;
The galling chain our fathers broke,
Is fasten'd round our country now;
- ^c On perjurd craft and ruthless guilt,
His power, a tyrant Dane hath built,
And Sweden's crown all blood-bespilt,
Rests on a foreign brow.

^a Undaunted, courageous manner.

^b Here is a transition to a feeling of deep Concern, requiring a melancholic tone and manner.

^c Indignation.

Beneath these hills, on yonder plains,
In baneful calm the ^d tyrant reigns.

^e For, ah! who knows not of the day,
When Stockholm's burghers pale with dread
Saw all to execution led,
Saw, 'neath the axe, fall every head
That could oppose his sway.

^f On you, your country turns her eyes,
On you for aid, for all relies,
You, sprung from Sweden's noblest stem;

^g The foremost place in rolls of fame,
By right your fearless fathers claim;

^h Your's is the glory of *their* name,
'Tis your's to equal *them*.

ⁱ As headlong down when winter reigns,
Resistless to the shaking plains,
The mountain torrent tears its way;

And all that bars its onward course
Sweeps to the sea with headlong force;—

^k So swept your sires the Dane and Norse—
^l Are you less brave than they?

^m Rise! re-assert your ancient pride,
And down the hills a living tide
Of valour and of freedom pour;

Soon as the storm of battle lours,

ⁿ Back to his den the tyrant cowers,

^o And freedom once again is ours,
Our country great once more.

^p What! do you still in silence stand?
Gleams not an eye? moves not a hand?

Think ye to fly your coming fate?

^q Or 'till some better cause be given
Wait ye?—^r then wait, 'till cavern-driv'n

^d Aversion.

^e Encouragement.

^f Moderate Energy.

^g Vehement manner.

^h Reproach, with extreme
with a slow rate of utterance.

ⁱ Sarcastic manner, with a low impressive tone, and a particu-
slow utterance, bordering on a drawl.

^j Anger with extreme Indignation.

^k Solemnity.

^l Ardent Exhortation.

^m Firmness with considerable ⁿ Ardour.

^o Disdain. ^p Great Ardour.

^q Indignation, requiring an emphatic

^r Ardour.

And now at once they shout
 Arvalan ! Arvalan !
 With quick rebound of sound
 All in according cry,
 Arvalan ! Arvalan !
 The universal multitude reply.

^e Far, far behind, beyond all reach of sight,
 In order'd files the torches flow along,
 One ever lengthening line of gliding light.
 Far—far behind

Rolls on the undistinguishable clamour
 Of horn and trump and tambour;
 Incessant as the roar
 Of streams which down the wintry mountain pour,
 And louder than the dread commotion
 Of stormy billows on a rocky shore,
 When the winds rage o'er the waves,
 And ocean to the tempest raves.

^f And now toward the bank they go,
 Where winding on their way below,
 Deep and strong the waters flow.

Here doth the funeral pile appear
 With myrrh and ambergris bestrew'd,
 And built of precious sandal wood.
 They cease their music and their outcry here;
 Gently they rest the bier:
 They wet the face of Arvalan—

No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite !
 They feel his breast—no motion there !
 They feel his lips—no breath !

^g For not with feeble nor with erring hand,
 The stern Avenger dealt the blow of death.

^h Then with a doubling peal and deeper blast,
 The tambours and the trumpets sound on high,
 And with a last and loudest cry
 They call on Arvalan.

SOUTHEY.

^e Relaxes into a calmer manner.

^f Mournful expression gradually increasing in solemnity.

^g Earnestness of manner, with much Solemnity, and particularly slow utterance.

^h A gradual rise of voice with increased animation.

Or prest by hunger, hunt each nook for food,
And quite exhausted, climb these knees—in vain.—

^d Ah ! looks too eloquent !—too plainly mark'd ;
Ye ask for bread—I have no bread to give.—

^e And must Louisa then—our tender babes,—
Must *they* untimely sink into the grave ?
Must all be victims to a fate so sore ?

^f The world will nothing give but barren frowns :—

^g What then remains ?—There stands the wretched hut
I dare not enter—^h Heaven befriend them all !

ⁱ What then remains ?—^k The night steals on apace ;
The sick moon labours thro' the mixing clouds :—
Yes—that were well—O dire necessity !—

^l It must be so—Despair, do what thou wilt !

^m This forest gloom,
Made gloomier by the deep'ning shades of night,
Suits well the sad disorder of my soul :
The passing owl shrieks horrible her wail,
And conscience broods o'er her prophetic note ;
Light springs the hare upon the wither'd leaf,
The rabbit frolics—and the ⁿ guilty mind
Starts at the sound, as at a giant's tread.—

^o Ah me ! I hear a horse upon the road—

^p Forgive me, Providence, forgive me man !

^q I tremble thro' the heart—the clattering hoof
Re-echoes thro' the wood—The moon appears,
And lights me to my prey :—

^d Great internal Agony.

^e Distress.

^f Slight expression of Disgust.

^g Perplexity with a low tone of voice.

^h Earnest Ejaculation, with eyes and hands raised towards heaven.

ⁱ Perplexity.

^k The rate of utterance should be slow, the mind being apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the guilty purpose.

^l Decisive manner, with a firm and elevated tone.

^m Solemn manner with a considerable degree of agitation.

ⁿ Self-conviction.

^o Alarm.

^p Earnest Prayer, with eyes raised, and hands elevated and clasped.

^q To be spoken in a hurried manner, and with the most agitated feelings.

[†] Stop, traveller !—

[†] Behold a being born like thee to live,
And yet endow'd with fortitude to die,
Were his alone the pang of poverty ;
But a dear wife, now starving far from hence,
Seven hapless hungry children at her side,
A frowning world, and an ungrateful friend,
Urge him to actions which his heart abhors :
Assist us—save us—pity my despair,
O'erlook my fault, and view me as a man.

[†] A fellow mortal sues to thee for bread,
Invites thy charity—invites thy heart :

^u Perhaps *thou* art a husband, and a father :
Think if *thy* babes like mine, dejected lay
And held their little hands to thee for food,
What would'st thou have *me* do, wert thou like me,
Driv'n to distress like mine.—Oh ! then—befriend,
Make our sad case your own—I ask no more,
Nor will I force what bounty cannot spare ;
Let me not take assassin-like, the boon

^x Which, humbly bending at thy foot, I beg,
Ne'er 'till this night—[*gives him a purse.*]

[‡] Heaven speed thee on thy way !

May plenty ever sit within thy house !
If thou hast children, angels guard their steps !
Health scatter roses round each little cheek,
And Heaven at last reward thy soul with bliss !

[‡] He's gone—and left his purse within my hand.
Thou much desired ! thou often sought ! in vain ;
Sought but not found—at length I hold thee fast ;

[†] *Command*, apparently rousing all his energies for the purpose, and exhausting them in the simple word "Stop."

^u *Plaintive utterance* with agonized feelings.

[†] *Earnest Entreaty*, requiring the most supplicatory tone and manner.

^u *Earnest Expostulation*, rising to a degree of *Distress*, which almost borders on *Despair*.

^x This line requires a most *supplicatory* tone and manner, the speaker falling gently on one knee, and extending his hands.

[‡] The speaker on receiving the purse, after having looked at it earnestly for a moment, should rise rather hastily, and grasping it in one hand, raise the other towards heaven, and deliver this prayer with the greatest *Ardour* and apparent *Gratitude*.

[‡] *Joy bordering on Wildness*.

THE FIEND OF WAR.

(VEHEMENT MANNER.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Prosopopeia* and the *Erotesis*.

^a Hark ! heard ye not the voice of death
 Deep thundering o'er the startled heath ?
 Hark !—^b twas the Demon's shout of joy !
 The Hosts are gathering to destroy :
 The battle smoke ascends on high,
 As if to veil the offended sky !
 The *War-fiend* and her deadly train
 Are trampling o'er the heaps of slain !
^c Hovering round her fiery car,
 Thus they hail the power of war,
 Myriads of men this day have died—
 Dread Spirit, art thou satisfied ?
 See her car of flame appear
 Girt with horrid shapes of fear !
^d *Murder* with demoniac glance
^e Poising fierce the bloody lance !
^f *Famine* wild with Gorgon head
 Scowling on the recent dead ;
 Red-eyed ^g *Plunder* counting o'er
 A murder'd orphan's little store.

^a *Alarm* ; requiring an *anxious* and *hurried* manner, with a deep tone of voice and slow utterance. The first "hark" should be uttered sharply with the right hand extended and the eye fixed as in the attitude of listening. The second "hark" should be uttered somewhat louder than the first, with a considerable pause after it.

^b The voice becomes more elevated, and the rate of utterance increased with a strong expression of *Horror*.

^c *Solemn* manner with a firm tone of voice.

^d *Murder* may have the expression of *Rage*.

^e The fists should here be clenched, and the right hand extended as in the act of throwing a spear.

^f *Famine* is expressed by a haggard, wild look and manner.

^g At *Plunder*, the eyes should be fixed, and the hands as in the act of seizing on the object.

Hovering round the fiery car,
 Thus they hail the fiend of war;
 Myriads of men this day have died—
 Dread Spirit, art thou satisfied?

^b *Rapine* with ferocious air
 Drags a maiden by the hair;
Sacrilege, with flaming torch,
 Snatch'd from a burning church's porch;
Pestilence, whose sickly breath
 Kills like the fabled tree of death;
 On her pale brow a blazing star
 Sheds its malignant rays afar.

Hovering round her fiery car,
 Thus they hail the fiend of war;
 Myriads of men this day have died—
 Dread Spirit, art thou satisfied?

ⁱ Who are these that stalk behind,
 Fearful forms of human kind,
^k Countless myriads, hosts on hosts,
 Grisly hordes of gloomy ghosts!
 All who on this earth have died
 Victims of despotic pride!
 All who since the world began,
 Have perish'd for the *Moloch MAN*!

Hovering round her fiery car,
 Thus they hail the fiend of war,
 Myriads of men this day have died—
 Dread Spirit, art thou satisfied?

^b The Ferocious air of *Rapine*, the Diabolical look of *Sacrilege*, and the Ghastly appearance of *Pestilence* must be expressed while being described.

ⁱ *Anxious inquiry, approaching to Terror.*—See *Fear*, page 55.

^k *Most solemn reply, "Man" requiring a very terrible emphasis, with the falling Inflection.*

A WINTER MORNING.

(DEEPLY PATHETIC MANNER.)

The principal Rhetorical Figure is the *Eephonesis*.

- ^a It was upon a winter's morn,
 When snow flakes on the wind were borne,
 The keen black frost had scarcely failed,
 And sleet and rain by turns assailed—
 I mark'd as where in warmth I stood,
^b And the sight did almost freeze my blood,
^c A little infant on a stone,
 Cold and shiv'ring sit alone.

The snow fell thick and fast, yet he
 Did never speak, but piteously
 Upon each passer with a sigh,
 Bent his little tearful eye ;—
 Yet of him notice none was taken,
 He seemed to be by all forsaken,
 As cold and shiv'ring on the stone,
 The little sufferer sat alone.

- He asked not aid—he looked for one
 Who came not—who, alas! was gone
 For ever from him ;—ne'er was he
 Again that guilty one to see,
^d Nor e'er again was that sweet boy
 To warm his mother's heart with joy—
^e For she, that morn, upon that stone,
 Had left him there to sit alone.

^a Narrative manner, with a *mild, soft* tone of voice.
^b This line should be given with an expression of *Horror*.
^c Piteous tone with a strong feeling of sympathy.
^d Tender, affectionate manner. ^e Blaming.

- ^f At length his fears his silence broke,
And thus the little lost one spoke :
- ^g "Alas! methinks she lingers long——
I cannot see her in the throng.
I strain my eyes to look in vain——
- ^h Alas! she will not come again——
- ⁱ And yet she promised when alone
She left me sitting on this stone.
- ^k "Oh! Mother, come to me—for I
Am cold and sick—and verily
- ^l Methinks the night begins to fall,
For darkness shuts me out from all
I saw before——I feel not now
The damp snow falling on my brow,
And sure the cold has left this stone
Where I have sat so long alone.
- ^m "Come, Mother, come, nor tarry longer,
For oh! this weakness grows still stronger;
Come, Mother! take me to my home——
How faint I am!——" Come—Mother—come!"
- ⁿ He said no more, his little breast
Heaved at once, then sunk to rest;
Now calm and colder than the stone
Where first he sat, he lies alone.
- ^p But soon that wretched Mother came,
With her eyes in tears and her heart in flame :

^f Narrative manner, as before.

^g The plaintive, tremulous voice of the child should be here imitated.

^h Apprehension, requiring an anxious look.

ⁱ Recollection, the countenance and tone of voice becoming more composed.

^k These lines should be spoken in a most piteous tone blended with a slight degree of impatience, and the sensation of cold should be imitated.

^l Torpor is just beginning to seize the system, the eyes close their office and the feelings are benumbed. The voice and manner should become gradually more and more weak and languid.

^m Anxious manner with an expiring effort.

ⁿ The voice here "dwindles to a feeble moan."

^o Deeply pathetic utterance.

^p Most solemn manner.

And—^q Heavens!—^r how she stood in mute surprise
When first the vision met her eyes:

^s When first his little face she knew——
So chang'd from the last and lovely hue
It wore that morn when she left him alone
In tempest and storm on a damp cold stone.

^t But who shall tell the pangs she felt

^u As madly in the snow she knelt,
And clasp'd him round her in deep distress,
In all his chilling iciness?——

^x The tear at once forsook her eye——
And she raised a harsh and horrid cry,
That seem'd on its rushing wing to bear
The last of her knowledge, her grief and her care.

Oh! ne'er will she taste sweet rest again——

^y For madness reigns in her troubled brain;
For her boy she calls thro' day and thro' night,
In coldness—in darkness—in pale moonlight——

^z “My boy!—my boy!—^a have you seen my boy?”
Not another thought does her mind employ——
Not a gleam of hope for the past can she borrow,

^b And she wanders along in the grasp of her sorrow.

^q The speaker should here endeavour to represent the feelings of the Mother. After having uttered “Heavens” with a slightly elevated gesture, he should remain silent, wringing his hands, with his eyes fixed on the supposed object, his mouth open and his countenance expressive of the deepest agony.

^r Deeply solemn manner.

^s Plaintive utterance.

^t Deeply solemn manner.

^u Here assume a wildness of look and a distracted manner; the tone of voice should become elevated, and the action should be energetic.

^x This requires a solemn intonation of voice.

^y Distraction.

^z Frenzied Grief.

^a Frenzied Inquiry.

^b Most solemn manner, with a strong expression of feeling.

ODE TO DEATH.

(MOST SOLEMN AND DIGNIFIED MANNER.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Eretesis*, the *Prolepsis*, the *Alliteration*, the *Metonymy*, and the *Periphrasis*.

- ^a Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thund'ring tread?
 'Twas Death.—^b In haste
 The Warrior past;
High tower'd his helmed head:
 I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
I 'spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
 I saw his giant arm the falchion wield;
Wide waved the bick'ring blade and fired the angry air.
- ^c On me, he cried, my Britons, wait
To lead you to the field of fate
 I come:—You car,
 That cleaves the air,
Descends to throne my state:
 I mount your champion and your god.
My proud steeds neigh beneath the thong;
 Hark! to my wheels of brass that rattle loud!
Hark! to my clarion shrill that brays the woods among!
- ^d Fear not now the Fever's fire,
Fear not now the Death-bed groan,
Pangs that torture, pains that fire,
 Bed-rid age with feeble moan.
These domestic terrors wait
Hourly at my palace gate;

^a Particularly emphatic and solemn intonation of voice, with a considerable pause both before and after "Twas Death."

^b Dignified solemnity.

^c Enthusiastic exclamation.

^d Triumphant manner.

And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,
 These on the tyrant King and coward Slave,
 Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to their grave.

But ye, my sons ! at this high hour,
 Shall share the fulness of my power :

From all your bows,

In level'd rows,

My own dread shafts shall shower.

^e Go then to conquest, gladly go,

Deal forth my dole of destiny,

With all my fury dash the trembling foe
 Down to those darksome dens, where Rome's pale spec-
 tres lie ;

^f Where creeps the ninefold stream profound

Her black inexorable round,

And on the bank,

To willows dank,

The shivering ghosts are bound.

Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell

To full-orb'd pride, and fading die,

Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell :

^g Not such the meed that crowns the Sons of Liberty.

^h No, my Britons ! battle slain,

Rapture gilds your parting hour

I, that all despotic reign,

Claim but there a moment's power.

Swiftly the soul of British flame

Animates some kindred frame,

Swiftly to light and life triumphant flies,

Exults again in martial ecstasies,

Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies.

MASON.

^e *Dignified Command*, gradually increasing in energy, with a strong emphasis at "dash."

^f *Solemn manner*, with a slow rate of utterance, and a low but impressive tone of voice.

^g *Triumphant expression*.

^h *Enthusiastic manner*.

THE HOME-SICK MARINER.

(SOLEMN NARRATIVE.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Apotrophe*, the *Antiphrasis*, the *Prosopopeia*, the *Metonymy*, the *Metaphor*, and the *Polyptoton*.

- ^a "Land, land!" the starting helmsman cries,
^b And rapture sparkles in his eye;
 At once with shouts that rend the skies,
 The joyful sailors make reply.
 Far to the west a cloud appears,
 A faint white cloud on ocean blue,
 Each seaman's eye tho' dim with tears
 At once discerns the token true;
 Each seaman's bounding heart leaps lighter at the view.
- ^c For ten long years they've sailed the seas;
 For ten long years, have seldom seen
 The glory of the waving trees
 Or the smooth field's heart-soothing green.
 On barren rocks, whose cruel sky
 For ever frowns with storms unkind,
 Oft have they touch'd, and, with a sigh,
 Thought of the scenes they left behind:
- ^d Now for their homes they sweep and bless the favouring
 wind.
- ^e "Blow swifter still, ye rapid gales,
 And waft us to our native shore;
 When once we've furled our swelling sails,
 We'll tempt the dangerous seas no more."

^a "Land, land," to be spoken in an *eager* and *rapid* manner, with a pause after the second "land."

^b *Delight*, with a moderate rate of utterance.

^c *Solemn* manner, with a protracted utterance.

^d *Delight*, requiring a considerable degree of animation.

^e *Eager, joyous* manner, with an elevated tone of voice.

- ^f Thus sing they loud, but as they speak
 Slacker and slacker grows the breeze,
 Now weaker blows—now still more weak—
 Sinks—faints—droops—dies,—and by degrees
 One smooth unvaried calm o'erspreads the level seas.
- ^g Hour after hour they watch in vain
 To see the wish'd-for gale arise ;
 Day after day with ling'ring pain,
 Upbraid the unrelenting skies.
 Each, heart-sick of the bitter woe,
 Sighs deep for liberty and land ;
 But none so heavy feels the blow
 As one, the youngest of the band,
 Who on this voyage first has left his native strand.
 Soon as the morn its light displays,
 Eager he mounts the lofty shrouds ;
 And through the live-long day his gaze
 Bends eager on the distant clouds.
 Still day by day decays his strength,
 Death ready seems to aim his dart ;
 Word speaks he never, 'till at length
 The tenth dull night sees tear-drops start,
 And thus in words of fire he pours his swelling heart.
- ^h “ Oh for yon sea-birds rapid wing,
 To speed me to the land I love !
 How gaily then I'd laugh and sing,
 Green earth below, blue skies above.
- ⁱ My Parents ! never more we'd part,
 As once from their fond arms I tore ;
- ^k —Oh tell me not, my boding heart,
 That I shall never see them more ;
- ^l —Rise, rise, ye tempests rise, and hurl us to the shore

^f Here is a transition to *Seriousness* ; the manner becoming gradually more and more dejected ; “ sinks,—faints,—droops,—dies ” require the most solemn expression, and a particularly *slow* utterance with a long suspension of the voice at each word.

^g *Dejected* manner.

^h *Anxious* manner ; the tone of voice becomes elevated, and the rate of utterance very considerably increased.

ⁱ This should be uttered with a feeling of *Contrition* ; the voice should be piteous, and sent forth with a deep drawn sigh.

^k *Apprehension*.

^l Most animated and energetic manner.

- " My brothers too—how blithe we went,
 With healthful cheeks of sunburnt brow,
 For ever on some sport intent,
 To shake the half-ripe apples down ;
 Or our own cherry wine to quaff,
 From that strange home-made beechen bowl ;
 " They may forget perhaps and laugh,
 Time brands it deeper on my soul ;
 " Oh ! happy, happy days, would ye could backward roll !
- " Fair is the world of waters too,
 At sunrise gay or gorgeous noon ;
 Or, when upon the waste of blue,
 Gleams star of eve, or midnight moon.
 But still yon solitary vale,
 That sunny bank with humming bees ;
 The sheep-bell on the distant gale ;
 The cottage bosom'd in the trees—
 Oh ! they were ill exchanged for the wild warring sea.
- " How bright to Fancy's eye they shine,
 The years that never can return !
 How bright the joys that once were mine,
 Upon my waking memory burn !
 On the high hill I seem to stand,
 And view the busy scene below ;
 Around me all the ripening land
 Waves in the summer sunset's glow—
 The rivers run revealed, and sparkle as they flow.
- " On yonder lake of liquid gold,
 How sweet the evening sunbeams fall !
 How sweet where yonder forest old,
 Sweeps to the castle's ruined wall !
 Cities and cots, and woods and plains,
 Spread round a scene that ne'er can tire ;

^m Affectionate warmth, requiring an animated manner. The countenance should assume an expression of Delight at the recollection of past enjoyments.

ⁿ Here is a transition to Seriousness.

^{*} Enthusiastic manner.

^p This verse requires but little more than *level* speaking, with the exception of the last line, which should be given with an elevated tone and a considerable degree of feeling.

^q Deflected manner, requiring a melancholic tone of voice.

Throughout a gay confusion reigns,
 While over all yon minster spire
 Lifts to the fleecy clouds its proud peak tipp'd with fire.
 "I see—I see the glitt'ring scene——
 I hear—I hear the busy hum——
 Oh welcome back ye pastures green,
 No dream is this—I come, I come!"——
 Red blazed the seaman's kindling eye,
 As that loved vision fired his brain;
 He gave one wild and frantic cry,
 And plunged into the flashing main;
 The waters closed above—he never rose again. T. W.

^r This should be spoken in a *wild, frenzied* manner, the tone of voice still continuing melancholic.

^s Much *Solemnity*, with considerable feeling, particularly at the last line.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

Marco Bozzaris was the Epaminondas of Modern Greece; He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, Aug. 30, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

(MOURNFUL DESCRIPTION.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Simile*, the *Anaphora*, and the *Polysyndeton*.

▪ At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power;
 In dreams, thro' camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard,

▪ Simply *Descriptive*, requiring little more than level speaking.

Then wore that monarch's signet ring,
 Then press'd that monarch's throne—a King,
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing
 As Eden's garden bird.

^b At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persians' thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day ;
 And now these breathed that haunted air,
 The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

^c An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;

He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,

^d "To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"

^e He woke—to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
 And death shots falling thick and fast,
 Like forest pines before the blast,
 Or lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
 And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band ;

^f "Strike——'till the last arm'd foe expires,
 Strike——for your altars and your fires,
 Strike——for the green graves of your sires,
 God——and your native land !"

^g They fought like brave men, long and well,
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain,

^b This verse demands much spirit and boldness of expression.

^c Here is a transition to a *Seriousness* of manner.

^d *Vehement* exclamation, requiring a high tone of voice, and rapid utterance.

^e "He woke," requires a suspensive pause. "To die," should be given with much emphasis. The manner then becomes particularly animated, with a moderately loud tone and rapid utterance.

^f *Vehement* manner, with an elevated tone of voice, and most energetic action.

^g The voice becomes deep, and the manner serious: a suspensive pause at "conquered," also at "lost."

They conquer'd—but ^h Bozzaris fell
Bleeding at every vein.

ⁱ His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The Earthquake's shock, the Ocean's storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible; ^k the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

^l But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard,
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought;
Come, with her laurel-leaf blood-bought;
Come, in her crowning hour; and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;

^h Great Solemnity, the rate of utterance should be slow and emphatic.

ⁱ Mournful and solemn manner, with a plaintive tone of voice.

^k The tone of voice should be here particularly deep and emphatic, and the rate of utterance protracted.

^l Enthusiastic manner, with a due regard to the solemnity of the subject.

Thy summons welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

^m Bozzaris ! with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb ;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells ;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells ;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed.
Her soldier closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;
His plighted maiden when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate and checks her tears ;

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom, without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

CROLY.

^m *Mournful Solemnity, with a considerable degree of Enthusiasm.*

BOADICEA.

SOLEMN AND DIGNIFIED MANNER.)

 The principal Rhetorical Figure is the *Prosopopeia*.

- ^a When the British warrior queen
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an ^b indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods.
- ^c Sage, beneath the spreading oak,
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief!
- ^d Ev'ry burning word he spoke,
 Full of rage, and full of grief.
- ^e " Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs ;
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.
- ^f " Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ;
- ^g Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.
- ^h " Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates.
- " Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name ;
 Sounds, not arms shall win the prize—
 Harmony the path to fame.

^a Solemn manner, with a strong expression of ^b Indignation.

^c Solemn and dignified manner ; a considerable pause both before and after " hoary chief."

^d Increased energy, bordering on *Anger*.

^e Solemn and slow delivery, with smothered feelings of resentment.

^f " Rome shall perish," should be delivered in a *highly emphatic* and *solemn* manner, with a long pause at " perish," and a strong feeling of ^g *Disdain*.

^h *Dignified Solemnity*.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions, Cæsar ⁱ never knew,
^k Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

^l Such the Bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire;
Bending, as he swept the chords
Of his sweet, but awful lyre.

^m She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;

ⁿ Rush'd to battle, fought and died;
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

^o Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on *us* bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for *you*.

COWPER.

Disdain.^k *Triumphant manner.**Moderate degree of Solemnity, approaching to level speaking.**Most dignified and ⁿ energetic manner.**This verse requires much Vehemence of manner, with a strong expression of Contempt.*

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.*

The principal Rhetorical Figure is the *Epanorthosis*.

Ye cliffs of England rising white
Above the ocean-roar,

There is little variation of expression in this piece; it requires a *native, melancholic* tone of voice, the Speaker apparently labouring *er* a great depression of spirits.

Soon, soon to vanish from my sight,
 Farewell for evermore ;
 I seek across the Atlantic foam,
 Another land, another home,
 Far, far, alas ! from England's shore,
 And thought all reckless to depart—
 But, ah ! how heavy sinks my heart
 To feel—we meet no more.

Oh ! bitter are the tears we shed,
 As slowly one by one
 Our friends are number'd with the dead
 'Till all, or we, are gone.
 One sweeping stroke, one dreadful day
 Has torn them all from me away ;
 Friend, foe, or kinsman—all is o'er,
 I bid to every face I knew,
 To every face I loved to view,
 Farewell for evermore.

Said I for evermore ?—ah, no !
 Oft in the silent night
 Their forms afresh shall wake my woe,
 And mock my aching sight ;
 And with them in regretful dreams
 Shall rise my country's woods and streams ;
 And I shall feel within my soul,
 Between us in the midnight gloom,
 The dashing billows beat and boom,
 The broad Atlantic roll.

Friends I may gain in yonder land,
 But ah ! they cannot be
 What those have been, who, hand in hand,
 Have spent their youth with me.
 Far distant from my father's isle,
 For me some children too may smile,
 My infant home who ne'er shall view ;
 And of their father's land shall hear,
 As some far realm to hate or fear,
 Beyond the ocean blue.

There is a wound—a deep gangrene
Divides my heart in twain ;
On one side lies all I have seen,
And ne'er shall see again.
My childhood, youth, away are hurl'd,
Are fragments of a former world,
Are dreams that melt at break of day ;
And all to which my heart was bound,
Country and all, they fade around,
Fade from my grasp away.

Another life must I begin,
A toil of weary woe ;
The hearts of strangers I must win,
A heavy task and slow.
For doom'd a foreigner to be,
All who shall meet and look on me,
Will care not where I go or come.
Oh ! hard it is and harsh to bear
The stranger's cold, unfeeling stare,
And turn, but not to home.

Ah, happy he that sees around
The scenes of former days ;
To him each flower that decks the ground,
Some balmy thought can raise ;
Can soothe the heart and melt the mind,
With early recollections twined ;
But I am doom'd to fade and die,
Where round me stranger-hills arise ;
And stranger-stars deck stranger-skies,
A friendless stranger, I.

T. W.

CURSE OF KEHAMA.

(VEHEMENT MANNER.)

This piece forms a striking example of the *Imprecation*.

* I charm thy life
 From the weapons of strife,
 From stone and from wood,
 From fire and from flood,
 From the serpent's tooth,
 And the beasts of blood ;
 From Sickness I charm thee,
 And Time shall not harm thee,
 But Earth which is mine,
 Its fruits shall deny thee ;
 And Water shall hear me,
 And know thee and fly thee,
 And the Winds shall not touch thee
 When they pass by thee ;
 And the Dews shall not wet thee
 When they come nigh thee :
 And thou shalt seek Death
 To release thee in vain ;
 Thou shalt live in thy pain,
^b While Kehama shall reign,
 With a fire in thy heart,
 And a fire in thy brain ;
 And sleep shall obey me,
 And visit thee never,
 And the Curse shall be on thee
 For ever and ever.—

SOUTHEY.

* This requires to be delivered with a strong expression of *Malice* throughout.

^b *Exulting* manner; the tone of voice becomes elevated. "Curse" requires a most powerful emphasis with the *strongest* expression of *Malice*.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(SOLEMN DESCRIPTION.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Apostrophe*, the *Alliteration*, the *Prosopopeia*, and the *Simile*.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine,
 When ceaseless from the distant line
 Continued thunders came!
 Each burgher held his breath, to hear
 These forerunners of havock near,
 Of rapine and of flame.

What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
 When rolling through thy stately street,
 The wounded shew'd their mangled plight
 In token of the unfinish'd fight;
 And from each anguish laden wain,
 The blood drops laid thy dust like rain!

How often in the distant drum,
 Heard'st thou the fell invader come,
 While ruin shouting to his band,
 Shook high her torch and goary brand!
 Cheer thee fair city! * From yon stand,
 Impatient Buonaparte's stretch'd hand
 Points to his prey in vain;
 While maddening in his eager mood,
 And all unwont to be withstood
 He fires the fight again.

b "On! On! was still his stern exclaim,—
 Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
 Rush on the levell'd gun—
 My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
 Each Hulan, forward with his lance!
 My guard, my chosen, charge for France!
 France and Napoleon!"

* The tone and manner here becomes animated.

b Most authoritative Command, with an elevated and loud tone of voice, and eager and rapid utterance.

" Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
 Greeting the mandate, which sent out
 Their bravest and their best, to dare
 The fate their leader shunn'd to share.
 But he, his country's sword and shield,
 Great Wellington, ne'er known to yield,
 Still in the battle-front revealed,
 Came like a beam of light ;
 In action prompt, in sentence brief,
 " Soldiers stand firm," exclaim'd the chief,
 " England shall tell the fight ! "

" On came the whirlwind—like the last
 But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
 On came the whirlwind—steel gleams broke
 Like lightning thro' the rolling smoke,
 The war was waked anew ;
 Beneath their fire in full career,
 Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier ;
 The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
 And hurrying as to havock near,
 The Cohorts' eagles flew.
 In one dark torrent broad and strong,
 The advancing onset roll'd along ;
 For harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
 That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
 Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

But, on the British heart, were lost
 The terror of the charging host,
 For not an eye, the storm that view'd
 Changed its proud glance of fortitude ;
 Nor was one forward footstep staid
 As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
 Fast as their ranks the thunder tear,
 Fast they renew'd each serried square ;
 And on the wounded and the slain,
 Closed their diminish'd files again ;

" This requires but little more than level speaking.

" Most *Courageous* manner, with a *firm* and *elevated* tone of voice

" The remainder of this Piece requires a considerable degree of *Animation*, with a glow of *Euphuism*.

'Till from their line, scarce spears' length three
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply.

Then waked their fire at once;
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day:*

Then down went spear and lance;
Down were the Eagle's banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced and pennons rent;

And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket knell succeeds
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds.
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade.
And while amid their close array
The well served cannon rent their way;
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier;
Horsemen and foot a mingled host,
Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

SIR W. SCOTT.

CÆSAR ON HAVING PASSED THE RUBICON.

(VEHEMENT MANNER.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Synecdoche*, and the *Simile*.

* I've pass'd the Rubicon
And once again am free—

* *Firm tone and courageous manner, with a strong Emphasis at "free," and a pause after it. "Death or victory" are highly emphatic, and require a lengthened utterance.*

KING RICHARD III., AND HIS SON.

It is related that on the eve of the battle of Bosworth Field, Richard's son, a youth of about sixteen, who, for certain reasons, had been brought up in ignorance of his high birth, was secretly summoned to Bosworth. Having reached the royal tent, Richard came forward, and, clasping him to his affectionately in his arms, informed the nobleman present, that he was his son. Richard then told him that on the morrow he should fight for his crown, and directed him to some place where he would be enabled to witness the battle, warning him that if he were victorious to come to him, and he would acknowledge him as his son; but that if he were vanquished, not to reveal the secret of his birth, as it would be a disgrace to him. The result of the battle is well known; and this son of a king was compelled to earn his subsistence in the labour of his hands for his daily bread. He hired himself to a tanner as a common labourer; but by attention to his duties he, however, in time, became the tanner's foreman, and ultimately married his daughter, and obtained his freedom. He lived in obscurity to the age of ninety, having survived his wife and children.

(SOLEMN AND DIGNIFIED MANNER.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Prosopopœia*, and the *Simile*.

Night veil'd the battle plain !
 O'er heaven and earth watched night ;
 Falchions were sheathed—the martial strain
 Died with the proud sunlight :
 Silent and calm the pale tents lay
 While voiceless war slept night away.

Richard, in frowning thought,
 Sat 'neath his purple tent ;
 His brow with some dark gloom seem'd fraught,
 Terror and sadness blent :—
 One knelt before his feet in awe ;
 He gazed yet reck'd not what he saw.
 Dimly the silver lamp
 Lighted his waving hair
 And rufled cheek, the wor-
 Of "death sat set"
 His breastplate shone
 As some deep

"A Death"
 after 10.

Then pass'd his hour of pride ;

^b He knew that injured one ;

He clasp'd him in his arms, and cried,

“^c My son ! my son ! my son !”

^d Remorse and love, long conflict kept,

He groan'd in thought—he saw—and wept.

“^e Pride,” cried he, “was my bane,

For that I bartered all——

Peace, love, content, all to obtain

A Crown——and now I fall

Prone from my tow'ring height to earth ;

^f My deeds abhorr'd, accurs'd my birth.

“^g Boy ! I would yet be lov'd

Though stern has been my will,

Though haply I have cruel prov'd,

I am thy father still ;——

Thou wilt not ? no—'twere sin for thee

To curse a parent's memory.

“I weep ! they are not fears

That shake my warrior frame ;

No hopes o'erthrown has caused these tears

This breast and brow of flame ;——

Thy fancied hate—thy hate probes deep ;——

For that—and more—for thee I weep.”

^h Like a warrior king appears

The sun with banners fair ;

His glancing beams like golden spears

Are flashing thro' mid air ;

The mountain springs—the forest land——

Are sounding like a martial band.

ⁱ There is a lonely grave

To which the ravens wing ;

^b *Paternal affection, gradually increasing in intensity.*

^c This line requires to be uttered with a strong expression of *Paternal Love*, blended with *Remorse*.

^d *Slow utterance, with a great degree of Solemnity.*

^e *Dignified manner, with a mixture of Self-reproach.*

^f This line is highly emphatic.

^g *Relaxes into a mild, affectionate manner, with contending passions and agonized feelings.*

^h *Solemn and somewhat dignified manner.*

ⁱ *Solemnity gradually increasing.*

Nor sculpture shines, nor pennons wave

Yet there lies England's King;

^k And he the heir of Britain's throne

Wanders, sad, hopeless, and alone.

^k *Most solemn manner, with a plaintive, slow, and lengthened utterance.*

KORNER'S ADDRESS TO HIS HORSE.*

Karl Theodore Körner was one of the most celebrated poets of modern Germany. When very young he obtained the appointment of poet to the Court of Vienna, and although in the enjoyment of every thing that is calculated to render life happy—competence, distinction, friendship, and love, yet he was determined to sacrifice them all for his COUNTRY'S FREEDOM. In 1813, when Austria was at war with France, he joined Major Von Lutzow's free corps, and continued to pour forth his verses during the din of war. He also collected the strains of other poets, and adapted them to appropriate airs to animate the ardour of his companions in arms. After having received many wounds, he ultimately fell in an engagement near Rosenberg, and was buried under an oak in the village of Wobbelin, about a mile from Ludwigslust. A tomb has been since placed over his remains and enclosed by a wall. He died at the early age of twenty-two.

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Epizeuxis*, the *Prosopopeia*, the *Erotesis*, and the *Simile*.

My horse, my horse—to arms! to arms!

Upon us looks the world:—

Our foes with threats and loud alarms,

Their deadly hate have hurled.

My horse, my horse—the night is gone,

There is thy oaken wreath;—

Arouse, arouse, and bear me on,

Where sabres deal forth death.

Away! away! my charger bear

Thy fire and courage high;

No dangers now must raise a fear,

How thick soe'r they lie.

Behind we've many a pang and sigh,

From loves and home adored;

In front we've death or victory,

Beside us our good sword.

* This Enthusiastic Address requires an elevated, commanding tone of voice, with a most animated and courageous manner.

Come hasten to the bridal feast,
There waits our bridal crown ;
On every dull or lingering guest,
The social band shall frown.
For honour is a feaster there,
The bride our father-land ;
And him to whom that bride is dear,
Shall fear, or death command.

What if he fall ! Oh, soft the place
Of his last sleep shall be ;
Encircled in his bride's embrace,
And guarded tenderly ;
And as the leafless oak in spring,
Renewing verdure yields ;
He shall awake from slumbering,
Free in heaven's living fields.

Howe'er my charger, fate decree
To conquer or to fall ;
Above our fortunes let us be,
And bravely dare them all.
Follow the path to *liberty*,
Though through the grave it lead ;
O'er conquests blood red summit high,
What reck we how it speed.

My horse, my horse, to victory !
Who heeds a vaunting foe ?
Heav'n is for us, it fires thy eye,
And nerves me for the blow.
On, on, my noble courser, on !
The storm roars through our land ;
If thick as hail, and fierce as sun,
Charge through the foeman's band.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

(SOLEMN AND PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Prosopopeia*, the *Metonymy*,
and the *Anaphora*.

- Calmly he died, the gallant youth,
 When still'd was Demon War's commotion,
 When summer's trees were green, and smooth
 The surface of the ocean :
 Well, for his sake may friendship weep ;
 Weep, that when battle-toils were done,
 When glory's wreath was bravely won,
 Too swiftly should descend his sun,
 O'er beings western steep !
- ^a I heard the roll of muffled drum——
 I heard the bugle's lonely wailing——
 As to the churchyard they were come
 With honours nought availing :
- ^b I saw the sad procession move,
 With arms reversed and looks of woe——
 The pall, the bearers moving slow,
 The sword and helm with plumes of snow,
 The coffin-lid above.
- ^c Prancing along with hoof of pride,
 Unconscious of the sad disaster,
 Unmounted, led on either side
 Behind its ancient master
 The gallant war-horse follow'd : of
 To battle had he borne his lord,

^a This line should be uttered in a *particularly solemn manner*, with a *deep* tone of voice.

^b The rate of utterance should be here *particularly slow*, the tone of voice *low and melancholic*, and the manner *most dejected and sorrowful*.

^c The manner becomes more *animated*, the voice more *elevated*, and the rate of utterance is increased, particularly towards the end of the verse.

Nor started at the flashing sword,
When trumpets sung, when cannons roar'd,
And smoke clouds gloom'd aloft.

^d Then, slowly 'mid the new dug ground,
I saw the sable bier descending;
The grave fill'd up—his comrades round
With heads uncover'd bending;
In pensive mood I turn'd away,
And from the mournful scene did steal; —
Full sad and sore my heart did feel,
As thrice I heard the volley peal
Above his senseless clay!

^e Yes! there they left him;—daisies grow
Upon the turf that wraps his bosom;
And round the evening breezes shew
The hawthorn's silver blossom;
He hears no more the clarion's sound—
No more the helmet decks his head;
No more, in love, by him are led
His gallant troop—but in his stead,
Another now is found!

^f Yes! all must die, and pass away,
The fair—the noble—and the brave;—
'Tis desolate—I dare not stay
To hear the breeze sigh o'er the grave.
Well may the lonely bosom ache,
To mark the grey sepulchral stone,
And hear the melancholic moan,
The church-towers' summit shake!

^d Here is a transition to a great degree of Solemnity.

^e This verse is particularly pathetic, and requires a *soft, piteous* tone of voice, with a tearful eye.

^f Deepest Solemnity.

ALFRED'S ADDRESS TO THE SAXON TROOPS.

(VEHEMENT MANNER.)

The principal Rhetorical Figure is the *Erotesis*.

^a Subjects! tho' absent long,
 I have been planning for you and am now
 Returning in your cause. The hand of God
 We all have felt, ^b but let us not despair
 And we shall conquer.——

^c There is a point in human wretchedness
 Beyond whose bounds the wretched cannot feel;
 And nothing here is lasting. ^d We have felt;
 Each that before me stands, that prostrate state,
 That absence from all hope, and we may now
 Look on to happier times. ^e Cheer up, brave men,
 The King whom ye have served, and by whose side
 Met the fierce fight undaunted, now demands
 Your further aid—fearless attend your prince,
 And let him lead you on to victory!

———^f My subjects! I have long
 Endured a weighty burden; I have lived
 Goaded with cares, that fill'd my mind by day,
 And when night came assumed a character
 Tenfold more fearful. What have I sustained
 Those ills for? To support a crazy crown?

^a *Courageous and dignified manner, with a firm, manly tone of voice.*

^b *Increased Animation, with much Enthusiasm.*

^c *Here is a transition to Seriousness; the tone of voice should be low, and the enunciation should be particularly distinct and emphatic.*

^d *The manner becomes gradually more animated, and the tone of voice more elevated.*

^e *Most animated and energetic manner, with a long pause after "Victory."*

^f *Here is a transition to a considerable degree of Solemnity, requiring an emphatic manner, with a protracted utterance.*

- ^s For what have I defied the elements,
 And bared my head, and 'mid the hottest strife
 Mix'd evermore? to guard the name of King?
^a Thou know'st, Oh heart! that now art beating high,
 Thou know'st it was not! ⁱ No; these feet have toiled,
 This mind hath ponder'd, and this head endured
 Life's crushing cares for nobler purposes!
 Whom have you dared the fight for? for your King?
 To save yourselves? or bend destruction's brand
 Fierce on the Danes? No; nobler views were yours!
^k You fought for LIBERTY! You fought to save
All that is dear in life! your peaceful homes,
 Your helpless sires, your wives, your innocents,
 And not for these alone, but distant heirs—
 For generations yet unborn, the race
 Of future Saxons, down to farthest time!
 Who, oft as they shall hear what we endured
 To guard their rights, the precious blood we shed
 To make their lives secure, and bid the sun
 Of holy freedom rise, enlaid with flowers
 That dare the breath of time, shall look to here's, a,
 And, with no common fervour, bless the names
 Of us their great forefathers, who for them
 Endur'd, but triumph'd—suffered, but obtained.—
 Now, boldly I advance to meet the foe!
 And you whose hearts shrink with the coward's fear
 Turn not to me! haste to your safe retreat,
 And joy, if joy you can, when far away,
 To think of those who suffer'd from your flight,
 To think for what your brethren fought and died.

^s The manner again becomes animated, and the tone of voice elevated.

^a This line should be delivered in a hurried manner, and the hand should be firmly pressed on the breast at the word "heart."

ⁱ Increased Energy; "No," should be uttered in a high and lengthened tone.

^k The remainder of this address is enthusiastic in the highest degree and requires the most animated and energetic utterance.

THE LYRE.

(ENTHUSIASTIC DESCRIPTION.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Apostrophe*, the *Periphrasis*, the *Anaphora*, the *Simile*, the *Ecphonesis*, and the *Alliteration*.

Where the roving rill meander'd
 Down the green retiring vale;
 Poor, forlorn Alcæus wander'd
 Pale with thought, serenely pale.
 Timeless sorrow o'er his face
 Breathed a melancholic grace;
 And fix'd on every feature there
 The mournful resignation of despair.
 O'er his arm, his Lyre neglected,
 Once, his dear companion hung;
 And, in spirit deep dejected,
 Thus the pensive poet sung;
 While at midnight's solemn noon,
 Sweetly shone the cloudless moon;
 And all the stars around his head,
 Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

^a " Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
 Solace of my bleeding heart!
 Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
 We must ever, ever part;
 For in vain thy poet sings,
 Woos in vain thy heavenly strings;
 The Muse's wretched sons are born
 To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

^b " That which Alexander sigh'd for,
 That which Cæsar's soul possessed,
 That which heroes, kings, have died for,
 Glory! animates my breast.

^a *Plaintive utterance*, with considerable emotion.

^b The tone of voice gradually becomes more *elevated*, and the manner more *enthusiastic*.

Hark ! ^c the charging trumpets' throng,
 Pour their death-defying notes :
^d ' To arms ! ' they call ; to arms I fly,
 Like Wolfe to conquer and like Wolfe to die !

^e " Soft !—the blood of murder'd legions
 Summons vengeance to the skies :
 Flaming towns, and ravaged regions,
 All in awful judgment rise !

^f O then innocently brave,
 I will wrestle with the wave ;
 Lo ! commerce spreads the daring sail,
 And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

" Blow, ye breezes !—gently blowing,
 Waft me to that happy shore ;
 Where, from fountains ever flowing,
 Indian realms their treasures pour ;
 Thence returning poor in health,
 Rich in honesty and wealth,
 O'er thee my dear paternal soil
 I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

" Then shall misery's sons and daughters,
 In their lonely dwellings sing :
 Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
 Undiscover'd as their spring,
 I will scatter o'er the land
 Blessings with a sacred hand ;
 For such angelic tasks design'd,
 I give the Lyre and sorrow to the wind."

^g On an oak, whose branches hoary,
 Sigh'd to ev'ry passing breeze,
 Sigh'd and told the simple story
 Of the patriarch of trees ;

^c " Hark " requires a moderate pause after it, the remainder of the lines should be uttered rapidly.

^d Most enthusiastic manner, with an elevated tone of voice.

^e Here is a transition to a slow and solemn utterance, with a feeling approaching to Horror.

^f The manner becomes animated with a considerable degree of Enthusiasm.

^g The tone of voice here naturally changes ; the rate of utterance should be moderate, and the manner serious.

High in air his harp he hung,
 Now no more to rapture strung;
 Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
 He blush'd adieu and rambled down the dale.

^b Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
 Hark!—the Lyre enchants the wind;

ⁱ Fond Alcæus listens, lingers,
 Lingering, listening, looks behind.

^k Now the music mounts on high,
 Sweetly rolling through the sky;
 To every tune with tender heat,
 His heartstrings vibrate and his pulses beat.

^l Now the strains to silence stealing,
 Soft in ecstasies expire;

^m Oh! with what romantic feeling,
 Poor Alcæus grasps the lyre!

ⁿ Lo! his furious hand he flings,
 In a tempest o'er the strings;
 He strikes the chords so quick, so loud;
 'Tis Jove that scatters lightning from a cloud.

^o "Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
 Solace of my bleeding heart;
 Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
 We will never, never part
 Glory, Commerce, now in vain,
 Tempt me to the field, the main;
 The Muses' sons are blessed, though born
 To cold neglect and penury and scorn.

"What though all the world neglect me,
 Shall my haughty soul repine?
 And shall poverty deject me,
 While this hallow'd Lyre is mine?"

^b Increased animation.

ⁱ This line, and more particularly the next, requires a *most slow* and *protracted* utterance.

^k Increased animation, with much Enthusiasm.

^l Soft tone and slow utterance.

^m Enthusiastic manner.

ⁿ The rate of utterance should be *rapid*, the tone *elevated*, and the action of the hands and fingers should represent the striking of the lyre.

^o This, and the following verse, require the *utmost warmth of manner*, and the *highest degree of Enthusiasm*.

Heaven—that o'er my helpless head,
 Many a wrathful vial shed—
 Heaven gave this Lame!—and thus I served,
 Be thou a *drained*, but not a *living* dead.

HARRINGTON.

THE CHARGE.*

The principal Rhetorical Figure is the *Hyperbaton*.

On, on! ye brave and gallant men,
 Remember those who bore ye,
 Of Liberty the stoutest men,
 Be worthy sires before ye.
 I see the fire flash in your eyes
 Each beam with valour in it;
 On! on! amid the mingling cries—
 In battle die, or win it.
 There is not one in rear or van
 So trembling base to perish;
 Before he prove himself a man,
 His country's pride may cherish.
 Bethink you on the noble cause
 Ye stain your swords—the *de France*
 That freely now the weapon draws,
 'Gainst tyrants' breasts to bleed 'em.
 Let each his corselet brace him well,
 And plume his crested scutcheon;
 And grasp his spear and thickly sell
 The bootied foes together.
 List! thrilling now the war-peal sounds
 Loud o'er the distant water;
 And shaking echo deep rebounds
 A summons tuned to slaughter.

* This piece requires great *Vehemence* of manner, with a *firm and loud* tone of voice.

Haste! fight like men of battled worth,
Whom tyrants dare not sever
From rights which blossomed at their birth
To flourish green for ever.

On! on! ye brave and gallant ones,
Remember those who bore ye——
Of liberty the stoutest sons,
Be worthy sires before ye.

LORD BYRON.

THE RED KING'S WARNING.*

Historians relate that the death of William Rufus, in the New Forest, was preceded by several predictions clearly announcing his fate.

The statement in the second line of this piece, that the hunt commenced at noon, is in accordance with the fact.

(SOLEMN DESCRIPTION.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Hyperbole*, the *Alliteration*, the *Metonymy*, the *Polysyndeton*, the *Anaphora*, and the *Synecdoche*.

- ^a With hound and horn the wide New Forest rung,
When the Red William at the bright noon-day,
Girt by his glittering train, to saddle sprung,
And to the chase spurr'd forth his gallant grey :
O'er hill, o'er dale, the hunters held their track ;
But that grey courser fleeter than the wind,
Was foremost still—and as the King look'd back,
Save Tyrrell, all were far and far behind.
Slow through a distant pass the train defiled ;
Alone the King rode on——when in mid course
^b Lo! rush'd across his path a figure wild,
And on his bridle-rein with giant force

* The Red King's Warning was written when the recollection of Dr. Aikin's *Macbeth's* Warning, by which it was suggested, was still so fresh in the writer's mind, that the imitation will be found to bear, in some few lines, almost too close a resemblance to its prototype.

^a This should be delivered in an easy manner, with a degree of *Gaiety*.

^b The delivery becomes more *emphatic*, and the manner more *serious*, with a feeling of *Alarm*.

^c Seized——then swift pointing to a blighted oak,
Thus to th' astonish'd King in words of thunder spoke.

^d “Curb thy race of headlong speed,
Backward, backward turn thy steed !
Death is on thy onward track,
Turn, oh turn thy courser back !

“See'st thou, King ! yon aged tree ;
Blighted now, alas ! like me :
Once it bloom'd in strength and pride,
And my cottage stood beside.

“Till on Hastings' fatal field,
England's baleful doom was seal'd ;
Till the Saxon stoop'd to own
Norman lord on English throne.

“Where the forest holds domain,
Then were fields of golden grain,
Hamlets then and churches stood
Where we see the wide waste wood.

“But the ^e Norman King must here
Have his wood to hunt his deer,
What were we——^f he waved his hand,
And we vanish'd from the land.

^g “Fiercely burn'd my rising ire
When I saw our cots on fire !
When ourselves were forced to fly,
Or to beg, or rob, or die !

“Then on William's head abhorr'd
Then my ^h deepest curse I poured——
Turning to this aged oak
Thus in madness wild I spoke.

ⁱ “Powers of Hell, or Earth, or Air,
Grant an injured Saxon's prayer——

^c The right hand should be here thrust forward as in the act of grasping the bridle, while the other hand should be extended, pointing to the supposed object.—There should be a suspensive pause at “Seized.”

^d This warning requires throughout a *solemn*, but generally a *loud* tone of voice.

^e This should be uttered with a *Sneer*.

^f Strong expression of *Indignation*.

^g Deep internal emotion rising into ^h *Vehemence*.

ⁱ *Great Solemnity and Earnestness* with extended hands.

Ne'er may one of William's race
Pass alive this fatal place !

" Powers of Hell, or Earth, or Air,
Give a sign ye grant my prayer ;
* Give ! oh give !——¹ while yet I spoke,
Lightning struck the witness oak !

^m " Shun, O King ! thy certain lot——
Fly with speed the fatal spot——
Here to death thy uncle pass'd——
Here thy nephew breathed his last !

ⁿ " Yes, my curse has work'd too well !
Sorrow seized me when they fell,
Would, oh would I might revoke
What in madness wild I spoke !
——^o " Monarch ! to my words give heed,
Backward,—backward turn thy steed !
Danger, death, beset thee round
Chase not on the fated ground ! "

^p " Away," fierce William cried, " ill boding seer !
Think'st thou to strike thy sovereign's heart with fear ?—
Think'st thou with idle threats to bar my way ?—
—I scorn thy warning——^q On ! my gallant grey ! "

^r He plunged his spurs deep in his courser's side
When from the blighted oak, as he advanced,
^s Right to the monarch's heart an arrow glanced :
The blood gush'd forth in streams,——he FELL !——he
GROAN'D !——he DIED ! T. W.

^k " Give, oh ! give ! " should be particularly *lengthened* and *emphatic*.

¹ The tone of voice becomes *lower*, with an expression of *Solemnity*, approaching to *Horror*.

^m Most earnest and energetic manner.

ⁿ This verse requires a feeling of the *deepest Regret*.

^o Greatest *Solemnity* and *Earnestness*, with a *deep* tone of voice.

^p *Haughty* and *contemptuous* manner.

^q *Daring*. ^r *Narrative* manner.

^s A strong expression of *Horror* ; the latter part of the last verse requiring a particularly *emphatic* and *lengthened* utterance.

JOAN OF ARC'S ADDRESS TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

(SOLENN AND IMPRESSIVE MANNER.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Hyperbole*, and the *Personification*.

* = King of France.

At Chinon, when my gifted eye
Knew thee disguised, what instantly the Spirit
Prompted, I spake, arm'd with the sword of God,
To drive from Orleans far the English Warden,
And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
b All is accomplish'd. "I have here this day
Fulfill'd my mission, and anointed thee
Chief Servant of the People. Of this charge,
Or well perform'd or wickedly, high Heaven
Shall take account. If that thine heart be good,
I know no limit to the happiness
Thou may'st create. "I do beseech thee, King,"
The maid exclaim'd, and fell upon the ground,
And clasped his knees, "I do beseech thee, King,
By all the millions that depend on thee
For weal or woe,—consider what thou art,
And know thy duty. "If thou dost oppress
Thy people, if to aggrandise thyself
Thou tear'st them from their homes and sendest them
To slaughter, prodigal of misery;
If when the widow and the orphan groan
In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue;

* This address requires throughout a *slow, impressive delivery*, with a degree of *Solemnity* nearly allied to *that*.

b Considerable *Emphasis*. "I do beseech thee, King."

c Pathetic and earnest entreaty.

d The Speaker should here, for the purpose of *that*, *fall gracefully* on one knee, and extend his hands.

e Most awful Warning, requiring a *lengthened note*, with the greatest Solemnity of manner.

If when thou hear'st of thousands massacred,
 Thou say'st 'I am a ^g KING, and fit it is
 That ^h these should perish for me;' ⁱ if thy realm
 Should, through the counsels of thy government,
 Be fill'd with woe, and in thy streets be heard
 The voice of mourning and the feeble cry
 Of asking hunger; if at such a time
 Thou dost behold thy plenty-cover'd board,
 And shroud thee in thy robes of Royalty,
 And say that all is well,—^k Oh, gracious God!
 Be merciful to such a monstrous man,
 When the spirits of the murder'd innocent
 Cry at thy throne of justice.

¹ "King of France!
 Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,
 And be the Orphan's father; thus shalt thou
 Become the Representative of Heaven,
 And Gratitude and Love establish thus
 Thy reign. Believe me, King, that hireling guards
 Tho' flesh'd in slaughter, would be weak to save
 A tyrant on the blood-cemented throne
 That totters underneath him."

SOUTHEY.

^g To be uttered with an air of *Majesty*; the right hand may at the same time be pressed on the left breast. "King" requires a strong *rising* Inflection, with a considerable suspension of the voice.

^h The strongest expression of *disdainful Haughtiness* should be here assumed.

ⁱ Most solemn and impressive manner. The tone and manner should be preserved with a feeling apparently bordering on *Disgust*.

^k The Speaker may here suddenly rise and deliver this prayer with elevated hands. The tone of voice should be low but *full*, and the manner most earnest.

The most solemn and impressive manner should be here resumed, with a degree of *Earnestness*, approaching at the conclusion towards *Vehemence*.

THE DYING SOLDIER

(PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Exclamation*, and the *Personification*.

- ^a Bravely done—and like a Briton!
Wounded—still he'll charge again:
^b Oh! that spear his fate has written!
See! he sinks on heaps of slain!
^c The trumpet sounds—the fight grows hotter,
See! they close around the dead:—
^d Heaven shield thee gallant soldier!
Quickly be thy spirit sped
^e Pale, bloodless death stalks grimly round thee—
Friends and foes promiscuous fall:—
Midst the thousands that surround thee,
None attends thy dying call.
^f Now, the conflict wider spreads—
Frenchmen fly and we pursue:—
Comrade! 'tis a friend that trends—
'Tis his hand dispels the dew.
^g Sink not brother! lo! where beaming,
Charged with life the limpid wave:
Drink—but see! our banners streaming—
^h Victory attends the brave!

^a *Exulting* tone and manner, with a long pause at "again." The eye should be intent on the supposed object, and the right hand be extended towards it.

^b Here is a transition to a strong expression of *Sympathy*, bordering on *Distress*, requiring a most plaintive tone.

^c The delivery becomes more rapid, the manner hasty, and the tone of voice elevated.

^d *Earnest Prayer*, both hands being directed upwards.

^e The voice again assumes a plaintive expression, with much feeling.

^f The delivery again becomes rapid, and the tone of voice elevated.

^g This address requires a *sympathizing, cheering* tone, with a considerable degree of ^h *Enthusiasm*.

^r "Victory! and have we conquer'd?"

^k Happy hour! now let me die!

Yet, once again, ere 'tis debarr'd,

^l For England! and for victory!"

^m Down dropp'd his arm, his cheek grew pale,

Dim glory fix'd his eye:—

His soul exulting on the gale,

ⁿ Prolong'd the victory.

ⁱ The manner of the dying soldier may be naturally imagined to be *languid*, altho' most *anxious*.

^k He here becomes *tranquil* and *resigned*.

^l With an expiring effort he rouses all his energies to shout "Victory."

^m Great degree of Solemnity. ⁿ Lengthened utterance.

LOYALTY IN CHAINS.

Sir Roger L'Estrange, the supposed writer of this piece, was imprisoned on account of his adherence to the cause of Charles I. Having obtained a Commission from Charles for reducing Lynn, in Norfolk, then in possession of the parliament, his design was discovered, he was seized, tried by a court martial, and condemned to die, but was reprieved, and confined in Newgate for a considerable time. He was subsequently released, and served in the parliament of James II.

(SOLEMN AND DIGNIFIED MANNER.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Metaphor*, and the *Simile*.

^a Beat on, proud billows! Boreas, blow!

Swell curled waves high as Jove's roof!

Your ^b incivility doth shew

That innocence is tempest proof.

Though surly Nereus frown, ^c my soul is calm,

^d Then strike Affliction! for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,

A private closet is to me;

^a *Calm* manner, with a philosophical indifference. By "Billows" he refers to the waves, and by "Boreas" to the blasts of fortune.

^b An expression of *Scorn*.

^c Much *Dignity* of manner.

^d Resumes a philosophical indifference.

Whilst a good Conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty.

^c Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner but an Anchorite.

^d I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room am turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd,
The Salamander should be burn'd,
Or like those sophists that would draw a veil,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

^e The Cynic loves his poverty,
The Pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus.
Contentment cannot smart. *Scene, we see*
Make torments easy to their apathy.

^f These manacles upon my arm,
I, as my mistress' favours wear;

^g And for to keep my ankles warm,

^h I have some iron shackles there.

ⁱ These walls are but my prison: the cell,
Which men call jail—doth prove my school.

^k I'm in the cabinet lock'd up
Like some high priced magazine;
Or, like the great Mogul, or King,
Am cloister'd up from public sight.
Retiredness is a piece of mystery,
And thus—proud Britain—*It is as great as Rome!*

^l When once, my Prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason bear;
And to make smooth as rough a path,
I can learn patience from despair.

^m The Spoiler may cast a bold, proud look on the poor, *Scene, we see*

ⁿ This verse requires to be uttered with a strong expression of scorn.

^o Again he resumes a philosophical indifference.

^p Extend the limits and *Scene, we see* *It is as great as Rome!*

Context.

^q Cast a glance round the *Scene, we see* *It is as great as Rome!*

^r Here he resumes a strong and vigorous tone.

^s The manner becomes calm and serene.

Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
When Kings want ease—Subjects must bear a part.

What, though I cannot see my King,
Neither in person nor in coin ;
Yet Contemplation is a thing
Which maketh what I have not mine.

° My King from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart !

p Have I not seen the nightingale
Prisoner-like, coopt in a cage ?
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage !
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees—her cage a grove.

I am that bird ! whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty ;
Yet though they do my *corps* confine,
Yet *maugre* hate,——^q my soul is free !
And tho' immured——yet can I chirp and sing——
Disgrace to REBELS——Glory to my KING !!

r My soul is free—as ambient air—
Although my baser part's immured ;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
To accompany my solitude.
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My KING alone can captivate my mind.

•
° This expression of loyalty requires a correspondent warmth of manner.
p Again he resumes a *calm* and *composed* manner.
q Much animation. “Rebels” and “King” require a most powerful Emphasis.
r This last verse should be spoken in a *gay* and *elevated* tone ; the heart so glowing with devotedness to his Sovereign, as to be insensible to the pain of Captivity.

FAREWELL TO THE EMIGRANT.*

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Euphemism*, the *Polysyndeton*,
and the *Alliteration*.

How swift the vessel disappears !
 How fast the moments fly !
 'Till he be gone, ye starting tears,
 Oh ! dim not yet mine eye.
 Still I can see him, where he stands
 Upon the deck, and waves his hands,
 Oh ! is it fixed and must it be—
 A few short moments swiftly past,
 And I on him have looked my last,
 And he his last on me.
 And I shall to my home return,
 And gaze upon his chair,
 And still my heart may yearn and yearn,
 But ne'er will he be there.
 And on me fortune's sun may shine,
 And wealth and splendour may be mine.
 —He will not share my prosperous day,
 And I may faint and droop and die,
 And not a friend to soothe me by,
 And he far, far away.
 That voice whose tones to my fond ear
 Were music, one and all ;
 'Mid strangers, captious and severe,
 On dull, cold ears shall fall.
 That eye whose oft remember'd glance
 To me were wealth, that eye perchance
 Around no answering eye shall see,
 No answering glance of kindness fount,
 That eye perchance shall look around,
 Around in vain for me.

* This piece requires generally a *plaintive* utterance, with an air of *Melancholy*, and a feeling of *Anxiety*, occasionally rising to *Distress*.

But no ! ah no ! for far away,
 'Neath transatlantic skies ;
 What scenes in long succession gay,
 Before him still shall rise.—
 Each object there that strikes his view,
 To him surprising, strange, and new,
 Unnamed, unknown, unseen before ;
 Not one to fling remembrance back,
 And force the mind upon the track
 Of years that come no more.

While I—but no !—I must resign
 The walks where he was guide ;
 The favourite paths that once were mine,
 When he was by my side.
 Yet to what end—in house or street,
 Some token still my eyes will meet,
 To wake regret's undying pain ;
 And memory in an instant stray
 To him who yonder sails away,
 And ne'er shall come again.

Already now his form grows dim,
 Yet still a form I trace ;
 Yet still I know I look on *him*—
 Oh could I see his face !
 Does sorrow sit upon his brow ?
 Is he as pale as I am now ?
 Ah no ! he had not, could not then
 Leave friends and country all behind,
 A country o'er the seas to find,
 And friends in unknown men.

Yes—longer why should I complain ?
 Who forced him to depart ?
 'Twas he that chose—I should not deign
 To mourn so light a heart.
 In childhood, youth, we two were one,
 Yet he—how lightly can he run
 From me, from all, the seas to plough ;
 To faces fresh and friendships new—
 So be it—ere he find as true—
 —But wherefore murmur now.

Since he can thus with scarce a throe,
 Leave England, home, and me;
 To him and all his weal or woe
 Will I as careless be.
 Of early years it matters not,
 Am I, since he has all forgot,
 So weak I cannot do the same?
 Henceforth betide him, good or ill,
 Unmoved, indifferent—yes I will,
 Unmoved I'll hear his name.

But look!—how swiftly blows the gale—
 The vessel sinks from sight—
 Look! look! on ocean blue, the sail
 Gleams in the distance white.
 It sinks—it sinks—and all is o'er!
 Oh for one glimpse—one moment more!
 Another moment—but another!
 It rises not—I am alone,
 Oh! thou art gone, for ever gone,
 My brother!—oh my brother!

T. W.

THE NEGRO'S ADDRESS TO HIS WIFE.

Supposed to be delivered as he is about to be executed.

(PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION.)

The principal Rhetorical Figure is the *Apocryph*.

- ^a 'Tis past—ah! soothe thy cares to rest,
^b Firm and unmov'd am I,
 In freedom's cause I bared my breast,
 In freedom's cause I die.

^a Affectionate manner, the right hand and eye being directed towards
 e imagined object.

^b Courage—requiring a bold, undaunted manner. The hand to be
 essed on the left breast at "I."

120 IMPASSIONED PIECES FOR RECITATION.

° O stop! ^d thou dost me fatal wrong,
Nature will yet rebel;

• For I have loved thee very long,
And loved thee passing well.

† To native skies and peaceful bowers
I soon shall wing my way;
Where joy shall lead the circling hours
Unless too long *thy* stay.

O speed fair sun! thy course divine,
My Abdala remove!
There thy bright beams shall ever shine,
And I for ever love.

On these blest shores, a slave no more,
In peaceful ease I'll stray,
Or rouse to chase the mountain-boar,
As unconfined as day.

§ No Christian tyrant there is known
To mark his steps with blood,
Nor sable misery's piercing moan
Resounds thro' every wood.

h Yet I have heard the melting tongue,
Have seen the falling tear;
Known the good heart by pity wrung;
Alas! such minds are rare!

i Now, Christian, glut thy savage eyes,
I reach the joyful hour,
Now bid the scorching flames arise
And these poor limbs devour.

But know, ^k pale tyrant, 'tis not thine
Eternal war to wage;
The death thou giv'st shall but combine
To mock thy baffled rage.

° Earnest Entreaty.

^d Chiding.

• Affectionate warm

† Enthusiastic manner.

§ "Christian tyrant" to be uttered with set teeth and a look and
ing of Hatred.

h Pathetic tone.

i Triumph—with a strong feeling of Contempt.

k Hatred with Exultation.

¹ O Death! how welcome to th' oppress'd!
Thy kind embrace I crave;
Thou bring'st to Misery's bosom, rest,
And Freedom to the slave!

¹ Transport.

XIMALPOCA.

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Eretnsis*, the *Metaphor*, the *Ecphonesis*, and the *Metonymy*.

^a Subjects! friends! children! I may call you *children*.
For I have ever borne a father's love
Towards you; it is thirteen years since first
You saw me in the robes of royalty——
Since here the multitudes of Mexico
Hail'd me their king. I thank you, friends, that saw
In equal numbers and with equal love,
You come to grace my death.

For thirteen years
What I have been ye know; that was all ~~the~~
That with all justice, and all ~~gentleness~~
Seeking your weal, I govern'd. Is there one
Whom I have injured? ~~one whose just sentence~~
I have denied or baffled by ~~deceit~~
Let him come forth, that ~~is, in evil tongue~~
Speak shame of me hereafter. ^b ~~Let him~~
Not by my sins have I ~~drawn down upon me~~
The wrath of Heaven.

^c The wrath of Heaven is the
Heavy! a burthen more than I can bear

^a Firm tone and manner with a moment of affectionate appeal. He is
lively should be clear and impressive.

^b Solemn manner.

^c The recollection of his wrongs makes his answer heavy

^d I have endured contempt, insult, and wrong,
 From that Acolhuan tyrant ! ^e Should I seek
 Revenge ! alas, my people, we are few——
 Feeble our growing state ! It hath not yet
 Rooted itself to bear the hurricane ;
 It is the lion-cub that tempts not yet
 The tiger's full aged fury. ^f Mexicans,
 He sent to bid me wear a woman's robe ;——
^g When was the day that ever I look'd back
 In battle ? ^h Mexicans, the wife I loved,
 To faith and friendship trusted, in despite
 Of me, of heaven, he seized, and spurn'd her back
 Polluted ! Coward villain ! and he lurks
 Behind his armies and his multitudes,
 And mocks my idle wrath ! ⁱ It is not fit,
 It is not possible that I should live !
 Live ! and deserve to be the finger-mark
 Of slave contempt ! His blood I cannot reach,
 But in my own all stains shall be effaced ;
 It shall blot out the marks of infamy ;
 And when the warriors of the days to come
 Tell of Ximalpoca, it shall be said
 He died the brave man's death !

Not of the God
 Unworthy, do I seek his altar thus,
 A voluntary victim. And, perchance
 The sacrifice of life may profit ye,
 My people, though all living efforts fail'd
 By fortune, not by fault.

Cease your lament !
 And if your ill-doom'd king deserved your love,

^d To be uttered *earnestly* and somewhat *rapidly*, with a feeling of *Revenge*. At "Acolhuan tyrant" the teeth should be closely set, and the eyes should sparkle with *Rage*.

^e The manner becomes *milder* and the tone *more gentle*.

^f *Greatest degree* of Indignation.

^g This should be delivered in the most *firm* and *courageous* manner, the Speaker advancing a step or two as he speaks.

^h The utterance should be *slow* and *emphatic*, with a strong feeling of *Anger* approaching to *Rage*, combined with the utmost *Contempt* and *Indignation*.

ⁱ *Lifted* and *Enthusiastic* manner.

Say of him to your children he was one
 Who bravely bore misfortune ; who, when life
 Became dishonour, shook his body off,
 And join'd the spirits of the heroes dead.
 Yes ! not in Miclantecutli's dark abode,
 With cowards shall your king receive his doom ;
 Not in the icy caverns of the north
 Suffer through endless ages ! * He shall join
 The spirits of the brave ; with them at noon
 Shall issue from the eastern gate of Heaven,
 And follow through his fields of light, the sun ;
 With them shall raise the song and wear the tunic
 Sport in the stream of splendour ; company
 Down to the western palace of his rest
 The Prince of Glory, and with equal eye
 Endure his center'd radiance. † None of you
 Forgetful, O my people, even then ;
 But often, in the amber cloud of noon
 Diffused, will I o'er spread your summer fields.
 And on the freshen'd maize and brightening meadows
 Shower plenty.

‡ Spirits of my valiant ones.

I come ! Mexitli, never at thy shrine
 Flow'd braver blood ! never a nobler heart
 Steam'd up its life to thee : § Priest of the God
 Perform your office.

* Increased Enthusiasm.

† Affectionate manner.

‡ The Speaker should here step forward, and deliver this Enthusiastic address with elevated eyes and hands.

§ The tone here naturally changes, but the manner is most firm and undaunted.

CATO OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HIS SON.

(MOST PATHETIC AND DIGNIFIED MANNER.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Ecphrasis*, the *Erotasis*, the *Metonymy*, and the *Climax*.

- ^a Thanks to the Gods ! my boy has done his duty.
^b Welcome my son ! here lay him down, my friends,
 Full in my sight ; that I may view at leisure
 The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
 ——How beautiful is Death when earn'd by Virtue !
 Who would not be *that Youth* ! what pity is it
 That we can die but once to serve our country !
 ——^c Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends ?
 I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
 Secure and flourish'd in a civil war.
 ——^d Portius, behold thy brother, and remember ——
 Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
 * Alas, my friends !
 Why mourn you thus ? let not a private loss
 Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
^f The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
 The nurse of heroes, the delight of Gods,
 That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
 And set the nations free,—Rome is no more !
^g O liberty ! O virtue ! O my country !

^a *Rapturously*—with eyes and hands elevated.

^b The Speaker may take a step forward, as if to meet the body. The feelings of the Father should here be blended with the firmness of the Patriot.

^c This is addressed to those around him—Suppressing his own feelings.

^d This should be delivered in a most *firm* and *impressive* manner, the Speaker turning a little on one side.

^e Much Pathos.

^f This beautiful Climax should be spoken with a considerable degree of Animation ; the tone of the voice rising at each successive step of the Climax.

^g *Weeping*—This line requires a slow utterance with much Emphasis, and a strong *rising* Inflection.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
 The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's !
 For him the self-devoted Decii died,
 The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd ;
 Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. ^h Oh my friends !
 How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
 The Roman empire fall'n ! O curst ambition !
 Fall'n into Cæsar's hands ! our great Forefathers
 Had left him nought to conquer, but his country.—
ⁱ Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger ;
 Heav'n will not leave me in the Victor's hand.
 Cæsar shall never say : " I *conquer'd* Cato !"
 —^k But Oh ! my friends, *your* safety fills my heart
 With anxious thoughts : a thousand secret terrors
 Rise in my soul : how shall I save my Friends !—
 'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.—
^l Farewell, my friends ! if there be any of you
 Who dare not trust the Victor's clemency,
 Know, there are ships prepared by my command,
 (Their sails already op'ning to the winds,)
 That shall convey you to the wish'd for port.
 —^m Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you ?
 The conqueror draws near. Once more, farewell !
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where Cæsar *never* shall approach us more.
 There the ⁿ brave Youth, with love of virtue fired,
 Who greatly in his Country's cause expired,
 Shall know he conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
 Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
 Tho' still by Faction, Vice, and Fortune crost,
 Shall find the generous labour—was not lost.

ADDISON.

^h With smothered feelings of *Grief*.

ⁱ Most *disinterested* and *philosophical* manner.

^k Most *anxious* Concern.

^l Cato apparently labours here under much *Despondency*.

^m This Sympathy for his friends requires a most *pathetic* delivery, with the most *affectionate* warmth.

ⁿ Pointing to the dead body of his Son.

COURAGE.*

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Prosopopeia*, and the *Erotesis*.

Courage! Nothing can withstand
 Long a wrong'd undaunted land,
 If the hearts within her be
 True unto themselves and thee,
 Thou freed daughter, Liberty.
 Oh! no mountain nymph art thou
 When the helm is on thy brow,
 And the sword is in thy hand
 Fighting for thy own good land.

}

Courage! Nothing e'er withstood
 Freemen fighting for their good;
 Arm'd with all their father's fame,
 They will win and wear a name
 That shall go to endless glory,
 Like the gods of old Greek story,
 Roused to heaven and heavenly worth
 For the good they gave to earth.

Courage! there is none so poor,
 (None of all who wrongs endure)
 None so humble, none so weak,
 But may flush his father's cheek,
 And his maiden's dear and true,
 With the deeds which he may do;
 Be his days as dark as night,
 He may make himself a light.
 What! though sunken be the sun,
 There are stars when day is done.

Courage! Who will be a slave
 That hath strength to dig a grave,
 And therein his fetters hide,
 And lay his tyrant by his side.

* This Piece requires a firm tone of voice, and a degree of Energy, approaching to *Vehemence*.

Courage ! Hope, howe'er he fly,
For a time can never die.
Courage, therefore brother men !
Cry, God ! and to the fight again.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

(SOLENN AND PLAINTIVE UTTERANCE.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Eretesis*, the *Ephorismos*, the
Metonymy, and the *Synacdoche*.

- ^a " Too daring Prince ! Ah ! whither dost thou run ?
^b Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son !
^c And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain :
Now hosts oppose thee ; and thou must be slain.
^d O grant me Gods ! e'er Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb !
^e So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows, as they first began.
^f No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

^g Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
^h Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.

^a Andromache exhibits the warmest conjugal affection ; her address
requires a plaintive and soft tone of voice, with great pathos.

^b Affectionate Chiding. ^c Apprehension.

^d Most earnest manner, with eyes and hands elevated.

^e Tone of Lamentation, increasing almost to *Anguish*.

^f This should be uttered with much Warmth.

^h Again entertains a feeling of Apprehension.

Thy wife, thy infant in the danger share ;

ⁱ O prove a husband's and a parent's care !—

^k That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :

Thou from this tow'r defend th' important post,

There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,

That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,

And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.

Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,

Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.

^l Let others in the field their arms employ ;

But stay my Hector here and guard his Troy."

The chief reply'd, ^m " That post shall be my care ;

Not that alone, but all the works of war.

How would the sons of Troy in arms renown'd,

And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the
ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,

Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?

My early youth was bred to martial pains,

My soul impels me to the embattled plains :

Let me be foremost to defend the throne,

And guard my father's glories and my own.

ⁿ —Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates :

(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)

The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,

And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,

My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,

Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,

Not all my brothers gasping on the shore ;

^o As thine Andromache ! thy griefs I dread ;

I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !

In Argive looms our battles to design,

And woes, of which so large a part was thine !

ⁱ Earnest Entreaty.

^k Having been viewing the field of battle from a tower in Troy, she here describes the disposition of the forces. ^l Most anxious Entreaty.

^m The Courageous manner and firm tones of Hector must be made to contrast strongly with the timid manner and plaintive utterance of Andromache.

ⁿ Here is a transition to a feeling of Apprehension, gradually increasing to ^o Agony.

- To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
 There while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, ^p behold the mighty Hector's wife!
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 A thousand griefs shall waken at the name.
^q May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
 Prest with a load of monumental clay!
 Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh nor see thee weep."
^r Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
 The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
 And placed the beaming helmet on the ground,
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the Gods prefer'd a father's prayer.
^s "O thou! whose glory fills th' eternal throne,
 And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
 Grant him like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!
 So when triumphant from successful toils,
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclamation,
 And say, this chief transcends his father's fame:
 While pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.
^t He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;

^p This requires to be uttered with a most strong feeling of Disdain.

^q Solemn Ejaculation.

^r Narrative, requiring much Tenderness of manner.

^s Most solemn and earnest prayer.

^t Tenderness.

Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubled pleasure soon chastised with fear,
 She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dry'd the falling drops and thus pursu'd :
 " Andromache ! my soul's far better part,
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fix'd is the term to all the sons of earth,
 And such the hard condition of our birth,
 No force can then resist, no flight can save,
 All sink alike, the fearful, and the brave.
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle and direct the loom :
 * Me glory summons to the martial scene,
 The field of combat is the sphere for men ;
 Where heroes war the foremost place I claim,
 The first in danger, as the first in fame."
 † Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
 His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
 ‡ His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
 That stream'd at every look ; then moving slow,
 Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
 There, while her tears deplored the God-like man,
 Through all her train the soft infection ran ;
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
 And mourn'd the living Hector, as the dead.

POPE

* Affectionate warmth.

† Most courageous and undaunted manner.

‡ Narrative.

§ This sorrowful Description requires a tone corresponding with it.

DEATH OF DE MONTFORT.

(SOLENN NARRATIVE.)

principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Metonymy*, the *Periphrasis*,
the *Erotesis*, the *Metaphor*, and the *Apostrophe*.

- * Pierce and furious was the combat,
 Long the war-cry rose, and loud ;
 When the warring Barons battled
 With Plantagenet the Proud.
 From the morning 'till the evening,
 Evesham's deep echoing vale
 Rang with jarring arms and armour,
 Fell the cross-bow bolts like hail.
- Red with blood ran Severn's river
 Wildly dashing to the main,
 Ere De Montfort's scattered forces
 Fled across the crimson plain.
 Red with blood was Severn's river,
 Choak'd with dead its mighty tide,
 When amidst his scatter'd forces
 England's bravest champion died.
- Where the fight had been the fiercest
 Montfort's standard to obtain ;
- b Lifeless lay the noble warrior
 'Mid a heap that *he* had slain ;
 And the sun that set in sorrow,
 O'er that long remember'd day,
 Beamed its last and brightest glory
 On the hillock where he lay.
- Ere that noble warrior perish'd,
 Mournfully he look'd around,
 While, alas ! in gushing torrents
 Well'd the life-blood from the wound ;

Firm tone and manner.

Mournful tone, with a degree of Sympathy.

132 IMPASSIONED PIECES FOR RECITATION.

In one hand he grasp'd the banner
 He had borne for England's weal;
 Round his helmet in the other
 Brandish'd wild his broken steel.

- * "Charge," he cried, and waved his falchion,
 " 'Tis for England that ye fight;
 Charge again my valiant horsemen,
 And St. George defend the right.
 Think of all your former glory,
 Think of Lewes' field of fame,
 Where the foemen fled before ye,
 Trembling at your very name.

—^d "Still they fly, the shrinking dastards,
 Conquered by their own despair——

- * Where are all my banded barons,
 And the deep-sworn burghers—where?
^f Ha! the fiery Earl of Gloster——
 Does he turn his steed to fly?
^g Nay, then nought remains for Montfort
 But as he has lived to die.

- ^h "England! though I perish foully,
 Yet my glorious aim I gain;
 Monfort's deeds have raised a spirit
 That shall break the feudal chain:
ⁱ Though I die alone, unaided,
 Though the foe the fight has won,
 Yet my glazing eye prophetic
 Sees the rise of Freedom's sun.

- ^k "Yes, it rises——and though round it
 Envious clouds extend their gloom;
 Still it rises, calmly splendid,
 All the horizon to illumine.

* *Courage, with a strong Emphasis, and the rising Inflection at "name."*

^d *Contempt, with Anger.*

^e *Anxious Inquiry.*

^f *Surprise, with Alarm.*

^g *Vexation.*

^h *Self-Approbation.*

ⁱ *Sorrowful tone rising into Enthusiasm.*

^k *Enthusiastic and prophetic manner.*

Happy sons of future ages !
 Freedom is decreed to you ;
 And with Freedom, sure companion,
 Empire, glorious empire too.

“ Yes, the day shall come, when England,
 Peerless monarch of the main,
 Far to sunrise and to sunset,
 Wide shall spread her bounteous reign ;
 And the world in every region,
 Every clime and every sea,
 Bending low before her footstool,
 Own the sceptre of the free.

“ Yes the time shall come, when England,
 First in Freedom’s glorious race,
 Shall by holy ardour prompted,
 Seek a still more glorious place.

Is it Barons—is it Burghers
 With whose war-cries fields shall ring ?

^l No—the victory is peaceful,
 And the leader is the KING !

^m “ Oh my more than native country,
 How resplendent is thy fate,
 Free, and fortunate and happy,
 Good and glorious and great.
 Dazzling scenes of future splendour,
 Visions bright of coming power,
 How doth Montfort joy to see you,
 Though ye gild his *dying* hour !”

ⁿ Weakness seized the noble chieftain,
 Prone upon the earth he fell ;
 Darkness veiled his glazing eyelids,
 And he bade the world ^o farewell.

—^p England, land of Freedom’s summer,
 Beauty’s flower, and Manhood’s pride,
 May’st thou ever boast such heroes
 As at Evesham there died !

T. W.

Energy. ⁿ Relaxes into *Feebleness*.

Deep Solemnity, with a mournful tone of voice.

“ Farewell ” requires a particularly long pause after it.

Firm tone of voice, and impressive manner.

THE FELON.

(DEEPLY PATHETIC MANNER.)

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Erotesis*, the *Anaphora*, the *Apostrophe*, and the *Epizeuxis*.

- ^a Oh ! mark his wan and hollow cheeks,
 And mark his eye-ball's glare,
 And mark his teeth in anguish clinch'd,
 The anguish of despair.
 Know, three days since, his penance o'er,
 Yon culprit left a jail,
 And since three days, no food has pass'd
 Those lips so parch'd and pale.
- ^b "Where shall I turn?" the wretch exclaims,
 "Where hide my shameful head?
 How fly from scorn, or how contrive
 To earn an honest bread?
 This branded hand would gladly toil,
 But when for work I pray,
 Who views this mark, 'A felon!' cries,
 And, ^d loathing, turns away,
- ^c "My heart has greatly err'd, but now
 Would fain return to good!
 My hand has deeply sinn'd, but yet
 Has ne'er been stained with blood.
 For alms, or work, in vain I sue,
 The scorners both deny;
 I starve! I starve! then what remains?
 This choice—to sin or die!

^a This verse requires much *Sympathy*, with an expression of *Horror*.

^b *Anxiety* blended with *Anguish*, should be here strongly depicted on the countenance.

^c *Horror*.

^d The Speaker should avert his head with an expression of *Disgust*, at the same time pushing forward his hand as if to keep off the object.

^e The remainder of this piece requires a *plaintive* utterance, with a feeling which cannot but suggest itself to every Speaker.

" Here, virtue spurns me with disdain ;
 There, pleasure spreads her snare ;
 Strong habit drives me back to vice,
 And, urged by fierce despair,
 I strive, while hunger gnaws my heart,
 To fly from shame, in vain,
 World ! 'tis thy cruel will !——I yield,
 And plunge in guilt again.

" There's mercy in each ray of light,
 That mortal eyes e'er saw ;
 There's mercy in each breath of air,
 That mortal lips e'er draw !
 There's mercy, both for bird and beast,
 In God's indulgent plan,
 There's mercy in each creeping thing,
 But man has none for man.

" Ye proudly honest ! when you heard
 My wounded conscience groan,
 Had generous hand, or feeling heart,
 One glimpse of mercy shown,
 That act had made, from burning eyes,
 Sweet tears of virtue roll,
 Had fix'd my heart, assured my faith,
 And Heaven had gain'd a soul."

LEWIS.

POLAND.*

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Erotasis*, the *Metonymy*,
 and the *Prosopopeia*.

Is Freedom's latest struggle o'er ?
 Is Poland fall'n to rise no more ?
 Is Kosciuszko's name
 Forgotten ?——is the spirit dead
 That him to deathless Glory led,
 And never less'ning Fame ?

* This animated piece will require a corresponding degree of *Energy*,
commanding Countenance, with a *firm and elevated tone of voice*, and
 an *Expression of Defiance*.

136 IMPASSIONED PIECES FOR RECITATION.

No ! though the haughty Russ decree,
That she shall never more be free,
She yet shall burst her chain,
Again the sword of Freedom wield,
And in the blood-red battle-field,
Her arch foe meet again.

Who but the drivelling despots, dream,
All silent though Sarmatia seem,
Her noble spirit fled ?
She sleeps a short and troubled sleep——
But when she wakes let despots weep——
Oh ! Poland is not dead !

Still, still in Tyranny's despite,
Fair Liberty's all quenchless light,
Shall stronger, brighter, shine ;
Fresh blood shall rush through Poland's veins,
And Russia's self throw off her chains,
And hail the maid divine !

Was Ostrolenka's fight in vain,
And nought the blood on Grochow's plain
Like water freely pour'd ?
But still must Kosciuszko's land,
Cower beneath the withering hand
Of a barbarian lord ?

Perish the thought ! the eye of day,
Shall ne'er see Poland own the sway
Of Moskva's haughty Czar ;——
Till all the world shall own her free,
Or Time itself shall cease to be,
Her cry shall still be——WAR !

S. S

THE PASSIONS.

The principal Rhetorical Figures are the *Metonymy*, and the *Personification*.

- ^a When Music, ^b heavenly maid : was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell
Throng'd around her magic cell.
^c Exulting ! trembling ! raging ! panting !
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing minstrel
^d Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd :
^e Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,—
Fill'd with ^f fury ! rapt ! inspir'd :
From the supporting myrtles bound.
They ' snatch'd her instruments of sound—
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for ^g Madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.
- First, ^h Fear, his hand, his skill to try.
Amid the chords bewilder'd lost ;
And ⁱ back recoil'd, he knew not why.
Even at the sound himself had made.

^a When this fine piece is recited on the stage, it is accompanied with Music, and the Speaker comes on slowly, during the beginning of it, then assumes the usual attitude of delivery, gracefully extending his hand.

^b Both hands should be here raised, the eyes being at the same time elevated.

^c These Emotions must be represented with distinctness.

^d This Climax requires a considerable power of intonation of voice, each word being pronounced slowly, with the rising inflection.

^e These words require a powerful emphasis.

^f The action must be suited to the word.

^g With a wild and frenzied voice.

^h See *Fear*, P. 55.

ⁱ The Speaker should here start back.

Next, ^k Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his ^l secret stings :
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And ^m swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woeful measures, wan ⁿ Despair—
 Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
 'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas ^o wild.

^p But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
 And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all her song.
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and ^q waved her golden
 hair.

And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
^r Revenge impatient rose.
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down !
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing ^s trumpet took,
 And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo !
 And, ever and anon, he ^t beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat.

^k See *Anger*, P. 55.

^l The Speaker should strike his breast.

^m The action of striking the lyre must be imitated.

ⁿ The tone of voice must be most *solemn* and *deep*.

^o This requires a start, with a corresponding look.

^p Here is a transition to the *sweetest* and most *cheerful* utterance, with the most *divine* and *animated* expression of countenance.

^q This should be represented gracefully, with the left hand.

^r The Speaker should rush forward with clenched fists. See *Revenge*, Page 55.

^s Let the action be suited to the word. "Blast" requires a *powerful* Emphasis, with the *falling* Inflection ; "loud and dread" also require a *powerful* Emphasis, with the *rising* Inflection.

^t The action should be imitated carefully

And though, sometimes, ^u each dreary pause between.
 Dejected ^x Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien ;
^y While each strain'd ball of sight—seem'd bursting from
 his head.

Thy numbers, ^z Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state !
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd :
 And, now, it courted ^a Love ; now, raving, call'd on
 Hate.

^b With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the ^c mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole :
 Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay—
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing—
^d In hollow murmurs died away.

^e But, oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue.
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,

^u This requires a *protracted* utterance.

^x See *Pity*, P. 54. The voice should assume the *softest* tones, and the rate of utterance be *particularly slow*.

^y *Extreme Rage*.

^z See Page 56.

^a This transition from Love to Hatred requires a corresponding tone and gesture—"Love" should have the *softest* tone, with the eyes beaming with sweetness, and the hands either extended or clasped. Hatred requires a *loud* and *high* tone, with the most *angry* looks. See *Hatred*, Page 55.

^b See *Melancholy*, Page 55. The rate of utterance should be *particularly slow*, and the voice *soft* and *deep*.

^c The blowing of the horn should be represented.

^d This line requires a *particularly protracted* utterance.

^e See P. 54.—This passion forms a striking contrast with the last.

Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung;
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
 And ^f Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

^g Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
^h While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
 And he, amid his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

ⁱ O Music! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, goodness, why to us denied
 Lay'st thou thine ancient lyre aside?
 As in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learned an all-commanding power.
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared!
 Can well recall what then it heard
 Where is thy native, simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!

^f Let the action be imitated.

^g This requires the *greatest animation*; it is the extreme of *Cheerfulness*.—See Page 54.

^h Let the action be represented.

ⁱ The remainder of this piece requires but little more than good level speaking.

Thy wonders in that god-like age,
 Fill thy *recording sister's* page.
 'Tis said, (and I believe the tale !)
 Thy humble reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard page.
 E'en all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.

O, bid our vain endeavour cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece ;
 Return in all thy simple state,
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

Cecilia

COMIC

PIECES FOR RECITATION.

VAT YOU PLEASE.*

Some years ago when civil faction
Raged like a fury through the fields of Gaul ;
And children, in the general distraction,
Were taught to curse as soon as they could squall.
When common sense in common folks was dead,
And murder shew'd a love of nationality,
And France determin'd not to have a head,
Decapitated all the higher class
To put folks more on an equality ;
When coronets were not worth half a crown,
And liberty in *Bonnet-rouge* might pass
For Mother Red-Cap up at Camden town ;
Full many a Frenchman then took wing,
Bidding *soup-maigre* an abrupt farewell,
And hither came *pell-mell*,
Sans cash, *sans* clothes, and almost *sans* every thing !
Two Messieurs who about this time came over
Half-starved, but *toujours gai*,
(No weasels e'er were thinner,)
Trudged up to town from Dover.
Their slender store exhausted in the way,
Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner.

* The Narrative part of this piece, (as well as of others of a similar nature,) should be spoken in a lively manner, and in the natural voice of the Speaker. There are *three* characters to be assumed ; that of the Waiter, the Frenchman, and the Innkeeper. The Waiter should be made to exhibit an *affectation* of civility, with rather a hasty manner. The Frenchman should bow and cringe most obsequiously ; and in the proper delineation of his character depends the chief humour of the piece. The Innkeeper is bluff and sturdy, and his strong voice should form a contrast with the slender tones of the Frenchman.

From morn till noon, from noon till ~~even~~ eve.
 Our Frenchmen wandered at their expense :
 Great was their need, and sorely did they grove.
 Stomach and pocket in the same condition :
 At length, by mutual consent they part.
 And different ways on the same coast start.

This happen'd on a day most dear
 To Epicures, when general merriment
 Sanctions the roasting of the ~~swart~~ goose :
 Tow'rd's night, one Frenchman, at a tavern met.
 Stopp'd, and beheld the glorious cheer :
 While greedily he snuff'd the incense ~~gave~~ ^{gave} in
 That from the kitchen-windows was exalting :
 He instant set to work his best brain.
 And snuff'd and long'd, and long'd and snuff'd again.
 Necessity's the mother of invention.
 (A proverb I've heard many mention.
 So now one moment saw his plan completed.
 And our sly Frenchman at a table seated.
 The ready waiter at his elbow stands—
 "Sir will you favour me with your commands.
 We've roast and boil'd, Sir, ~~choose you time or time~~ :—
 "Sare! you are very good. Sare! *Vat you please!*"

Quick at the word,
 Upon the table smokes the ~~wint'd~~ ^{win'd} for bird :
 No time in talking did he waste.
 But pounced pell-mell upon it,
 Drumstick and merry-thought he pick'd it in haste.
 Exulting in the merry-thought that win it :
 Pie follows goose, and after pie comes ~~cheese~~ ^{cheese} :—
 "Stilton or Cheshire, Sir?"—"Ah, vat you please!"

And now our Frenchman having ta'en his fill
 Prepares to go, when—"Sir, your little bill."
 "Ah, vat you're *Bill!* vell Mr. *Bill*, good day!
Bon jour, good Villiam."—"No, Sir, stay,
 My name is Tom, Sir—you've this bill to pay."
 "Pay, pay, *ma Foi!*
 I call for noting, Sare—*pardonnez moi!*
 You bring me vat you call your goose, your cheese.
 You ask-a me to eat—I tell you, *Vat you please!*"

Down came the master, each explained the case,
The one with cursing, t'other with grimace,

But Boniface who dearly lov'd a jest,
(Although sometimes he *dearly* paid for it)

And finding nothing could be done, (you know,
That when a man has got no money,
To make him pay some would be rather funny)

Of a bad bargain made the best,
Acknowledg'd much was to be said for it;
Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
And Briton-like forgave a fallen foe,
Laugh'd heartily and let him go.

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
Away he trotted in a merry mood;
When turning round the corner of a street,
Who, but his countryman he chanced to meet!

To him, with many a shrug and many a grin,
He told him how he had taken *Jean Bull* in!
Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,
Makes his congee, and seeks this shop of shops.

Ent'ring, he seats himself, just at his ease,
"What will you take, Sir?"—"Vat you please!"

The waiter look'd as pale as Paris plaster,
And, upstairs running, thus address'd his Master:

"These vile *Mounseers* come over sure in pairs;
Sir, there's another '*vat you please!*' down stairs."

This made the Landlord rather crusty,
Too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat musty.
Once to be *done*, his anger didn't touch,

But when a *second* time they tried the treason,

It made him *crusty*, Sir, and with good reason,
You would be *crusty* were you *done* so much.

There is a kind of instrument

Which greatly helps a serious argument,
And which, when properly applied, occasions
Some most unpleasant tickling sensations!

'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip,
'Twould *strike* you, presently,—a stout Horsewhip.

This instrument our *Maitre d'Hote*

Most carefully concealed beneath his coat;

And seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
Address'd him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman bowing to his threadbare knees,
 Determin'd while the iron's hot to strike it,
 Pat with his lesson answers—" *Vat you please!*"
 But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,
 Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip;
 "Sare, Sare! ah, *misericorde, parbleu!*"
 Oh dear Monsieur, vat make you use me so?
 Vat call you dis?"—"Ah don't you know,
 That's *what I please*," says Bonny, "how d'ye like it?"
 Your friend, although I paid dear for his fanning,
 Deserv'd the goose he gain'd Sir, for his cunning;
 But you, Monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting,
 Are goose enough—and only wanted *hasting*."

 YORKSHIRE ANGLING.*

It happen'd once that a young Yorkshire clown,
 But newly come to far-famed London town,
 Was gaping round at many a wood'rous sight,
 Grinning at all he saw with vast delight,
 Attended by his terrier, Tyke,
 Who was as sharp, as sharp may be;
 And thus the master and the dog, d'ye see,
 Were very much alike.

After wand'ring far and wide,
 And seeing all the streets and squares,
 And Temple bar, and Cross's bears,
 The Mansion house, the Regent's Park,
 And all in which your Cocknies place their pride;
 After being quizz'd by many a city spark,

* This piece should be spoken in a lively, humorous manner. In the Narrative part, the Clown's "gaping round," and "grinning," should be imitated, and the broad rustic dialect of the Yorkshireman, should be made to contrast with the pert, flippant tone of the Fishmonger. In general, where there are two or more characters, the speaker should slightly vary his position in representing them; he might turn a little towards the right in giving one, and front, or turn a little towards the left in giving the other.

For coat of country cut and red-hair'd pate,
He came at length to noisy Billingsgate,
He saw the busy scene with mute surprise,
Opening his ears and eyes
At the loud clamour and the monstrous fish,
Hereafter doom'd to grace full many a dish.

Close by him was a turbot on a stall,
Who with stretch'd mouth as if to pant for breath,
Seem'd in the agonies of death :
Said Andrew, " Pray what name d'ye that fish call ?"
" A turbot 'tis," said the sarcastic elf,
" A *flat* you see—so something like yourself."
" D'ye think," said Andrew, " that he'll bite ?"
" Why," said the fellow, with a roguish grin,
" His mouth is open, put your finger in,
And then you'll know."—" Why," replied the wight,
" I should not like to try, but there's my Tyke
Shall put his tail there an' ye like,"
" Agreed," rejoin'd the man, and laugh'd delight.

Within the turbot's teeth was plac'd the tail,
Who bit it too with all his might,
The dog no sooner felt the bite
Than off he ran, the fish still holding tight ;
And though old Ling began to swear and rail,
After a number of escapes and dodgings,
Tyke safely got to Master Andrew's lodgings ;
Who, when the fisherman in a passion flew,
Said, " Master, Lunnun tricks on me wont do,
I've come from York, to queer such *flats* as you,
And Tyke my dog is Yorkshire too !"
Then laughing at the man he went away,
And had the fish for dinner that same day.

THE RETORT.*

A supercilious nabob of the East,
 Haughty and grave, and purse-proud, being rich,
 A Governor or General at least.

I have forgotten which,
 Had in his family a humble youth,
 Who went to India in his patron's suite ;
 An unassuming body, and in truth
 A lad of decent parts and good repute ;
 This youth had sense and spirit,

Yet with all his sense
 Excessive diffidence
 Obscured his merit.

One day at table, flush'd with pride and wine,
 His Honour proudly free, severely merry ;
 Conceived it would be vastly fine
 To crack a joke upon his Secretary.
 " Young man," said he, " by what art, craft, or trade,
 Did your good father earn his livelihood ? "

" He was a saddler, Sir," Modestus said,
 " And in his line was reckon'd good."

" A saddler eh ! and taught you Greek
 Instead of teaching you to sew ;
 And pray, Sir, why didn't your father make
 A saddler, Sir, of you ? "

Each Parasite, as in duty bound,
 The joke applauded and the laugh went round.

At length Modestus bowing low,
 Said, craving pardon if too free he made,
 " Sir, by your leave I fain would know
 Your father's trade."

" My father's trade ?—Why, Sir, that's too bad,
 My father's trade ! Why blockhead art thou mad !

* In this Piece there should be three different tones of voice, that of the Narrator, of the Governor, and of Modestus. The Narrator's tone and manner should be *easy* and *agreeable* ; that of the Governor, *pompous* and *haughty*, with an occasional *snear* of *Contempt*, so as to form a striking contrast with the *mild* tone and *submissive* manner of Modestus.

My father, Sir, did never stoop so low,
 He was a Gentleman I'd have you know ;"
 "Excuse the liberty," Modestus said, "I take,"
 With archness in his brow,
 "Pray, Sir, why did not then your father make,
 A *Gentleman* of you ?"

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.*

A Counsel in the Common Pleas,
 Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
 Upon the strength of a chance hit,
 Amid a thousand flippancies,
 And his occasional bad jokes
 In bullying, bantering, brow-beating,
 Ridiculing and maltreating
 Women, or other timid folks ;
 In a late cause resolved to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
 Who by his uncouth look and gait,
 Appeared expressly meant by Fate,
 For being quizz'd and play'd upon.
 So having tipp'd the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down,
 Until our wag should draw the cork,
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.
 "Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York ?"
 "Why—not, Sir, as they do with you,
 But on four legs instead of two."
 "Officer !" cried the legal elf,
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,
 "Do pray keep silence down below there ;

* The *Yorkshire* dialect, and *rusticity* of the Farmer must be imitated, and be made to contrast with the *flippant* and *authoritative* tone and manner of the Counsel, while the Narrator's tone and manner will differ from both.

Now, look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend? —

“Yees—very like—I often go there.”

“Our rustic’s waggish—quite laconic,”
The counsel cried with grin sardonic.—

“I wish I’d known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods when I

On circuit was at York residing.—

Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you’re on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever

In the West Riding?”

“Why no, Sir, no; we’ve got our share,
But not so many as when *you* were there.”

HORACE SMITH.

THE ASTRONOMICAL ALDERMAN.

The Pedant or *Scholastikos* became

The butt of all the Grecian jokes;

With us poor Paddy bears the blame

Of blunders made by other folks;

Though we have certain civic sages,

Term’d Aldermen, who perpetrate

Bulls as legitimate and great,

As any that the classic pages

Of old Hierocles can shew,

Or Mr. Miller’s, commonly call’d Joe.

One of these turtle-eating men,

Not much excelling

In his spelling,

When ridicule he meant to brave,

Said he was more *P*, than *N*,

Meaning thereby more *Phool* than *Nave*;

Though they who knew our cunning Thraso,

Pronounced it flattery to say so.

His civic brethren to express

His “double, double, toil and trouble,”

And bustling, noisy, emptiness,

Had christen’d him Sir Hubble Bubble.

This wight ventripotent was dining,
 Once at the Grocers' Hall, and lining
 With calipee and calipash
 That tomb omnivorous—his paunch,
 Then on the haunch
 Inflicting many a horrid gash ;
 When having swallowed six or seven
 Pounds, he fell into a mood
 Of such supreme beatitude
 That it reminded him of heaven,
 And he began with mighty *bonhomme*
 To talk Astronomy.

^a "Sir," he exclaimed between his bumpers,
 Copernicus and Tycho Brahe
 And all those chaps have had their day,
 They've written monstrous lies, Sir, thumpers.

^b Move round the sun ?—its talking treason,
 The earth stands still—it stands to reason.
 Round as a globe ? stuff—humbug—fable !
 It's a *flat* sphere, like this here table,
 And the sun overhangs this sphere,
 Ay—just like that there chandelier."

"But," quoth his neighbour, "when the sun
 From east to west his course has run ;
 How comes it that he shews his face
 Next morning in his former place ?"

"Ho ! there's a pretty question truly,"
 Replied our wight, with an unruly
 Burst of laughter and delight ;
 So much his triumph seem'd to please him,
 "Why, blockhead ! he goes back at night,
 And that's the reason no one sees him."

HORACE SMITH.

^a The Alderman's part should be spoken with a *thick* voice, and in a *positive* manner, with much Affectation of learning.

^b This will require an air of *Ridicule*, with a sneer of *Contempt*.

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES.

CANUTE was by his nobles taught to fancy,
That by a kind of royal necromancy,

He had the power Old Ocean to control :

^a Down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the strand,
And issued like a Soloman command—

^b Poor soul !

^c "Go back, ye waves, you blust'ring rogues !" quoth he,

"Touch not your Lord and Master, Sea ;

For by my powerful vengeance, if you do,"——

Then staring vengeance, out he held a stick,

Vowing to drive Old Ocean to old Nick,

Should he e'en wet the latchet of his shoe.

^d Old Sea retired——the monarch fierce rush'd on,

And look'd as if he'd drive him from the land ;

But Sea, not caring to be put upon,

Made for a moment a bold stand :

Not only make a stand did Mister Ocean,

But to his honest waves he made a motion,

And bade them give the King a hearty trimming :

The order seem'd a deal the waves to tickle,

For soon they put his Majesty in pickle,

And set his Royalties—like geese—a swimming.

All hands aloft ! with one tremendous roar,

Soon did they make him wish himself on shore :

^e His head and ears most handsomely they doused ;

Just like a porpus, with one general shout,

The waves so tumbled the poor King about——

No mackarel e'er was half so soused.

^a The Speaker should here take a hurried step forward.

^b "Poor Soul," requires a sneer of *Contempt*.

^c Canute's address should be spoken in an *authoritative* tone, and with much *pomposity of manner*.

^d The Speaker may here draw back a step, rushing forwards immediately after, assuming much *mock Dignity*.

^e The King's disastrous reception by the Ocean should be described in a *broad, farcical* manner.

At length to land he crawl'd, a half drown'd thing,
Indeed more like a crab than like a King,

And found his courtiers making ^f rueful faces
But what said Canute to the lords and gentry,
Who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,
All trembling for their lives—or places?

s "My Lords and Gentlemen, by your advice,
I've had with Mr. Sea a pretty tustle,
My treatment from my foe, not over nice,
Just made a jest for ev'ry shrimp and muscle.
A pretty trick for one of my dominion!—
My Lords, I thank you for your great opinion,
You'll tell me, perhaps, I've only lost one game,
And bid me try another—for the rubber,—
Permit me to inform you all with shame,
That you're a set of KNAVES, and I'm a LUBBER."

PETER PINDAR.

^f This should be spoken with much *mock Gravity*.

^s This ludicrous address will require a *strong* colouring of *mock Majesty*.

THE PIG.*

Jacob! I do not love to see thy nose
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder Pig.
It would be well, my friend, if we like him
Were perfect in our nature! why dislike
The sow-born grunter? He is obstinate,
Thou answerest; ugly; and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. Now, I pray you
Hear the Pig's Counsel.

Is he obstinate?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek

* This piece requires a considerable degree of *mock Gravity*, with a peculiar *archness* of manner, preserving at the same time the tone of argument.

Their profit and not *his*. He hath not learnt
That pigs were made for man, born to be brawn'd
And baconized ; that he must please to give
Just what his gracious masters please to take,
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege ;
Perhaps,——hark Jacob ! didst thou hear that horn ?
Woe to the young posterity of pork !
Their enemy is at hand.

Again—Thou say'st
The Pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him !
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
His face,——nay Jacob ! Jacob ! were it fair
To judge a Lady in her dishabille ?
Fancy it drest, and with saltpetre rouged.
Behold his tail, my friend, with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse ;
So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
And what is beauty but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious ? Give thy fancy scope
And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
The starry glory of the Peacock's pride,
Give him the Swan's white breast ; for his horn hoofs,
Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss
When Venus from th' enamoured sea arose ;
Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him ;
All alteration man could think would mar
His Pig perfection.

The last charge—he lives
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With noble and right reverend precedents,
And shew, by sanction of authority,
That 'tis a very honourable thing
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defence ;
The Pig is a philosopher, who knows
No prejudice. Dirt ? Jacob, what is dirt ?

If matter, why the delicate dish that tempts
 An o'ergorged Epicure to the last morsel,
 That stuffs him to the throat-gates is no more.
 If matter be not, but as Sages say,
 Spirit is all, and all things visible
 Are one, but to infinity modified,
 Think, Jacob, what that Pig is, and the mire
 Wherein he stands knee-deep.

And there! that breeze
 Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
 That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
 Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

SOUTHEY.

A SCHOOL FOR POLITENESS.

^a Once on a time, as I've heard say—
 (I neither know the year, nor day)
 The rain distill'd from many a cloud,
 The night was dark, the wind blew loud,
 A country Squire, without a guide,
 Where roads were bad, and heath was wide,
 Attended by his servant Jerry,
 Was travelling tow'rds the town of Bury
 The Squire had ne'er been bred in courts;
 But yet was held, as fame reports,
 Tho' he to wit made no pretence,
 A Squire of more than common sense.
 Jerry, who courage could not boast,
 Thought every sheep he saw a ghost;
^b And most devoutly pray'd, he might
 Escape the terrors of the night!
 As they approach'd the common's side,
 A peasant's cottage they espied;
 There, riding up, our weary Squire
 Held it most prudent to inquire,

^a The Narrative part of this Tale should be delivered in a *gay and lively* manner.

^b This requires a colouring of *mock Solemnity*.

- Being nothing less than wet to skin
 Where he might find a welcome inn.
^c "No inns there are," replied the clown,
 "Twixt this and yonder market town,
 Seven miles, north-west, across the heath,
 And wind and rain are in your teeth !
 But, if so be, Sir, you will go
 To yon old hall upon the brow,
 You'll find free entertainment there——
 Down beds, and rare Old English fare ;
 Of beef and mutton, fowl and fish,
 As good as any man can wish ;
 Warm stabling too, and corn and hay,
 Yet not a penny have to pay !
 'Tis true, Sir, I have heard it said,"——
^d And here he grinn'd and scratch'd his head——
 "The gentleman that keeps the house,
 Tho' ev'ry freedom he allows,
 And is o'er night, so woundy civil,
 You'd swear he never dreamt of evil ;
 Orders, next morn, his servant, John,
 With Cat-o'-nine-tails to lay on
 Full twenty strokes, most duly counted,
 On man and master, ere they're mounted !"
^e "With Cat-o'-nine-tails!——Oh!" cried Jerry,
 "That I were safe at Edmund's Bury"
 Our Squire spurr'd on as clown directed ;
 —This offer might not be rejected ;
 Poor Jerry's prayers could not dissuade :
 The Squire more curious than afraid,
 Arrives and rings. The footman runs ;
 The master, with his wife and sons,
 Descend the hall, and bid him enter ;
 Give him dry clothes, and beg he'll venture
 To take a glass of Cogniac brandy ;
 And he who hated words to bandy,

^c The supposed *rustic* dialect and manners of the peasant should be imitated.

^d Let the action be here suited to the word.

^e Jerry's *cowardly* fear should be strongly depicted by the countenance as well as expressed by the voice, though not unaccompanied with a touch of the ludicrous.

In idle compliment'ry speeches,
 The brandy took, and eke, the breeches.
 The liquor drunk, the garments changed,
 The family round the fire arranged,
 The mistress begg'd to know if he
 Chose coffee, chocolate, or tea ;
 The Squire replied, *sans* hesitation,
 Or teasing, trite expostulation——
 † “ A dish of coffee and a toast ! ”
 The mistress smiled : th' enraptur'd host,
 Cried——“ Sir, I like your frankness much !
 This house is yours ; pray think it such
 While here you stay ; 'tis my request,
 And you shall be a welcome guest.
Sans ceremony I would live,
 And what I have I freely give.”

Tea ended ; once again our host
 Demanded——“ Sir, of boil'd or roast,
 Fish, flesh, or fowl, do you prefer
 For supper ? ”——“ Why, indeed, good Sir,
 Roast duck I love.”——^h“ With good green peas ? ”
 “ Yes dearest madam, if you please ! ”
 “ Well said !——now while it's getting ready,
 We two, my eldest son, and lady,
 Will take a hand at whist ? ”——“ Agreed ! ”
 And soon they cut for deal and lead.

But, now to cramp my lengthen'd tale——
 Whether the Squire drank wine, or ale,
 Or how he slept, or what he said,
 Or how much gave to man or maid,
 Or what, the while, became of Jerry,
 'Mong footmen blithe and maidens merry ;
 Description here we can't admit——
 For “ Brevity's the soul of wit.”
 Suffice to say—the morn arrived ;
 Jerry, of senses half deprived,

† The tone and manner of the Gentleman are *easy* and *unembarrassed*.

§ The tone of voice of the Host should differ from that of the Visitor, and he should be made to evince the *open, friendly* manner inseparable from Old English Hospitality.

^h The lady's voice should be here mimicked.

Horses from stable saw led out ;
 Trembled, and skulk'd, and peer'd about ;
 And felt, already, every thwack
 Of cat-o'-nine tails on his back.
 Each word, each action, was a blunder :
 But O ! how great his joy and wonder !
 The stirrups held, the horses cross'd ;
 When forth the hostess and the host,
 With smiles instead of lashes smarting,
 Came out to take a cup at parting ;
 Bestowing a thousand welcomes on 'em
 Unfeign'd, for all the honour done 'em ;
 Of thanks, what language could afford ;
 Of cat-o'-nine-tails,—not one word.

Mutual civilities repaid,
 The Squire had turn'd his horse's head,
 To gallop off ; yet his desire
 Grew, every moment, high'r and high'r,
 While bidding thus his last adieu,
 To ask, if what he'd heard were true ;—
 For, not alone the clown had said
 The reckoning must in stripes be paid,
 But, one o' th' footmen,—whom he, slyly,
 O'er night, interrogated,—drily
 Confirm'd th' aforesaid peasant's tale ;
 And said, his master would not fail,
 Next morn, to bid, in furious passion,
 Strong John lay twenty times the lash on ;
 Determined then, to ease his doubt,
 E'en tho' it bred a flogging bout
 —Of that, howe'er, to be sincere,
 He was not very much in fear—
 Once more he turn'd his horse's head,
 And to his host thus smiling said—
 “ Last night, a peasant told me, here,
 As I have found, was noble cheer,
 But added, ere this morn I went,
 You'd drub me to my heart's content,
 Yet this you have not put in act ;
 Is it a fiction or a fact,
 After such kindness you've express'd
 You thus take leave of every guest ?

And how, if still a rule you've kept it,
Have I deserved to be excepted?"

"Sir," answer'd he, "'tis very true,
No stranger e'er went hence, but you,
Who bore not on his well carved bark,
Of cat-o'-nine-tails many a mark!
None yet deserved—or I'm mistaken—
That pity e'er should spare their bacon:
ⁱ A set of tiresome, troublesome knaves,
Of bowing, fawning, lying slaves!
If a man ask'd what they'd prefer—
^k "Oh! I love any thing, good Sir!"
"Would you choose coffee, Sir, or tea?"
"Dear Ma'am, its all the same to me!"
"For beef, or mutton, give your voice?"
"Upon my honour I've no choice!"
"There's Cheshire, Sir, and Glos'ter cheese;
Which shall I send you?" "Which you please!"
^l "Curse on their cringing complaisance
I've tutor'd some of them to dance
Such steps as they ne'er learned in France.
But you, good Sir, or I misdeem,
Deserve an honest man's esteem;
Your frankness, Sir, I call polite,
I never spent a happier night;
And whensoe'er this road you come,
I hope you'll make my house your home;
Nay, more; I likewise hope, henceforth,
To rank a man of so much worth
Among my friends."—"Sir," said the Squire,
"Tis what I ardently desire.
Not twenty miles from hence, my house,
At which your sons, yourself, and spouse
Shall find such hospitality,
As kindly you have shewn to me."

ⁱ This requires a *sneer of Contempt*.

^k The affected tone and manner of the reply must be mimicked throughout, and be made to contrast with the natural *openness and friendliness* of the Host and Hostess.

^l This should be uttered with a feeling of *warmth* approaching to *Anger*.

The bargain struck, our Squire and Jerry,
 Again proceed for town of Bury.
 And now the reader may, with ease,
 Extract this moral if he please—
 Politeness, cannot e'er become
 Impertinent and troublesome;
 His breeding good he soonest proves,
 Who soonest tells you what he loves;
 And who, in rapid eloquence,
 Their wordy compliments dispense,
 Have more servility than sense.

HOLCROFT.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

It chanced one day, so I've been told,
 (The story is not very old,)
 As Will and Tom, two servants able,
 Were waiting at their master's table,
 Tom brought a fine fat turkey in,
 The sumptuous dinner to begin:
 Then Will appear'd—superbly cook'd,
 A tongue upon the platter smoked;
 When, oh! sad fate! he struck the door,
 And tumbled flat upon the floor.
 The servants stared, the guests look'd down,
 When quick uprising with a frown,
 The master cried, "Sirrah! I say
 Begone, nor wait a single day,
 You stupid cur! you've spoiled the feast,
 How can another tongue be dress'd?"
 While thus the master storm'd and roar'd,
 Will, who with wit was somewhat stored,
 (For he by no means was a fool,
 Some Latin too he'd learnt at school.)
 Said, (thinking he might change disgrace
 For laughter, and thus save his place,)

^a This should be uttered with a *severe* look, and an *angry* tone of voice.

- b "Oh! call me not a stupid cur,
 'Twas but a *lapsus linguæ*, Sir."
 "A *lapsus linguæ*?" one guest cries,
 "A pun!" another straight replies.
 The joke was caught—the laugh went round—
 Nor could a serious face be found.
 The master, when the uproar ceased,
 Finding his guests were all well pleased,
 Forgave the servant's slippery feet,
 And quick revoked his former threat.
 Now Tom had all this time stood still,
 And heard the applause bestowed on Will;
 Delighted, he had seen the fun,
 Of what his comrade late had done,
 And thought, should he but do the same,
 An equal share of praise he'd claim.
 As soon as told the meat to fetch in,
 Bolted like lightning to the kitchen,
 And seizing there a leg of lamb,
 (I am not certain, perhaps 'twas ham,
 No matter which,) without delay,
 Off to the parlour march'd away,
 And stumbling as he turn'd him round,
 Twirl'd joint and dish upon the ground.
 For this my lord was ill-prepared;
 Again the astonish'd servants stared.
 Tom grinn'd—but seeing no one stir,
 c "Another *lapsus linguæ*, Sir!"
 Loud he exclaimed—no laugh was raised,
 No 'clever fellow's' wit was praised.
 Confounded, yet not knowing why
 His wit could not one laugh supply;
 And fearing lest he had mistook
 The words, again thus loudly spoke:
 (Thinking again it might be tried,)
 " 'Twas but a *lapsæ linguus*," cried.
 My lord, who long had quiet sat,
 Now clearly saw what he was at;

b Will's tone and manner should denote *humility* with a slight degree of *archness*.

c Tom's manner and utterance should be expressive of *Assurance*.

In wrath this warning loud he gave,—
 “When next thou triest, unletter’d knave,
 To give, as thine, another’s wit,
 Mind well thou know’st what’s meant by it;
 Nor let a *lapsus linguæ* slip
 From out thy pert assuming lip,
 Till well thou know’st thy stolen song,
 Nor think a leg of lamb, a tongue.”
 He said—and quickly from the floor,
 Straight kicked him thro’ the unlucky door.

MORAL.

Let each pert Coxcomb learn from this,
 True wit will never come amiss;
 But should a *borrow’d* plume appear,
 Derision’s always in the rear.

COOL REFLECTIONS DURING A MIDSUMMER’S WALK.*

Oh! spare me—spare me, Phœbus! if indeed
 Thou hast not let another Phæton
 Drive earthward thy fierce steeds and fiery car.
 Mercy! I melt! I melt! no tree, no bush,
 No shelter! not a breath of stirring air,
 East, West, or North, or South! dear god of day,
 Put on thy night-cap! crop thy locks of light,
 And be in the fashion! turn thy back upon us,
 And let thy beams flow upward! make it night,
 Instead of noon! one little miracle
 In pity, gentle Phœbus!

What a joy,

Oh, what a joy, to be a seal and flounder
 On an ice-island! or to have a den,
 With the white bear cavern’d in polar snow!

* To give effect to this piece, the Speaker should seem overcome with heat; he might occasionally walk gently about, and fan himself with his handkerchief, having his waistcoat somewhat open, and his shirt-collar rather loose. The rate of utterance should be in general rather quick, and the tone exclamatory, yet bordering on the ludicrous.

It were a comfort to shake hands with Death :
 He has a rare cold hand ! to wrap one's self
 In the gift-shirt Deianeira sent,
 Dipt in the blood of Nessus, just to keep
 The sun off : or toast cheese for Beelzebub ;
 That were a cool employment to this journey,
 Along a road whose white intensity
 Would now make platina uncongealable,
 Like quicksilver.

Were it midnight, I should walk
 Self-lantern'd, saturate with sunbeams. Jove !
 O gentle Jove ! have mercy, and once more
 Kick that obdurate Phœbus out of Heaven ;
 Give Boreas the wind-cholic, 'till he roars
 For cardamum, and drinks down peppermint,
 Making what's left as precious as Tokay.
 Send Mercury to salivate the sky
 'Till it dissolve in rain. O, gentle Jove !
 But some such little kindness to a wretch,
 Who feels his marrow spoiling his best coat ;
 Who swells with caloric, as if a Prester
 Had leaven'd every limb with poison'd yeast ;
 Lend me thy eagle just to flap his wings
 And fan me, and I will build temples to thee,
 And turn true Pagan.

Not a cloud nor breeze !—
 O you most heathen deities ! if ever
 My bones reach home, (for, for the flesh upon them,
 That hath resolved itself into a dew,)
 I shall have learnt owl wisdom. Thou vile Phœbus !
 Set me a Persian sun-idolator
 Upon this turnpike road, and I'll convert him,
 With no inquisitorial argument,
 But thy own fires.

Help me, O Jupiter ! my poor complexion !
 I'm made a copper Indian of already ;
 And if no kindly cloud will parasol me,
 My very cellular membrane will be changed,—
 I shall be negrofied.

A brook ! a brook !
 Oh, what a sweet cold sound !

"Tis very nectar !
It runs like life through every strengthen'd limb !
Nymph of the stream, now take a grateful prayer !
SOUTHEY.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.

A pupil of the Æsculapian school
Was just prepared to quit his master's rule :
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
But that he then had learnt it seven years.
Yet think not that in knowledge he was cheated—
All that he had to study still,
Was, when a man was well or ill,
And how, if sick, he should be treated.
One morn, he thus address'd his master :
a " Dear Sir, my honour'd father bids me say,
If I could now and then a visit pay,
He thinks with you,
To notice how you do,
My business I might learn a little faster."
b " The thought is happy," the preceptor cries ;
" A better method he could scarce devise ;
So Bob," (his pupil's name) " it shall be so,
And when I next pay visits, you shall go."
To bring that hour, alas ! time briskly fled :
With dire intent,
Away they went,
And now behold them at a patient's bed.
The master-doctor solemnly perused
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mused ;
Look'd wise, said nothing—an unerring way,
When people nothing have to say :
Then felt his pulse and smelt his cane,
And paused, and blink'd, and smelt again,

a The manner of the Apprentice should be *humble* and *submissive*.

b The Doctor's manner is here *grave* and *formal*.

And briefly of his *corps* perform'd each motion ;
 Manœuvres that for Death's platoon are meant :
 A kind of a Make-ready and Present !
 Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus address'd ;

^c " Madam, your husband's danger's great,
 And (what will never his complaint abate)
 The man's been eating oysters, I perceive."

^d " Dear ! you're a witch, I verily believe,"
 Madam replied, and to the truth confess'd.

Skill so prodigious Bobby too admired,
 And home returning of the Sage inquired

How these same oysters came into his head ?

^e " Psha ! my dear Bob, the thing was plain—
 Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain,
 I saw the shells lie underneath the bed."

So wise by such a lesson grown,
 Next day Bob ventured forth alone,

And to the self-same sufferer paid his court—
 But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
 Return'd the stripling minister of death,

And to his master made this dread report :

^f " Why, Sir, we ne'er can keep *that* patient under,
 Zounds ! such a maw I never came across !
 The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,
 For hang me if he has'nt eat a horse !"

" A horse !" the elder man of physic cried,
 As if he meant his pupil to deride—

^g " How came so wild a notion in your head ! "

" How ! think not in my duty I was idle ;
 Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,
 And there I saw *a saddle and a bridle* !"

^c This requires a considerable degree of *Gravity*, bordering on the ludicrous.

^d With a tone of *Amazement*.

^e In a *Condescending* manner.

^f *Astonishment* should be strongly depicted on the countenance.

^g With a *sneer of Contempt*.

HODGE AND THE VICAR.*

Hodge, a poor honest country lout,
Not over-stock'd with learning ;
Chanced on a Summer's eve to meet
The vicar, home returning.

"Ah ! master Hodge," the vicar cried,
"What still as wise as ever ?
The people in the village say
That you are wond'rous clever."

"Why, measter parson, as to that
I beg you'll right conceive me ;
I do na brag, but yet I knaw
A thing or two, believe me."

"We'll try your skill," the parson cried,
"For learning what digestion :
And this you'll prove or right or wrong,
By solving me a question."

"Noah, of old, three babies had,
Or grown-up children rather :
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called :—
Now who was Japhet's father ?"

"Rat it !" cried Hodge, and scratched his head,
"That does my wits belabour :
But howsome'de'er, I'll homeward run,
And ax old Giles my neighbour."

To Giles he went and put the case,
With circumspect intention :

"Thou fool," cried Giles, "I'll make it clear
To thy dull comprehension."

"Three children has Tom Long, the smith,
Or cattle-doctor rather ;
Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are called :
Now who is Harry's father ?"

* In this piece the Vicar is kind, condescending, and gentlemanly ; Hodge is awkward and clownish, with a strong rustic dialect, while Giles is a plain spoken man.

"Adzooks, I have it," Hodge replied,
 "Right well I know your lingo;
 Who's Harry's father?—stop—here goes,—
 Why Tom Long Smith by jingo."

Away he ran to find the priest,
 With all his might and main;
 Who with good humour instant put
 The question once again.

"Noah of old three babies had,
 Or grown up children rather;
 Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called:
 Now who was Japhet's father?"

"I have it now," Hodge grinning cried,
 "I'll answer like a Proctor;
 Who's Japhet's father? now I know;
 Why Long Tom Smith, the Doctor."

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.*

At Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling.
 Trinity College, Cambridge,—there resided
 One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
 In all the learning commonly provided
 For those who choose that classic station
 For finishing their education:
 That is—he understood computing
 The odds at any race or match;
 Was a dead hand at pigeon shooting;
 Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—
 Play truant and the rake at random—
 Drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem.
 Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
 So far from working reformation,

* The tone and manner of the Narrator should be *lively and humorous*. The Porter may be supposed to be a *gruff* old man, with a *thick* voice, while the Collegian is a *gay* youth, fond of tricks and merriment; but while endeavouring to attain his object, uses a *supplicatory, insinuating manner*.

Seem'd but to make his lapses greater,
Till he was warn'd that next offence
Would have this certain consequence——
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
To guess that with so wild a wight,
The next offence occur'd next night;
When our Incurable came rolling
Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the College bell.—No answer.—

The second peal was vain—the third
Made the street echo its alarum;
When to his great delight he heard
The sordid Janitor, old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den.
“Who's there?—I s'pose young Haram-scarum.”
“'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry.”
“Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry,
'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed—
You know my orders—I shall lose
My place if I undo the door.”——
“And I,” (young Hopeful interposed,)
“Shall be expell'd if you refuse,
So pr'ythee”——Ben began to snore.——
“I'm wet,” cried Harry, “to the skin,
Hip! hallo! Ben—don't be a ninney;
Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
So tumble out and let me in.”

“Humph!” growl'd the greedy old Curmudgeon,
Half overjoy'd and half in dudgeon,
“Now you may pass, but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk and hold your prate.”——
“Look on the stones, old Cerberus,”
Cried Harry as he pass'd the gate,
“I've dropp'd a shilling—take the light,
You'll find it just outside——good night.”

Behold the porter in his shirt,
Cursing the rain which never stopp'd,
Groping and raking in the dirt,

And all without success ; but that
 Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
 Because no shilling had been dropp'd,
 So he gave o'er the search at last,
 Regain'd the door, and found it fast ;——
 With sundry oaths and growls and groans,
 He rang once—twice—and thrice, and then,
 Mingled with giggling heard the tones
 Of Harry mimicking old Ben.——
 "Who's there ?——" 'Tis really a disgrace
 To ring so loud——I've lock'd the gate——
 I know my duty——'Tis too late——
 You wouldn't have me lose my place."

"Psha! Mr. Dashington : remember,
 This is the middlle of November.
 I'm stripp'd ;——'tis raining cats and dogs."
 "Hush, hush!" quoth Hal, "I'm fast asleep ;"
 And then he snored as loud and deep
 As a whole company of hogs.
 "But hark'ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
 At the same rate I paid myself."
 "Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
 Replied the avaricious elf.
 "No : all or none——a full acquittance ;
 The terms I know are somewhat high ;
 But you have fix'd the price, not I——
 I won't take less ;——I can't afford it."
 So finding all his haggling vain,
 Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
 Drew out the guinea and restored it.

"Surely you'll give me," growl'd th' outwitted
 Porter, when again admitted,
 "Something, now you've done your joking,
 For all this trouble, time, and soaking."
 "Oh, surely—surely," Harry said ;
 "Since as you urge, I broke your rest,
 And you're half drown'd and quite undress'd,
 I'll give you——leave to go to bed."

WILL WADDLE.*

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "*Lodgings to Let*:" stare him full in the face:
Some are good, and *let* dearly, while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear and so bad, they are best *let alone*.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took *single gentlemen only*!
But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a tun,
Or like two *single gentlemen* roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated;
And though *heavy* to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means *heavy* to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next—and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
Week pass'd after week, 'till by *weekly* succession,
His *weakly* condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him,
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him:
He sent for a doctor and cried like a ninny,
"I've lost many *pounds*—make me well—there's a *guinea*."

The doctor look'd wise:—"a slow fever," he said,
Prescribed *sudorifics*, and going to bed.

"*Sudorifics in bed!*" exclaim'd Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kick'd out the doctor, but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't *always* succeed,
So calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?"

"Look'e landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first *took me in*;
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very *hot*, that I'm sure I caught *cold*."

* Will's manner is *gay*, with a degree of *archness*; the Doctor is of course *grave*, and the Baker *respectful*. The *puns* require a particularly *emphatic* mode of delivery to produce proper effect.

And all without success ; but that
Is hardly to be wonder'd at,

Because no shilling had been dropp'd,
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door, and found it fast ;——
With sundry oaths and growls and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice, and then,
Mingled with giggling heard the tones
Of Harry mimicking old Ben.—
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And though *heavy* to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means *heavy* to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next—and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
Week pass'd after week, 'till by *weekly* succession,
His *weakly* condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him,
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him:
He sent for a doctor and cried like a ninny,
"I've lost many *pounds*—make me well—there's a *guinea*."

The doctor look'd wise:—"a slow fever," he said,
Prescribed *sudorifics*, and going *to bed*.

"*Sudorifics in bed*!" exclaim'd Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kick'd out the doctor, but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't *always* succeed,
So calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?"

"Look'e landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first *took me in*;
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very *hot*, that I'm sure I caught *cold*."

* Will's manner is *gay*, with a degree of *archness*; the Doctor is of course *grave*, and the Baker *respectful*. The *puns* require a particularly *emphatic* mode of delivery to produce proper effect.

Quoth the landlord—"Till now I ne'er had a dispute,
I've let lodgings ten years—I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven,
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven !!!" says Will—says the host, "Why this
passion,
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion,!
Why so *crusty*—good Sir?"—"Zounds!" cries Will,
in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be *crusty* with half a year's baking?"
Will paid for his rooms.—Cried the host with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year."
"Friend, we can't well agree—yet no quarrel," Will said,
"But I'd rather not *perish* while you *make your bread*."

COLMAN.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND HIS ASS.*

A country fellow and his son, they tell
In modern fables, had an ass to sell:
For this intent they turn'd it out to play,
And fed so well, that by the destined day,
They brought the creature into sleek repair,
And drove it gently to a neigh'ring fair.
As they were jogging on, a rural class
Was heard to say, "Look! look there at that ass!
And those two blockheads, trudging on each side,
That have not either of them sense to ride;
Asses all three!" and thus the country folks
On man and boy began to cut their jokes.
Th' old fellow minded nothing that they said,
But ev'ry word stuck in the young one's head;
And thus began their comment thereupon:
"Ne'er heed 'em lad." "Nay, father, do get on;"
"Not I indeed." "Why then let me, I pray;"
"Well do: and see what prating tongues will say."

* The characters in this piece being all countrymen, have a rustic dialect, but the tone of each should be made to differ. The shrill childish voice of the boy should be made to contrast with the rough voice of his father.

The boy was mounted; and they had not got
Much farther on, before another knot.
Just as the ass was pacing by, pad, pad,
Cried, "O! that lazy looby of a lad!
How unconcernedly the gaping brute
Lets his poor aged father walk a-foot!"

Down came the son, on hearing this account,
And begg'd and pray'd, and made his father mount:
'Till a third party, on a farther stretch,
"See! see!" exclaim'd, "that old hard-hearted
wretch!

How like a justice there he sits, or squire,
While the poor lad keeps wading thro' the mire."

"Stop," cried the lad, still deeper vex'd in mind,
"Stop! father, stop! let me get up behind."
This done, they thought they certainly should please,
Escape reproaches, and be both at ease;
For having tried each practicable way,
What could be left for jokers now to say?

Still disappointed by succeeding tone,
"Hark ye, you fellows! Is that ass your own?
Get off; for shame! or one of you at least,
You both deserve to carry the poor beast,
Ready to drop down upon the road
With such a huge unconscionable load."

On this they both dismounted; and some say
Contrived to carry, like a truss of hay,
The ass between 'em; prints, they add, are seen,
With man and lad, slinging the ass between!
Others omit that fancy in the print,
As overstraining an ingenious hint.

The copy that we follow, says, the man
Rubb'd down the ass, and took to his first plan;
Walk'd to the fair, and sold him, got his price,
And gave his son this pertinent advice:—
"Let talkers talk: stick thou to what is best;
To think of pleasing all is but a jest."

SELECT EXTRACTS
FOR
READING OR RECITATION.

THE DESCENT FROM PARAN.

Wrapt in the blaze of bright surrounding flame,
From Paran's lofty brow the Almighty came :
All heav'n with terror view'd his rising frown,
His dazzling eyes with living splendour shone;
Blazed the blue arch, th' eternal portals glow !
Each rocking mountain bow'd and groan'd below !
A troop of ghastly phantoms strode before,
Blue blasting Plague, and War that floats in gore ;
Loud Fury, roaring with tumultuous cries,
And Frantic Pain, that tears her burning eyes :
Revenge, that boils like some tumultuous flood ;
Grief that consumes, and Rage that weeps in blood.
On Judah's broad domain he cast his view ;
His eyes all radiant, piercing as he flew !
Then mark'd its bound, and at one stern command,
Th' affrighted nations shook, and swept them from the land.

Then heav'n-bred terror seized on every soul,
And rock'd the labouring earth from pole to pole ;
Creation totter'd at the dreadful sound ;
Groan'd all the hills ! and burst the solid ground !
The sweeping winds each tow'ring mountain bear
Full on their wings and whirl them in the air ;
On Cushan's tents he aim'd a fearful blow,
And Midian trembled at th' Almighty foe.
He call'd the deep :— its tumbling waves obey ;
Th' astonished floods roll back to make him way !
Whence rose his ire ? Did ere the flood displease
Its God ? or raged his fury on the seas ?

When Israel's wondering host Jehovah led,
 Why shrunk the backward rivers to their head ?
 Why roar'd the ocean from its inmost caves ?
 What arm repress'd and froze the boiling waves ?
 O'er its broad bosom heaven's ETERNAL rode,
 The waves divide before th' advancing God !
 In heaps the cleaving billows lay o'erthrown,
 He stopp'd their course and touch'd them into stone.

Lo ! where he comes !——descending from afar,
 In all the pomp of desolating war !
 His cloudy brow with frowning vengeance frowns,
 And bursting round the forked thunder roars.
 See, his red arm unsheaths the shining spear ;
 The glittering blade hangs naked in the air !
 It rends the rock :—from all its gushing veins
 A swelling deluge bursts and pours along the plains.
 Hark ! he commands :—obedient to his will
 The pale moon quakes ;—th' arrested Sun stands still ;
 Earth hears and shakes, devouring tempests rise,
 Thick clouds and whirlwinds blacken all the skies ;
 Tremble the poles !—in wild confusion thrown,
 Sink the steep hills——th' eternal mountains groan.

OGILVIE

WHAT IS TIME ?

I ask'd an aged man, a man of cares,
 Wrinkled and curved and white with hoary hairs ;
 —“Time is the warp of life,” he said ; “Oh tell
 The young, the gay, the fair, to weave it well !”

I ask'd the ancient, venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote and warriors who bled ;—
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd—
 “Time sow'd the seed we reap in this abode !”

I ask'd a dying sinner ere the tide
 Of life had left his veins——“Time !” he replied,
 “I've lost it ! oh the treasure !” and he died.

I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright Chronometers of days and years :
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,—
And bade us for eternity prepare."

I ask'd the seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground ;
And they replied (no oracle more wise)
" 'Tis folly's blank and wisdom's highest prize."

I ask'd a spirit lost—but oh ! the shriek
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak :
It cried, "a particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite."

Of things inanimate my dial I
Consulted and it made me this reply ;
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory or the path of Hell."

I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
Time is the present hour ; the past is fled :
Live, live to day ! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set.

I ask'd old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past,
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I ask'd the mighty Angel who shall stand
One foot on Sea, and one on solid land :
"By heavens !" he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er.
Time was," he cried, "but *Time* SHALL BE *no more*."

THE BENDED BOW.

It is supposed that War was anciently proclaimed in Britain by messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bent* bow ; and that Peace was in like manner announced by a bow *unstrung*, and therefore *straight*.

There was heard the sound of the coming foe,
There was sent thro' Britain a bended bow,
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

' Heard ye not the battle horn ?
Reaper ! leave thy golden corn !
Leave it for the birds of Heaven,
Swords must flash and shields be riven !
Leave it for the winds to shed——
Arm ! ere Britain's turf grows red ! "

And the reaper arm'd like a foeman's son,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

" Hunter ! leave the mountain chase,
Take the falchion from its place !
Let the wolf go free to day,
Leave him for a nobler prey !
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by——
Arm thee ! Britain's foes are nigh ! "

And the hunter arm'd ere his chase was done,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

" Chieftain ! quit the joyous feast,
Stay not 'till the song hath ceased !
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,
Leave the hearth and leave the hall——
Arm thee ! Britain's foe must fall ! "

And the Chieftain arm'd and the horn was blown,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

" Prince ! thy father's deeds are told,
In the bower and in the hold !
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung !
—Foes are on thy native sea——
Give our bards a tale of thee ! "

And the Prince came arm'd like a leader's son,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

" Mother ! stay thou not thy boy !
He must learn the battle's joy ;
Sister ! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer !
Maiden ! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart ! "

And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on,
And the bards made song for a battle won.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE NATIVITY.

For thou wer't born of woman ! thou didst come,
O Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array ;
 And not by thunder strew'd
 Was thy tempestuous road ;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
 But thee a soft and naked child,
 Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
 From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high ;
 A single silent star
 Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky ;
 The Eastern sages leading on,
 As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
 Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
 From all the cherub choirs,
 And seraph's burning lyres
Pour'd through the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
 One angel troop the strain began,
 Of all the race of man,
By simple shepherds heard alone
 That soft Hosannah's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came ;
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping plumes ;
 Nor did'st thou mount on high
 From fatal Calvary,
With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their tombs :

For thou did'st bear away from earth,
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake,
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done,
A few dim hours of day,
The world in darkness lay,
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun.
While thou did'st sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom,
Ere yet the white robed Angels shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou did'st arise, thou did'st not stand
With devastation in thy red right-hand,
Plaguering the guilty city's murth'rous crew ;
But thou did'st haste to meet,
The mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few ;
Then calmly, slowly, did'st thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

MILMAN.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

Fair nature smiled in all her bowers,
But man, the master-work of God,
Unconscious of his latent powers,
The tangled forest trod :
Without a hope, without an aim,
Beyond the sloth's, the tiger's life,
His only pleasure, sleep or strife,—
And war his only fame.
Furious alike and causeless beamed
His lasting hate, his transient love ;
And even the mother's fondness seemed
The instinct of the dove.

The mental world was wrapp'd in night ;
 Though some the diamond's of the mine,
 Burst through the shrouding gloom to shine
 With self-emitted light.

But see the glorious dawn unfold
 The brightest day that lurks behind !
 The march of armies may be told,
 But not the *march of mind*.
 Instruction ! child of Heaven and Earth,
 As heat expands the vernal flower,
 So wisdom, goodness, freedom, power,
 From *thee* derive their birth.
 From *thee*, all mortal bliss we draw ;
 From *thee*, religion's blessed fruit ;
 From thee, the good of social law
 And man redeemed from brute.
 From thee, all ties to virtue dear,
 The father's, brother's, husband's name ;
 From thee, the sweet and holy fame
 That never cost a tear.

Oh ! breathe thy soul along the gale,
 That Britons still in generous strife,
 Knowledge and freedom may inhale,—
 The mingled breath of life !
 So shall they share what they possess,
 And show to distant worlds thy charms ;
 Wisdom and peace their only arms,
 Their only aim to bless.

MISS MITFORD.

TRUE FREEDOM.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves besides. There's not a chain
 That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Sampson his green withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of Nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—My Father made them all.
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd and built, and still upholds a world,
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find,
In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman; free by birth,
Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea,
With all his foaming multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state,
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine:
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
Thine eyes shall be instructed, and thine heart
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them : or recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate, heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it and admires, but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise
But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well-pleased to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touched from Heaven,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world.
Fair as it is, existed ere it was :
Nor for his own sake merely, but for his
Much more he fashion'd it, who gives it praise ;
Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledg'd Sov'reign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees him, or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things, what with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, 'till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heav'nly light gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and in the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heav'n, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference ; inquires what strains were they
With which Heav'n rang, when ev'ry star, in haste
To congratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy—" Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly, scenes invisible to man ;
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet

Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
Favour'd as ours, transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
And to possess a brighter heav'n than yours.
As one, who long detain'd on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleached and batter'd rocks
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beaming fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that infused from Heav'n must thither tend."

COWPER.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our earthly state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death deals alike with slaves and kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds.

All heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust. SHIRLEY.

SARDANAPALUS PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

Meantime,
 Within the gorgeous chamber of the King,
 Stood Salamenes, in his startled ear
 The tale of treason pouring. From his bed
 Upsprang the monarch. "Bring my arms"—he cried;
 "I will myself go forth and trample them
 Beneath my horses, and my chariot wheels:
 Bring me my arms. What! think they we are lost?
 Or dead? or helpless? Let the priest be called,—
 He shall consult the Gods. They think us quench'd,
 Because we have our regal splendour hid
 From vulgar eyes; but they shall find our blaze
 Too dazzling for their own. We have been wrong
 To let our power sleep. The thundering God
 Himself would be derided, did he leave
 The lightnings slumbering in his idle hands.
 But we are waked and let them dread the bolts."

* * * * *

All save the head, in dazzling armour clad,
 The Monarch stood: but, when the helm they brought,
 Aside he put it, and bade fetch the crown.
 Then placing on his brow the golden round,
 Burning with gems, "The soldiers shall this day
 Their King behold; but, in the chariot place
 My helmet for the battle; and my spear,
 My bow and quiver; for, by Nimrod's shade!
 The foremost in the bloody chace I'll be."

Upon the Monarch Salamenes gazed,
 Admiring: then, as round his loins he girt
 The falchion, sheathed as in one blazing gem,
 With belt gem-starr'd: "Oh! hadst thou ever thus
 Been what the gods designed thee——"

But his words
The King broke short ; " Hold—hold—I know the rest—
That which I am I am—Bring wine—one draught
To take the weight from these uncustomed arms—
Then to the field."

He said, and drained the cup :
Yet, ere he went, made pause, and in his heart
Thus communed : " To the battle many speed
Who never must return ! Shall I not see
My children ere I leave them ?—To my queen
One word of kindness speak ? perhaps my last !
And the gay partners of my midnight joys,
Shall I not give to them one parting smile,
And bid them think of me when—fool ! fool ! fool !
They love thee not, and would but mock at thee.—
On to the field !—who are not slain shall live,—
And they who die will rest and nothing know."

He said, and down the massive marble stairs
Strode in his clanking arms. The chariot stood,
Bright as a flame before the brazen gate
Awaiting him : and at each horse's head,
A warrior armed, that with the impatient steed
Struggled for mastery. As to the seat
The monarch sprang, lo ! with her youngest child,
The Queen Atossa from another gate
Came forth, and knew him not, and turned again.
The king beheld, and to himself thus said :
" She scorns me ever—yet this day methinks
I have not ill deserved : but woman's mind
Is past even rule of monarchs—let her go !"
He said : then caught the golden-studded reins,
And in the chariot leaped. A lower seat
Within the car to Salamenes then
He pointed, and the snorting steeds let go.

Beyond the palace walls a bright array
Of chariots stood, and horsemen by their steeds ;
Awaiting till the long eclipsed sun
Of royalty from out his secret shrine
Should blaze within the portal, and come forth
To dazzle mortal eyes.

He comes at length :—

The thickening thunder of his wheels is heard : —
Upon their hinges roaring open fly
The brazen gates : sounds then the tramp of hoofs,
And lo ! the gorgeous pageant, like the sun,
Flares on their startled eyes. Four snow-white steeds,
In golden trappings, barbed all in gold,
Spring thro' the gate ; the lofty chariot then
Of ebony, with gold and gems thick strown,
Even like the starry night. The spokes were gold,
With fellies of strong brass : the naves were brass,
With burnish'd gold overlaid, and diamond-rimm'd ;
Steel were the axles, in bright silver cased ;
The pole was cased in silver ; high aloft
Like a rich throne the gorgeous seat was framed ;
Of ivory part, part silver, and part gold :
On either side a golden statue stood :
Upon the right, and on a throne of gold,
Great Belus, of the Assyrian empire first,
And worshipp'd as a God ; but on the left,
In a resplendent car by lions drawn,
A goddess : on her head a tower ; and, round,
Celestial glory : this the deity
Whom most the monarch worship't ; she whom, since,
Astarte or Derceto men have named,
And Venus, queen of love. Around her waist
A girdle, glittering with all radiant gems,
Seemed heaving to her reath. Behind the car,
Full in the centre, on the ebon ground,
Flamed forth a diamond sun ; on either side
A horned moon of diamonds ; and, beyond,
The planets, each one blazing diamond.
Such was the chariot of the King of kings.

Himself in dazzling armour stands aloft
And rules the fiery steeds. His shield of gold,
His spear, his helm, his bow and quiver hang
Within the roomy car. Thus, like a God,
From forth the gates he comes,—and every knee
Bends to the ground, and every voice cries out,
“ Long live Sardanapalus, King of kings !
May the King live for ever ! ” Thrice he smiles,
And waves his hand to all ; and thrice the shouts

To heaven go up. Then on his starting horse
 Springs every rider ; every charioteer
 Leaps to his car ; and through the sounding streets
 The pageant flames, and on the dusty plain
 Pours forth : and evermore from street to street,
 Runs on the cry, " The King, the King comes forth !
 The King of kings in his war chariot comes !
 Long live Sardanapalus King of kings !
 May the King live for ever !"

To the walls
 The cry flies on,—they hear it on the plains,—
 The plains cry out,—they hear it in the heavens.
 On through the bowing host the Monarch drives ;
 High over all conspicuous, the bright crown,
 Like an ethereal fire, through all the field
 Flashing perpetual light. From rank to rank,
 From nation unto nation goes he on ;
 And still all knees are bent, all voices raised
 As to a Deity.

Then swells his breast
 With glory, and with shame, and high resolve ;—
 With glory of his pomp and power,—with shame
 For years of sloth and guilt,—with high resolve
 For his whole life to come.

ATHERSTONE'S FALL OF NINEVEH.

THE CURTIUS AND THE RUSSELL.

In the proud Forum's central space
 Earth yawn'd—a gulf profound !
 And there, with awe on every face,
 Rome's bravest gather'd round ;
 Each seeming, yet with startled ear,
 The oracle's dread voice to hear.
 Young CURTIUS on his war-horse sprung,
 Mid plaudits deep—not loud,
 For admiration check'd each tongue
 In all the circling crowd :—
 He gave his noble steed the rein—
 Earth's closing gulf entomb'd the twain !

Grant that the deed, if ever done,
 Was chivalrous, and bold ;
 A loftier and a nobler one
Our history can unfold :
 Nor shall our heroine, meekly calm,
 To Rome's proud hero yield the palm.
 The RUSSELL* stood beside her lord
 When evil tongues were rife ;
 And perjury, with voice abhorr'd,
 Assail'd his fame and life :—
 She stood there in the darkest hour
 Of Tyranny's and Faction's power.
 No stern oracular behest
 Her gentle courage gave ;
 No plaudits, utter'd or suppress'd,
 Could she expect or crave ;
 Duty alone her Delphic shrine,
 The only praise she sought—divine.
 She sate at Guilt's tribunal bar
 In virtue's noblest guise :
 Like a sweet brightly shining star
 In night's unclouded skies :
 Still in that scene of hopeless strife,
 Southampton's daughter, Russell's wife !
 Fearless in love, in goodness great,
 She rose—her lord to aid ;
 And well might he intrust his fate
 To one so undismayed,
 Asking with fond and grateful pride
 No help but that *her* love supplied.
 Her's was no briefly daring mood,
 Spent on one fearful deed !
 The gentle courage of the good
 More lasting worth can plead ;
 And hers made bright in after years
 The mother's toils, the widow's tears.

* *Lord Russell*.—May I have somebody to write to help my men
Mr. Attorney General.—Yes, a servant.

Lord Chief Justice.—Any of your servants shall assist you in w
 any thing you please for you.

Lord Russell.—My *WIFE* is here, my lord, to do it.

Woman of meek yet fearless soul !
Thy memory aye shall live ;
Nor soon shall history's varied scroll
A name more glorious give :—
What English heart but feels its claim
Far, far beyond the Roman's fame ?

BERNARD BARTON.

A RETROSPECT OF THE LAST DAY.

In custom'd glory bright, that morn the Sun
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,
And joy ; and seem'd as full of youth, and strong
To mount the steep of heaven as when the stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night
Fled from his face. The spacious sky received
Him blushing as a bride, when on her looks
The bridegroom ; and spread out beneath his eye,
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the Dews
That all night long had wept his absence, flew ;
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlock'd,
And gave the wanton breeze that, newly woke,
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health.
A thousand grateful smells ; the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night ; and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song from arbour'd tower, the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymn'd on high.
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herds rejoiced ; and light of heart, the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she pass'd,
Not heedless though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change. All nature moved
In wonted harmony. Men, as they met,
In morning salutation, praised the day,
And talked of common things. The husbandman
Prepared the soil, and silver-tongued Hope
Promised another harvest. In the streets,
Each wishing to make profit of his neighbour,

Merchants assembling spoke of trying times,
Of bankruptcies, and markets glutted full;
Or, crowding to the beach, where to their ear,
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise
Uncouth of trade's rough sons, made music sweet,
Elate with certain gain,—beheld the bark,
Expected long, enriched with other climes,
Into the harbour safely steer; or saw
Parting with many a weeping farewell sad,
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge,
The rich-laden carack, bound to distant shore,
And hopefully talked of her coming back
With richer freights; or sitting at the desk,
In calculation deep and intricate
Of loss and profit balancing, relieved,
At intervals, the irksome task, with thoughts
Of future ease, retired in villa snug.

With subtle look, amid his parchments sat
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for court
To meet at mid-day. On his weary couch,
Fat Luxury sick of the night's debauch,
Lay groaning, fretful at th'obtrusive beam,
That through his lattice peep'd derisively.
The restless miser had begun again
To count his heaps. Before her toilet stood
The fair, and, as with guileful skill she deck'd
Her loveliness, thought of the coming ball,
New lovers, or the sweeter nuptial night;
And evil men of desperate, lawless life,
By oath of deep damnation leagued to ill;
Remorselessly, fled from the face of day,
Against the innocent their counsel held,
Plotting unpardonable deeds of blood,
And villanies of fearful magnitude.
Despots secured behind a thousand bolts,
The workmanship of fear, forged chains for man;
Senates were meeting, statesmen loudly talked
Of national resources, war and peace,
And sagely balanced empires soon to end;
And faction's jaded minions, by the page
Paid for abuse and oft repeated lies,
In daily prints, the thoroughfare of news,

For party schemes made interest, under cloak
Of liberty, and right, and public weal.
In holy conclave, bishops spoke of tithes,
And of the awful wickedness of men ;
Intoxicate, with sceptres, diadems,
And universal rule and panting hard
For fame, heroes were leading on the brave
To battle. Men in science deeply read,
And academic theory, foretold
Improvements vast ; and learned sceptics proved
That each should with eternity endure—
Concluding madly that there was no God.

No sign of change appeared : to every man
That day seemed as the past. From noontide path
The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all
Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure :
When suddenly, alas fair Earth ! the sun
Was wrapped in darkness, and his beams returned
Up to the throne of God, and over all
The earth came night—moonless and starless night !
Nature stood still. The seas and rivers stood ;
And all the winds ; and every living thing.
The cataract, that like a giant wroth,
Rushed down impetuously, as seized, at once,
By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
Stood still, and beasts of every kind stood still.
A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone !
Hope died in every breast, and on all men
Came fear and trembling. None to his neighbour spoke.
Husband thought not of wife, nor of her child
The mother, nor friend of friend, nor foe of foe.
In horrible suspense all mortals stood ;
And as they stood and listen'd, chariots were heard
Rolling in heaven. Revealed in flaming fire,
The angel of God appeared in stature vast,
Blazing, and lifting up his hand on high,
By him that lives for ever, swore, that " Time
Should be no more ! " Throughout, creation heard
And sighed---All rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods,
Desponding waste and cultivated vale,
Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,

Sighed. Earth arrested in her wonted path,
 As ox, struck by the lifted axe, when nought
 Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.
 An universal crash was heard, as if
 The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark
 Foundations failed : and deadly paleness sat
 On every face of man ; and every heart
 Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.
 None spoke, none stirr'd, none wept : for horror held
 All motionless, and fetter'd every tongue.
 Again, on all the nations silence fell :
 And in the heavens robed in excessive light,
 That drove the thick of darkness far aside,
 And walked with penetration keen, through all
 The abodes of men, another angel stood,
 And blew the trump of God : Awake, ye dead !
 Be changed, ye living, and put on the garb
 Of immortality ! Awake ! arise !
 The God of Judgment comes !

* * * * *

Thus comes the day,
 The day that many thought should never come,
 That all the wicked wished should never come,
 Day greatly feared, and yet too little feared
 By him who feared it most ;—
 Day of eternal gain for worldly loss ;
 Day of eternal loss for worldly gain ;
 Great day of terror, vengeance, woe, despair ;
 Revealer of all secrets, thoughts, desires ;
 Rein-trying, heart-investigating day,
 That stood between Eternity and Time,
 Reviewed all past, determined all to come,
 And bound all destinies for evermore !

“ As ye have sown, so shall ye reap this day ! ”

POLLOCK.

THE BATTLE HYMN.

(FROM THE CANTATA BY BACH.)

Father of earth and heaven! I call thy name,
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
Mine eyes are dazzled with the rushing flame;
Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul!
Or life or death whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour;
Thou know'st if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lour
On my young fame! O hear, God of eternal power!
God thou art merciful!—the wintry storm,
The cloud that pours its thunder from its womb,
But shew the sterner grandeur of thy form;
The lightnings glancing thro' the midnight gloom,
To faith's raised eye, as calm as lovely come,
As splendours of the autumnal evening star,
As roses shaken by the breezes plume,
When like cool incense comes the dewy air,
And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar.
God, thou art mighty!—at thy footstool bound
Lie gazing on thee, chance, and life, and death;
Nor in the angel-circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath;
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath,
Woe in thy frown—in thy smile, victory!
Hear my last prayer! I ask no mortal wreath;
Let but these eyes my country rescued see,
Then take my spirit, O Omnipotent to thee!
Now for the fight! now for the cannon peal!
Forward—thro' blood and toil, and cloud and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire;
They shake like broken waves, the squares retire;
On them, Hussars! now give the rein and heel—
Think of the orphan'd child, the murder'd sire,
Each cries for blood,—in thunder on them wheel,
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph seal.

CRESCENTIUS.

CRESCENTIUS was Consul of Rome, A.D. 385: he made a rigorous attempt to deliv-
his native country from the tyranny of the Sacro Emperors, but having been induced
surrender through a promise of safety, he was most perfidiously executed.

I look'd upon his brow ;—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there ;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine,
As even o'er despair
He had a power ; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that Death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.
He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
He rais'd them haughtily ;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now ;
Around he look'd, with changeless brow,
On many a torture nigh,—
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.
I saw him once before ; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate were of gold,
And graced with many a dent, that told
Of many a soldier's deed ;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow plume on the gale.
But now he stood ; chain'd and alone,
The headsman by his side ;
The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;
The sword that had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near,
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride ;
And never King or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the temptation's stroke
With an unbroken awe;
A wild shout from the hundred throng
Who throng'd to see him die.
It was a people's shout of shame,
The voice of anger and of shame—
A nation's funeral dirge—
Rome's wall above her only son,
Her patriot, and her latest one.

THE COURT

"In the following extract from the Los Angeles Times of the 1st of July, 1900, is an account of an expedition from Los Angeles, California, to the border of Mexico, to arrest Godwin and Edmund, was without success. The expedition was organized by the Los Angeles Police Department, and was led by the Chief of Police, James H. G. [?]. The expedition was composed of a large number of men, and was equipped with arms to enforce the badge of California."

- I regret it very much

Our gallant vessel rode—around the mast
Emblazon'd shields were ranged—but banner none
Shook as the north-east rose—nor flag that wave
More ardent God was my brave brother's blood
And milder Edmund, on whose helmet arm
I hung, when the white waves burst in foam
And parted.—The broad banner, in full length,
Stream'd out its folds, on which the Saxon horse
Ramp'd, as impatient of the sand to tread
To which the winds still bore a burning sign
Whilst the red cross, on the frons of the knight,
The hoar deep crimson set.

Wages, *ibid.* 247.

Bear us as cheerily, till white Albion's cliffs
Resound to our triumphant shouts; till there,
On his own Tow'r, that frowns above the Thames,
Ev'n there we plant these banners and this cross.
And stamp the Conqueror and his Crown to dust !
They would have kept me on a foreign shore,
But could I leave my brothers ? I with them
Grew up, with them I left my native land,
With them all perils have I braved, of sea,
Or war, all storms of hard adversity :
Let death betide, I reck not ; all I ask,

Is yet, once more in this sad world, to kneel
Upon my Father's grave, and kiss the earth.—
When the morning gleam'd along the deep,
'England, Old England!' burst the general cry:
'England, Old England!' Every eye intent,
Was turn'd; and Godwin pointed with his sword
To Flamborough, pale rising o'er the surge:
'Nearer into the kingdom's heart bear on
The death-storm of our vengeance!' Godwin cried.
Soon, like a cloud, the Northern Foreland rose—
Know ye those cliffs, tow'ring in giant state?
But hark! along the shores alarum-bells
Ring out more loud—trump answers trump—the sword
Of hurrying horsemen, and projected spears,
Flash to the sun—On yonder castle walls
A thousand bows are bent. Again, our course
Back to the north is turn'd. Now twilight veiled
The sinking sands of Yarmouth, and we heard
A long deep toll from many a village tow'r
On shore—and lo! the scatter'd in-land lights,
That sprinkled, winding ocean's lowly verge,
At once are lost in darkness—'God in Heaven,
It is the Curfew!' Godwin cried, and smote
His forehead. We all heard that sullen sound
For the first time, that night; but the winds blew—
Our ship sail'd out of hearing; yet we thought
Of the poor mother, who on winter nights,
(When her belated husband from the wood
Was not come back,) her lonely taper lit,
And turn'd the glass, and saw the faggot-flame
Shine on the faces of her little ones—
Those times will ne'er return."

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself shall die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to weep,
Adown the gulph of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by;
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand, thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

"Go,—let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall,
Life's tragedy again;

Its piteous pageant's bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack,
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in diseases shapes abhorr'd
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

“ Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death——
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall——
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!——

“ This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!——
No! it shall live again and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.

“ Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up,
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste;——
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God.

CAMPBELL

THE DYING CHIEF.

The stars look'd down on the battle-plain,
Where night-winds were deeply sighing,
And with shattered lance, by his war steed, slain,
Lay a youthful Chieftain dying.

He had folded round his gallant breast
The banner, once o'er him streaming,
For a noble shroud, as he sunk to rest
On the couch that knows no dreaming

Proudly he lay on his broken shield,
By the rushing Guadalquiver,
While, dark with the blood of his last red field,
Swept on the majestic river.

There were hands which came to bind his wound,
There were eyes o'er the warrior weeping ;
But he raised his head from the dewy ground,
Where the land's high hearts were sleeping !

And " Away ! " he cried, " your aid is vain,
My soul may not brook recalling,
I have seen the stately flower of Spain
As the Autumn vine-leaves falling !

" I have seen the Moorish banners wave
O'er the halls where my youth was cherish'd ;
I have drawn a sword that could not save,
I have stood where my King hath perish'd !

" Leave me to die with the free and brave,
On the banks of my own bright river !
Ye can give me nought but a warrior's grave
By the chainless Guadalquiver.

A DEATH BED'S LESSON.

One place, one only place, there is on earth,
Where no man e'er was fool, however mad.
" Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die* ! "
Ah ! 'tis a truth most true ;—a death-bed !

—Oh, it has a most convincing tongue,
 A potent oratory, that secures
 Most mute attention ! and it speaks the truth
 So boldly, plainly, perfectly distinct,
 That none the meaning can mistake or doubt ;
 And has withal a disenchanting power,
 A most omnipotent and wondrous power,
 Which in a moment breaks, for ever breaks,
 And utterly dissolves the charms and spells,
 And cunning sorceries of earth and hell.
 And thus it speaks to him who ghastly lies,
 And struggles for another breath :—‘ Earth’s cup
 Is poison’d, her renown, most infamous ;
 Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust ;
 Her titles, slanderous names ; her praise, reproach ;
 Her strength, an idiot’s boast ; her wisdom, blind ;
 Her gain, eternal loss ; her hope, a dream ;
 Her love, her friendship, enmity with God ;
 Her promises a lie ; her smile, a harlot’s ;
 Her beauty paint, and rotten within, her pleasures,
 Deadly assassins masked ; her laughter, grief ;
 Her breasts, the sting of death ; her total sum,
 Her all, most utter vanity ; and all
 Her lovers mad, insane most grievously,
 And most insane because they know it not.’

Thus does the mighty reasoner, Death, declare,
 And volumes more ; and in one word confirms
 The BIBLE whole, ETERNITY is all.
 But—few believe——The wisest, best of men,
 Believe not to the letter full ; but turn,
 And on the world look forth, as if they thought
 The well-trimm’d hypocrite had something still
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 Gives faithful audience, and the words of Death,
 To the last jot, believes, believes and feels ;
 But oft, alas ! believes and feels too late.

POLLON

TO THE GRAVE.

Oh thou dull Tomb ! what mortal eye can gaze
Undimm'd with tears on thee ;
Thou Grave ! while standing thus upon thy brink,
Oh who unmoved can be ?
'Tis not a dream ! No,—all alike shall lie
Upon thy narrow bed ;
There shall the hoary head of age repose,
And there the youthful head.
The pallid cheek of beauty shall recline,
Upon thy pillow cold,
And silently the icy worm shall steal
Through locks of wavy gold.
The cherub-smile of infancy shall lie
Shrouded amid thy gloom ;
And the majestic, vigorous form of youth,
Shall moulder in the tomb.
The head that erst the glittering crown adorn'd
Shall there unheeded rest ;
And heavily the damp, cold earth shall lie
Upon the monarch's breast.
But shall the sleep of death for ever last ?
Oh ! Shall we never wake ?
And on the long, long slumber of the grave,
Say, shall no morning break ?
Yes, and full bright shall be that morning's dawn,
Then Death shall yield his prey,
And the deep shadows of the tomb shall flee
Before Eternal Day.

E. S. L.

NIGHT.

'Tis silent now,—
All silent, save the rain,—How still is Night !
Emblem of quiet,—undisturbed and full
As that which dwells in th' uncorrupted breast !
How dull is Night !—type of the heart in which
Foul thoughts and black imaginations live,

Its piteous pageant's bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack,
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in diseases shapes abhorr'd
Or mown in battle by the sword,
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All silent, save the rain.—How still is Night !
Emblem of quiet,—undisturbed and full
As that which dwells in th' uncorrupted breast !
How dull is Night !—type of the heart in which
Foul thoughts and black imaginations live,

As in secluded haunt, unknown to men,
To every eye impervious,—save One !
The rain has ceased ; the clouds more broken, flit
In rude, fantastic forms across the sky,
Leaving at intervals small openings, whence
The stars look forth with mute serenity !
How wonderful is Night ! e'en when so calm,
That not a sound disturbs the solitude ;
When the light winds are laid, and brightly fair
The crescent moon sails on uncloudedly.—
Yet how much more so, when, in sullen state,
The congregating vapours lowering hang ;
When the wild wind, unloosed, in boisterous rage
Sweeps on its pathless way with echoing cry ;
And, from the arsenal of higher Heaven,
The strife among the elements appals
The ear of trembling nature with its din,
Tumultuously discordant !

Oh, Night !—

How universal are thy comfortings !
Beneath thy darkling brow the wounded heart
Finds courage to think o'er its heavy woes ;
And by the prayer which thou inspirest, gains
Strength yet awhile to bear up and endure them.—
Thou callest home the labourer from the field,
And lay'st him down to rest ;—the weary head,
Troubled with many cares, thou gently soothest ;—
Far spreading o'er the unresisting world
The Lethean garb of sweet forgetfulness.
Thou shadowy phantom of Almighty power ;—
Most wondrous works of wondrous master hand,—
Primeval circler of this beauteous orb,
And Elder Brother of more lovely Day !
How doth thy noiseless birth, thy gentle death,
Thy never failing memory of the time
Appointed for thy reappearing, speak
Of that exalted *One*, by whom *thou* art,
By whom *we* are,—and by whose word all things
Move in their several and appointed spheres ;
Each but a part of that surpassing whole,
Made by His word, and by His will preserved,
As indications of unbounded might !

GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,
Where among other relics you may see,
Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one—
Stop at a palace near the Reggis-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you---but before you go,
Enter the house---forget it not, I pray you---
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family,
Done by Zampieri---but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it---ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As tho' she said, "Beware!"---her vest of gold
Brodered with flowers and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp,
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face
So lovely yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart---
It haunts me still, tho' many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken chest half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Anthony of Trent,
With scripture stories from the life of Christ.
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor---
That by the way---it may be true or false---
But don't forget the picture, and you will not
When you have heard the tale they told me there :---

'Twas done as soon as said: but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished---saving a wedding ring,
And a small seal---her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
 "Ginevra."

There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever! ROGERS.

THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, when none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews; in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean---roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin---his control
Stops with thy shore;---upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown!

His steps are not upon thy paths---thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,---thou dost arise,
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

And send'st him, shiv'ring in the playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hopes in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-struck the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals—
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
 These are thy toys ; and as the snowy flake
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ! their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou
 Unchangeable save to thy wide waves play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now !

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests !—in all time—
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime !
 The image of Eternity !—the throne
 Of the invisible !—Even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ! Each zone
 Obeys thee ! Thou goest forth, dread ! fathomless ! alone !
 BYRON.

DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES.

They go ; but all is silent as the tomb—
 For look ! where, column'd high in massy gloom,
 Deep as the darkness of the coming storm,
 Moves slow before the host a giant form ;

And see, as all the twilight landscape fades,
 A pale and dubious light the mass pervades;
 And, as the night rolls on, the wondrous frame
 Pours a bright glare, and brightens into flame:
 'Tis not the beacon-fire, which wakes from far
 The wand'ring sons of rapine and of war;
 'Tis not of night's fair lamp the sil'ry beam,
 Nor the quick darting meteor's angry gleam;
 No! 'tis the pillar'd cloud, "the torch of Heaven,"
 Pledge of the present God, by Mercy giv'n;
 The sacred boon, by Providence supplied,
 By day to cover, and by night to guide.
 And He the great, th' eternal Lord, whose might
 All beings own, who spake, and there was light,
 Who gave the sun the tow'r of day to keep,
 And the pale Moon to watch o'er nature's sleep;
 He, present still, shall aid, shall safety yield,
 Thy lamp by night, by day thy guide and shield.

Not such their trust, when by the Red Sea flood,
 Trembling and faint, th' affrighted myriads stood;
 When War foam'd fierce behind, and from the wave
 Despair dark frowning yell'd, "Behold thy grave!"
 When, spurr'd to insult rude, the impatient crowd
 Chid the meek man of God, and murmur'd loud:
 "Was it for this, that Nile's obedient flood
 Roll'd, at thy word, a sea of death and blood?
 For this, to life did every sand-grain spring,
 And Famine lurk beneath the insect's wing?
 Was it for this, the Sun forgot to rise,
 And midnight-darkness veil'd the noonday skies?
 Or when, high-borne upon the sweeping blast,
 Th' avenging Spirit of Destruction pass'd,
 And dealt, with viewless arm, that mortal blow;
 Which laid the blooming hopes of Egypt low?
 Was it for this, the frowning Seraph staid
 The fiery vengeance of his deathful blade;
 Bent on the hallow'd blood his alter'd eye,
 Own'd Mercy's pledge, and pass'd innocuous by;
 And spared us, but to glut the savage sword,
 Or groan once more beneath a tyrant lord?"

Peace, impious doubts! rebellious murmurs, hence!
 Mark the raised wand, and trust Omnipotence!

'Tis done ! obedient to the high decree
 Wave parts from wave, and sea rolls back from sea ;
 Till, sudden check'd as by the wintry hand
 Of the stern North, the solid waters stand.
 The pillar'd flames, while gathering darkness falls,
 Shed passing radiance on the crystal walls ;
 And now those caves, where dwelt primeval Night,
 Drink the warm spirit of the orient light ;
 Swift through th' abyss the pure effulgence flies,
 And earth's foundations burst on human eyes.

But see ! where Egypt comes ! with steed and car,
 And thousands, panting for the spoils of war ;
 Bold waves her plume, and proud her banners gleam,
 As now they bask'd in Vict'ry's golden beam ;
 The war-trump speaks, madd'ning she spurns the shores,
 And through the yawning surges headlong pours.

But where is Egypt now ? Where all her might,
 Her steeds, her cars, her thousands arm'd for fight ?
 Where is the banner'd pride that waved so high ?
 And where the trump that told of victory ?
 All, all are past ; the chain'd and fetter'd deep,
 Loosed from its bonds, at one tremendous sweep
 Whelm'd all their hopes, and not a wreck is seen,
 To tell to future times that they had been.—

ROLLESTON—*Oxford Prize Poem*

THE GIPSEY WANDERER.

'Twas night, and the farmer his fire-side near,
 O'er his pipe quaff'd his ale stout and old ;
 The hinds were in bed, when a voice shook his ear,
 " Let me in I beseech you ! " just so ran the prayer :—
 " Let me in :—I am dying with cold."

To his servant, the farmer cried—" Sue, move thy feet,
 Admit the poor wretch from the storm ;
 For our chimney will not lose a jot of its heat,
 Although the night wanderer may there find a seat,
 And beside our wood-embers grow warm."

At that instant a gipsy-girl humble in pace —

Bent before him his pity to crave :

He starting exclaim'd, " Wicked fiend quit this place,

A parent's curse light on the whole gipsy race !

They have bow'd me almost to the grave."

" Good Sir, as our tribe pass'd the church-yard below,

I just paused the tuft groves to survey ;—

I fancied the spot where my mother lies low,

When suddenly came on a thick fall of snow—

And I knew not a step of my way."

" This is craft !" cried the farmer, " if I judge aright,

I suspect thy cursed gang may be near ;

Thou would'st open the doors to the ruffians at night,

Thy eyes o'er the plunder now rove with delight,

And on me with sly treachery leer !"

With a shriek on the floor the young gipsy-girl fell,

" Help," cried Susan, " your child to uprear !

Your long-stolen child !—she remembers you well,

And the terrors and joys in her bosom which swell

Are too mighty for nature to bear !"

THE ATHEIST.

An Atheist—he hath never faced an hour,

And not belied the name he bore. His doubt

Is darkness from the unbelieving Will

Begot, and oft a parasite to sin

Too dear to be deserted,—for the truth

That unveils Heaven, and her immortal thrones,

Uncovers Hell, and awful duties too !

Meanwhile, I flatter the surpassing fool ;

And hear him challenge God to bare his brow,

Unsphere some orb, and show Him all sublime.

He challenge Heaven !—an atom against worlds !

Why, Angels and Archangels, who have sat

Within the shadow of His throne, and felt

The beams of an emitted glory burn

Around them, cannot comprehend His might,

Nor fathom His perfections :—what is Man !

If Nature fail, then Reason may despair ;
 The universe is stamped with God ; who sees
 Creation, and can no Creator view,—
 To him Philosophy shall preach in vain :
 A blinded nature, and a blasted mind
 Are his ; Eternity shall teach the rest !——
 Yet, who the summer that bright season-queen,
 Hath hail'd, beheld the march of midnight worlds,
 The sun in glory, or his skiey realm,
 When thunder-demons are abroad again,
 And riding on the chariot roll of clouds !——
 Who that hath seen the ocean-terrors swell,
 Or, moonshine rippling o'er the rocking waves
 In smiles of beauty,——all this living might,
 And motion, grace and majesty of things,——
 Nor caught some impulse that believing hearts
 Might share, and crown it with a creed sublime ?
MONTGOMERY'S *Satan*.

DESCRIPTION OF A THUNDER STORM.

How awfully sublime the lengthened roar
 Of the hoarse-throated thunder, when it rolls
 Amid a mass of clouds :—the first faint sound
 Prophetic of its coming—then the loud,
 The deafening peal more near,—hasting along
 As if with wrathful speed, or muttering slow,—
 Till dying dull away, it leaves behind
 A trem'lous echo mocking !
The lightning's flash,—
 How swiftly fierce it seems to span the sky,
 When black with clouds of night ;---'tis here,---'tis gone,
 Swifter than thought, and leaving far behind
 Weak, dazzled, aching sight !
There,---there, it shone,---
 One vivid gleam stretching from North to South,
 As a huge crimson banner floating free !
 Fancy might picture there the horrid strife
 Of demons warring to regain the state

So long time lost ; that then they tore away
Part of the cloudy barrier which conceals
Their ancient Home from view ; and through the thin
And misty covering glimmer'd forth awhile
Some tokens of the splendour which for e'er
Reigns in that blissful place.---Again,---again,---
It sudden darts, with strange contorted streak,
As if in fissures Heav'n's foundation broke
To give the vengeance way !

Once more 'tis dark :---
And loudly as the Ocean roars, when o'er
It's heaving breast the strong winds drive along,
Stirring it up to fury ;---harshly grand
The thunder urges past ;---now loud,---now faint ;---
Rising and falling on th' attentive ear,
As wave succeeding wave upon the deep.
'Tis hush'd ;---the rain with pattering sound
Falls hastily to cheer the parched earth---
A welcome boon to thirsty vegetation !
How singular this scene !---now veiled in gloom,
Too deep for eye to pierce ;---and sudden, then,
As at a secret signal, brilliant lights
Dashing athwart the sky, distinctly show
The vast, unwieldy coursers of the air,
In sombre moodiness slow moving on,
As in a boundless amphitheatre
Acting some mystic pageant silently !
Again th' horizon glows with fiery tints.
Farther removed, and fainter, starting up
With flickering speed, as if some mighty fire
Were slowly dying for the want of fuel.---
Again the thunder roils with undulation,
Speaking in mellowed tones, of its retreat
From hence to other sphere.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF
CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran BLANC !
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou most awful Form !
Risest from forth thy silent Sea of Pines,
How silently ! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity !
O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee
Till thou still present to the bodily sense
Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret Joy :
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty Vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven !

Awake my soul ! not only passive praise
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
Green Vales and icy Cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovran of the Vale !
O struggling with the Darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink ;
Companion of the Morning-Star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's ROSY STAR, and of the dawn
Co-herald ! wake, O wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks
For ever shatter'd and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon ? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !
Ye pine-groves with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt th' eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the element !
Utter forth God, and fill the hill with praise !

Once more, hoar mount ! with thy sky pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again stupendous mountain ! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapouring cloud
To rise before me—Rise ! O ever rise !
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth !

Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread Ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth with her thousand voices praises God.

COLERIDGE.

LORD WELLINGTON'S LANDING IN SPAIN.

(FROM SCOTT'S "VISION OF DON RODERICK.")

There is a Spanish tradition, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish monarchy. The legend adds that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of the Saracens, who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. In the poem founded on this tradition, Sir Walter Scott continues the prophetic vision through the succeeding history of the Peninsula, down to the landing of the English troops, who were sent to assist the Spaniards against Napoleon.

While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
 While the earth shook, and darken'd was the sky,
 And wide Destruction stunn'd the listening ear,
 Appall'd the heart and stupified the eye,
 Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,
 In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,
 Whene'er her soul is up and pulse beats high,
 Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,
 And bid each arm be strong or bid each heart be light.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud ;
 A varied scene the changeful vision show'd ;
 For where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
 A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad ;
 From mast and stern St. George's symbol flow'd,
 Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear,
 Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,
 While flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
 And the wild beach return'd the seaman's jovial cheer.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight ;
 The billows foamed beneath a thousand oars,
 Just as they land the red-cross ranks unite,
 Legions on legions brightening all the shores,
 Then banners rise and cannon-signal roars,

Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
 Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
 And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
 For bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean come.

A various host they came—whose ranks display,
 Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
 The deep battalion links its firm array,
 And meditates his aim the marksman light;
 Far glance the lines of sabres, flashing bright,
 Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,
 Lacks not artillery, breathing flame and night,
 Nor the fleet ordnance, whirl'd by rapid steed,
 That rivals lightnings flash in ruin and in speed.

A various host from kindred realms they came,
 Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown;
 For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
 And with their deeds of valour deck her crown;
 Her's their bold port, and her's their martial frown,
 And her's their scorn of death in freedom's cause;
 Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
 And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
 And free-born thoughts which league the soldier with
 the laws.

And oh! loved warriors of the minstrels' land,
 Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave,
 The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
 And harsher features and a mien more grave,
 But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave
 As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;
 And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
 And level for the charge their arms are laid,
 Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
 Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
 His jest which each blithe comrade round him flings,
 And moves to death with military glee;
 Boast, Erin! boast them, tameless, frank, and free,
 In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
 Rough nature's children, humorous as she,
 And Ha, yon chieftain,—strike the proudest tone
 Of thy bold harp, green Isle,—the *flaog is thus* (1799).

CAIN AT THE GRAVE OF ABEL.

My brother's grave
 Is now my place of rest, for never more
 Shall I forsake that home.—This is the bed
 Where I shall sleep for ever.—Hark !—there is
 A voice which whispers to my soul, and cries,
 “ Thy wanderings are past, here lie thee down
 For thy last expiation.”—God, I pray thee,
 Let not this be a mockery, for thou see'st
 How all reject me. It is thy decree,
 And now I murmur not ; but, if thy will
 Summon me not, I shall devoted stand
 Alone again, the outcast of the earth,
 The loath'd of all her sons. My strength is gone,
 And the dark fiend that doth beset my soul
 Whispers me of despair. Oh, help me, God !—
 The spurn'd of all, I turn me back to thee !—
 Give me not up to Hell. My punishment
 Hath mighty been, and mightily I have
 Borne the severe decree. My bloody hands,
 Now purified by suff'ring, I now upraise
 From that deep bed where the slain victim lies,
 Unto thine eye,—avert it not, O God !
 The red stain is effaced !—Oh look down,—
 Look down with mercy on me ;—if my pangs
 Have been an expiation,—If my soul
 Be scourg'd not as my body, but may rest
 Cured of its wounds upon thy healing breast,—
 Then, call me from this earth,—arm thy right-hand
 With thy tremendous bolt, and strike me dead !
 Come, vivid lightning, spare no more this head,
 But crumble it to cinders, and upon
 Thy wing of glory, bear my mounting soul,
 To seek for pardon at th' Almighty's throne.
 Come, God of justice—God of mercy, now
 Accept the sacrifice I place upon
 This grave become thine altar ; thou didst spurn
 The first I offer'd, let this one, this last,
 Find favour in thy sight. O Lord, come down,
 Burn and consume the victim.

LINDSAY

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

They lighted a taper at dead of night,
 And chaunted their holiest hymn;
 But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
 Her eye was all sleepless and dim!
 And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
 When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
 When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
 And the raven had flapped at her window-board,
 To tell of her warrior's doom!

Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
 For the soul of my knight so dear;
 And call me a widow this wretched day,
 Since the warning of God is here!
 For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep,
 The lord of my bosom is doomed to die;
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep
 And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
 For Wallace of Enderslie.

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
 Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,
 That a trumpet of death on an English tower,
 Had the dirge of her champion sung!
 When his dungeon light looked dim and red,
 On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
 No anthem was sung on his holy death-bed;
 No weeping there was when his bosom bled—
 And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear
 Was true to that knight forlorn;
 And hosts of a thousand were scattered like deer
 At the blast of the hunter's horn;
 When he strode on the wreck of each well fought field
 With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;
 For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield,
 And the sword that seemed fit for Archangels in hand,
 Was light in his terrible hand,

Yet bleeding and bound though the Wallace wight
 For his long-loved country die!
 The bugle ne'er sang to a braver knight
 Than William of Elderslie!
 But the day of his glory shall never depart;
 His head unentombed shall with glory be palmed,
 From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start,
 Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
 A nobler was never embalmed.

CAMPBELL.

G O D.*

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DERZHAVING, BY MR. ROWRING.)

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy; all motion guide;
 Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
 Embracing all,---supporting,---ruling o'er,---
 Being whom we call God---and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
 May measure out the ocean deep---may count
 The sands or the sun's rays---but, God! for thee
 There is no weight nor measure:---none can mount
 Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
 To trace thy counsels infinite and dark:
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First chaos, then existence; Lord! on Thee

* This Poem has been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin.

Eternity had its foundation :—all

Sprung forth from Thee : of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin :—all life, all beauty Thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious ! Great !
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround ;

Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death !
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee ;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lifted by Thy hand

Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,

All this magnificence in Thee is lost :—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?
And what am *I* then ? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought
Against infinity ! What am *I* then ? Nought !

Nought ! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too ;
Yes ! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Nought ! but I live and on hope's pinion's fly
Eager towards Thy presence ; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God ! and surely *Thou* must be !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all, Thou art !
Direct my understanding then to Thee ;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart :
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand !
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land

The chain of being is complete in me ;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit,---Deity !
I can command the lightning and am dust !
A monarch and a slave ; a worm, a god !
Whence came I here and how ? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived ? unknown ! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy ;
For from itself alone it could not be !

Creator, yes ! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me* ! Thou source of light and good !
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
Thy light, Thy love in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source---to Thee---its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions bless'd !
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God ! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar ;
Thus seek Thy presence---Being wise and good !
'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore ;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

Rise Mede and conquer ! O'er Assyria's land,
 With sword of vengeance and an outstretch'd hand
 Jehovah guides thee ; spread thy banners bright
 Like a red meteor on the mountain's height ;
 Sound the loud clarion ; from ten thousand bows
 Pour the dark storm of battle on thy foes.
 The Lord hath said, and shall it not be done ?
 —No remnant shall remain of haughty Babylon !
 Throned in the tempest, whirlwinds his attire,
 Whose voice is thunder, and whose breath is fire ;
 His vengeful spirit shall before thee pass
 And break thy iron bolts, and bow thy gates of brass.

The prophet spake—but Israel's harp unstrung
 By Babel's stream, on willows dank is hung,
 Nor deigns to sound, beneath a captive hand,
 The song of Sion in a stranger land.

* * * * *

Lordly the banquet, stately was the cheer,
 The minstrel's flattery sooth'd the monarch's ear—
 " O king, for thee yon glittering planets roll,
 Thy footstool earth, thy canopy the pole ;
 For thee the spirits of the ocean tread
 The oozy deep, and search the pearly bed ;
 Beauty for thee in Ophir's treasure glows,
 Beams in the sun, and blushes in the rose ;
 Thy regal nod yon vaulted skies shall bow,
 A king of gods, a deity below."

" A God ! a God ! " the servile crowds reply,
 And echo back the harper's minstrelsy ;
 From golden bowls they quaff the sparkling wine,
 Th' unhallow'd spoil of Israel's plunder'd shrine.

" Fill high the bowls," the daring monarch cries,—
 Pride swells his soul and flushes in his eyes—

" For surely these a nobler use afford
 To deck our banquet, and adorn our board.
 Than vainly bright, the trampled shrines to grace
 Of Israel's God, and Israel's feeble race,
 How vain his might ! their gold his votaries gave
 To deck those altars which they could not save."

He spake, but horror seized each trembling guest,
Their hair grew stiff, their hearts sunk in their breast :
Dim burn'd the lamps, till suddenly a light
Flamed like the bright-hair'd meteor of the night ;
Amid the fire a hand was seen to gleam,
Then vanish'd quicker than a midnight dream.
A bloody scroll the livid flame display'd,
And all around was smoke and murky shade.

Mysterious warnings shake the monarch's soul,
His cheeks are bloodless and his eye-balls roll ;——
Fain would he fly—where'er he turns his eyes
The burning characters before him rise ;
He hears a voice which none but he can hear,
In sounds terrific, thundering on his ear,—
" Justice and might to Israel's God belong "—
And mercy, mercy, falters on his tongue.

" Arise ye priests, Chaldean sages say,
—Whose spells the powers of earth and air obey,—
Whose was the hand that wrote upon the wall
When blazed the red light streaming through the hall ?
What voice shall tell ? what mortal pow'r reveal
The deed of fate these mystic signs conceal ?
His be the prize—that awful secret told,—
A robe of purple, and a chain of gold ;
Exalted o'er his peers on him shall wait
The pride of empire and the pomp of state."

The white robed Magi tried each potent spell,
To read the wandering stars ; and called the aid of Bel ;
No spirit answer'd from the mountain's brow,
Spake in the blast, or mutter'd from below.
Despised Israel, from thy tribes shall rise
A man of God, a prophet of the skies ;
Elijah's spirit o'er his holy head,
Like dews from Heav'n, her dove-like wings hath spread,
Daniel shall speak—to him alone 'tis giv'n,
To read the awful characters of Heav'n.

" Thy gift I heed not, King ; no chain of gold
My neck shall grace, no robe my limbs enfold.
Yet will I speak ! hast thou so soon forgot
Jehovah's vengeance and thy father's lot ?

A savage amid savages he lies,
The earth his bed, his coverlet the skies,
Till meek he bends beneath the chast'ning rod,
And owns the righteous judgments of his God.
In contrite grief the Lord beheld him bow,
The arm of mercy warding off the blow ;
But thou hast lifted up thy soul in pride,
Thy voice the God of Israel hath defied,
Profaned his vessels, and his shrines o'erthrown,
And bow'd to idol gods and forms of stone.
Know then the Lord hath weigh'd and found thee light,
Destruction rides upon the wings of night,
The storm of vengeance o'er thy head descends,
The God of justice wills and Israel's cause defends.
Thy sway is gone, thy iron sceptre broke,
The golden city stoops beneath the yoke ;
The Medean foe her glories shall confound,
And hurl her cloud-capt turrets to the ground."

He spake—that warning voice was heard in vain,—
The ear of Kings lists but to flattery's strain ;
So with the murmur of each transient blast,
Fools vainly think the mutt'ring tempest past,
Till on the bosom of the night it sweep,
And whelm the shatter'd vessel in the deep.

Hush'd is the night o'er Babylon's high tow'rs,
Bel's golden spires and Ninus' regal bow'rs ;
The pallid moon her splendour half conceal'd,
Dim mid the rolling clouds displays her shield,
O'er terrass'd groves with dubious radiance plays,
And pendent gardens glimmer in the rays.

'Tis silence all, save where they still prolong,
In frantic revelry the midnight song ;
Regardless still, while wrapp'd in murky glooms,
Destruction broods, and spreads her sable plumes.

Lo ! where the silent ministers of fate
Move in dark pomp of military state ;
No voice, no sound, so nature seems to pause,
Ere gaping earth extend her opening jaws ;
The grave of nations ! hushed the pregnant gloom,
The calm of death, the silence of the tomb.

Roll back thy floods, Euphrates, backward fly,
The Lord hath spoken—"be thy channels dry."
Down the deep bed they move with measur'd stride,
—The quiver'd squadrons through the archway glide.
Sound an alarm! up, arm thy regal brow,
Grasp the strong buckler, draw the twanging bow.
They come, they come! hark to their brazen wheels!
Hark to their cymbals clash, and clarion's peals!
How shall the son of dalliance take the field?
How shall his nerveless arm the falchion wield?
He falls, the pageant fades and melts away,
Like a slim vision at the break of day.

Take up thy harp, O Israel! wake the strain!
With songs of triumph sweep the strings again.
How art thou fall'n thou radiant son of light!
Whose arm hath hurl'd thee flaming from thy height
And quench'd thy beams in darkness,—ne'er again
To lift the blazing terrors of thy reign
O'er haughty Babylon? Proud queen, thy foe,
Exulting Israel smiles upon thy woe;
No more her sons shall crouch beneath thy feet,
And half the work of vengeance is complete.
The happy day shall come, when desolate, alone,
Deserts thy kingdom, solitude thy throne,
Thou sit'st in sullen grandeur of decay,
And hear'st the tiger wishing for his prey;
The rank grass waves along thy tottering walls,
The fox looks out amid thy desert halls;
For there no way-worn pilgrim rests his head,
No wandering Arab there his tent shall spread,
But fell hyænas on the travellers scowl,
And grimly pacing to the pale moon howl;
Thy sedge-choaked floods round bending ruins creep,
With sounding wing where herons and bitterns sweep;
And still as time with silent space steals bye,
Crumbled in dust thy ruin mocks the eye.
'Tis gone, 'tis nothing! on the desert land,
In curious search I see the traveller stand;
He muses long—and is each vestige gone?
No remnant left of haughty Babylon?—

HALL

NOCHE SERENA, OR, THE STARLIGHT NIGHT.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF FRAY LUIS DE LEON.)

When I behold yon sky,
With all the unnumber'd lights that gem its steep,
And turn to earth mine eye,
Earth that in silence deep
Lies buried in forgetfulness and sleep.

Within my breast arise
The mingled cares that Love and Sorrow wake,
The fountains of mine eyes
A sad o'erflowing make,
And thus the silence of the night I break.

Oh mansion blest and bright !
Temple of beauty purer than the snow !
The soul that to thy height
Was born, what fate of woe
Holds prisoned in this dungeon dark and low.

From Truth's unerring line
What deadly error so our minds can wrest,
That of thy good divine
Forgetful, still unblest,
We chase a faithless shade that ne'er can be possess.

Man is immersed in sleep,
Nor of his fate the dread importance feels,
While Heaven in silence deep
Turns on the eternal wheels,
And all the hours of life unnoticed steals.

Oh wake, ye mortals wake !,
Ere by your fatal negligence betray'd ;
Behold your souls at stake—
Souls, for such glory made,
Ah ! can they live on glitter and on shade ?

Above, oh ! raise your eyes,
To yon eternal, yon celestial spheres,
And soon will you despise
The vanity and tears
Of Life, with all its hopes and all its fears.

This earth, so blind and base,
What is it but a point, a point how mean
To von vast field of space,
Where brighter may be seen,
All that will be, and is, and e'er hath been.

The harmony divine
Of von eternal splendours, who can see
As far above they shine,
With motion just, though free,
How still they vary, and yet still agree !

How rolls o'er azure plains
The moon her silver wheel, and with her move
The light whence wisdom rains,
And, others all above,
The brightest Star of Heaven, the Star of Love !

How the fierce God of War
Rolls red and angry on his separate way,
While Jove's imperial star,
With more benignant sway,
Serenes the heaven with his placid ray !

How on the summit high
Wheels Saturn, father of the age of gold ;
With him across the sky
Their track whole myriads hold,
Their glory and their treasure to unfold !

Who, who can lift his eye
To these, and still the sordid earth hold dear,
And not with ardour sigh
To break what holds us here,
Soul-prisoned, banished from that happy sphere ?

There dwells Contentment sweet,
There reigns ambrosial Peace—eternal crown'd,
On rich and lofty seat ;
There sacred Love is found,
With Glory and Delight encircled round.

There boundless Beauty shews
Her perfect pride ; there shines unspotted light,
That still unwearied glows,
That never sinks to night ;
There Spring eternal ever meets the sight.

Oh meads more blest than earth !
 Pastures of true refreshment, ne'er to cease !
 Oh mines of richest worth !
 Oh fields of sweet increase !
 Oh dear retiring vales of pure celestial Peace !

T. W.

PEACE AND WAR.

How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening ear,
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps the moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrod snow ;
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam, yon castled steep,
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
 So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
 A metaphor of peace—all form a scene
 Where musing solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;
 Where silence undisturb'd might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still.

Ah ! whence that glare
 That fires the arch of heaven ?—That dark red smudge
 Blotting the silver moon ? The stars are quenched
 In darkness, and the pure and sparkling snow
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round.
 Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peal
 In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
 Startling pale midnight on her starry throne !
 Now swells the intermingling din ; the peal
 Frequent and frightful, of the bustling world,
 The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the din.

The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
 Inebriate with rage :—loud, and more loud
 The discord grows ; till pale death shuts the scene,
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
 His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the men
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
 In proud and vigorous health ; of all the hearts
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there ;
 How few survive, how few are beating now !
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause ;
 Save where the frantic wail of widow'd love
 Comes shuddering on the blast ; or the faint moan,
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
 Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The grey morn

Dawns on the mournful scene ; the sulphurous smoke
 Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
 Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood
 Even to the forest's depth, and scatter'd arms,
 And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
 Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
 Of the outsallying victors : far behind,
 Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
 Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
 Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
 Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

SHELLEY.

REFLECTIONS ON SEEING THE GREAT NORTHERN
 LIGHTS.

Now day conceals her face, and darkness fills
 The field, the forest, with the shades of night ;
 The gloomy clouds are gathering round the hills,
 Veiling the last ray of the lingering light.
 The abyss of heaven appears—the stars are kindling round,
 Who, who can count those stars, who that abyss can sound ?

Just as a sand whelmed in the infinite sea,
A ray the frozen iceberg sends to heaven ;
A feather in the fierce flame's majesty ;
A mote by midnight's maddened whirlwind driven,
Am I 'midst this parade : an atom, less than nought—
Lost and o'erpower'd by the gigantic thought.

And we are told by wisdom's knowing ones,
That there are multitudes of worlds like this ;
That yon unnumber'd lamps are glowing suns,
And each a link amidst creation is :—
There dwells the Godhead too—there shines his wisdom's
essence,
His everlasting strength—his all-supporting presence.

Where are thy secret laws, O Nature, where ?
Thy moonlight's dazzle in the wintry zone :
How dost thou light from ice thy torches there ?
There has thy sun some sacred, secret throne ?
See in yon frozen seas what glories have their birth ;
Hence night leads forth the day, to illuminate the earth.

Come then, philosopher ! whose privileged eye
Reads nature's hidden pages and decrees :
Come now and tell us, whence, and where, and why,
Earth's icy regions glow with lights like these,
That fill our souls with awe :—profound inquirer, say,
For thou dost count the stars and trace the planets' way.

What fills with dazzling beams the illumin'd air ?
What wakes the flames that light the firmament ?
The lightning's flash ;—there is no thunder there—
And earth and heaven with fiery sheets are blest :
The winter night now gleams with brighter, lovelier ray,
Than ever yet adorn'd the golden summer's day.

Is there some vast, some hidden magazine,
Where the gross darkness flames of fire supplies ?
Some phosphoric fabric, which the mountains screen,
Whose clouds of light above those mountains lie ?
When the winds rattle loud around the flaming sea,
And lift the waves to heaven in thundering melody ?
Thou knowest not ! 'tis doubt, 'tis darkness all ;
Even here on earth our thoughts begin to stray,
And all is mystery through this worldly ball.

Who then can reach or read yon milky way ?
Creation's heights and depths are all unknown—untrod ;
Who then shall say how vast, how great creation's God.
BOWRING'S Russian Anthology.

TO HORROR.

Dark HORROR !—bear me where the field of fight
Scatters contagion on the tainted gale,
When to the Moon's faint beam,
On many a carcase shine the dews of night,
And a dead silence stills the vale
Save when at times is heard the glutton Raven's scream.
Where some wreck'd army from the Conqueror's might,
Speed their disastrous flight,
With thee, fierce Genius ! let me trace their way,
And hear at times the deep heart-groan
Of some poor sufferer left to die alone,
His sore wounds smarting with the winds of night ;
And we will pause, where, on the wild,
The Mother to her frozen breast,
On the heap'd snows reclining, clasps her child,
And with him sleeps, chill'd to eternal rest !

Black HORROR ! speed we to the bed of Death,
Where he, whose murderous power afar
Blasts with the myriad plagues of war,
Struggles with his last breath ;
Then to his wildly-starting eyes
The phantoms of the murder'd rise ;
Then on his frenzied ear,
Their groans for vengeance, and the Demon's yell,
In one heart maddening chorus swell.
Cold on his brow convulsing stands the dew,
And night eternal darkens on his view.

SOUTHEY.

MAHOMET TO HIS SOLDIERS.

Soldiers of God ! whose manly hearts beat high,
With valorous zeal, and ardent piety ;
Who burn, your Prophet's name abroad to spread,
And deal Heav'n's vengeance on th' unfaithful head ;
Soldiers of God, with dauntless souls advance,
Smile at the sabre, and defy the lance !
'Tis yours, if, seam'd with many a hallowed scar,
Stern Azrael snatch you from the grasp of War,
O'er Sirat's bridge, with lightning-speed, to fly,
And spring at once to seven-fold ecstasy.
Yes, it is yours 'mid argent fields to stray,
Space without bound, and everlasting day ;
Gardens as Eden fair, where love shall strew
Fresh flow'rs, fresh sweets, that Eden never knew :
For Beauty, blooming in eternal charms,
Wooes warrior Valour to her virgin arms :
And, crown'd with thornless roses, young Desire,
Feeds Rapture's flame with never-dying fire.

There, while your vermeil wounds atone each crime,
And add new grace to Manhood's goodly prime,
There, thro' green meads unwearied shall ye rove,
Breathe the still freshness of the twilight grove,
Or by some streamlet's palmy marge recline,
And drain, uncheck'd, rich juices of the vine,
Till o'er each sense delicious languor creep,
More soft, more soothing, than the dews of Sleep.

Such is your lot, if Honour build your tomb ;
Not so if coward Baseness seal your doom.

What, 'mid yon barren wilds, though whirlwinds bring
Thirst and Despair upon their sanded wing ;
Yet heav'nly are those wilds to Vaults, where Pam
And scorpion Torments hold eternal reign.
There, wrapt in fires, that ask no feeding oil,
With fiercest heat your madd'ning brain shall boil,
Till, parch'd and black, your flesh, by flames embrac'd,
Shrivel, like palm-leaves on the desert waste.
Nor think, one drop from rank and stagnant pool,
One smallest drop, your burning tongues shall cool ;

Worlds should not buy it; but one sulph'rous wave,
 Unfathom'd flood, your writhing limbs shall lave.
 Then on to fight, and Allah nerve your hands!
 And lo! e'en now, methinks, Angelic bands,
 Hang o'er our foes, and from the car of flame,
 Launch the red bolt, the forked lightnings aim.
 Nor shrink! for know, to each the Eternal Mind,
 Excluding Chance, his death-day hath assign'd;
 Peace could not shield from its predestined power,
 War's thousand perils cannot haste its hour—
 Then on to fight! and be the battle-word,
 Woe to the Proud!—the Koran or the Sword!

ROLLESTON—*Oxford Prize Poem*

PITY.

How lovely in the arch of Heaven,
 Appears yon sinking orb of light;
 As darting through the clouds of even,
 It gilds the rising shades of night:
 Yet brighter, fairer, shines the tear
 That trickles o'er misfortune's bier!
 Sweet is the murmur of the gale
 That whispers through the summer grove;
 Soft is the tone of friendship's tale,
 And softer still the voice of love:
 Yet softer far the tears that flow
 To mourn—to soothe—another's woe.
 Richer than richest diadem
 That glitters on the monarch's brow;
 Purer than Ocean's purest gem,
 Or all that wealth or heart can show,
 The drop that swells in pity's eye,
 The pearl of sensibility!
 Is there a spark of earthly mould
 Fraught with one ray of heavenly fire?
 Does man one trait of virtue hold
 That even angels must admire?
 That spark is pity's radiant glow;
 That trait; the tear for other's woe.

Let false philosophy decry
The noblest feeling of the mind ;
Let wretched sophists madly try
To prove a pleasure more refined :
They only strive in vain to steal,
The tenderness they cannot feel.
To sink in nature's last decay
Without a friend to mourn the fall—
To mark its embers die away,
Deplored by none—unwept by all :—
This, this, is sorrow's deadliest curse ;
Nor hate, nor hell can find a worse !
Take wealth—I know its fleeting worth ;
Take honour, it will pass away ;
Take power—I scorn the bounded earth ;
Take pomp—its trappings soon decay ;
But spare me, grant me pity's tear,
To soothe my woe—and mourn my bier !

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF LAVATER.)

He sleeps, the hour of mortal pain
And warrior pride alike are past ;
His blood is mingling with the rain,
His cheeks are withering in the blast.
This morn there was a bright hue there
The glow of courage stern and high ;
The steel has drained its current clear,
The storm has bleached its gallant dye.
This morn these icy hands were warm,
That lid half shewing the glazed ball
Was life—thou chill and clayey form
Is this the one we loved ? this all ?
Woman, away ! and weep no more—
Can the dead give you love for love ?
Can the grave hear ? his course was o'er
The spirit wing'd its way above !

Wilt thou for dust and ashes weep ?
 Away ! thy lover lies not here :—
 Look to yon heaven,—if love is deep
 On earth—'tis tenfold deeper there !

THE MARTYR'S CREST.

Lately sent to a descendant of the Martyred Bishop Hooper, with a seal, upon which was engraved the Bishop's crest—a lamb in a burning thicket, and the motto "*Per ignem ad cælum.*"

'Tis a lovelier crest than the blood-stained blade,
 Or the hand stretched out to slay ;
 Than the oak-turned wreath, or the laurel braid,
 Or the beast or the bird of prey ;

It was proved by deeds more lofty far,
 Than the shields of war and victory are !

'Twas nobly done to fear not kings,
 To dare their feeble ire ;
 To smile at all terrestrial stings,
 The rack, the scourge, the fire.
 Now to a cold damp dungeon driven,
 Then rapt in thought on things above,
 Gazing upon a Saviour's love,
 Pass through the flames to heaven

Say aged Warrior, when thy breath
 Was struggling with the grasp of death,

When every tortured nerve was rending,
 And death with life

In bitter strife

And agony contending.

Wert thou not borne in soul away,
 Far from the weak consuming clay ?

And o'er thy calm unruffled soul
 Did not celestial visions roll ?

The Martyr's stake is strewn with flowers,
 And earthly and infernal powers
 May try their little force in vain
 To plant a thorn, or cause a pain !

'Tis true, we are not call'd like thee
 To dungeon, cells, and martyrty ;
 But yet the spirit is not dead
 Through whom the saints of Jesus bled,
 For though 'tis bound with many a chain,
 It would resist to blood again :
 And now perhaps a surer snare,
 For spirits that might even dare
 The stake, and all the terrors there ;

}

The deep laid sophism of the school,
 The curling lip of ridicule,
 And taunt of sceptics bear :—

Yet rapt in thought on things above,
 Gazing upon a Saviour's love,

We still may firm endure ;
 Though smiles or frowns contend the way,
 Despise, defy them all, and say,

“ Your worst, my hold is sure.”

EDNESTON.

 JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Hark ! through the desert wilds, what awful voice
 Swells on the gale, and bids the world rejoice ?
 What Prophet form in holy raptures led,
 The gray mists hov'ring o'er his sacred head,
 Prepares on earth Messiah's destin'd way,
 And hastes the mighty Messenger of Day ?

Lo ! echoing skies resound his gladsome strain,
 “ Messiah comes ! ye rugged paths be plain ;
 The Shiloh comes ! ye tow'ring cedars bend,
 Swell forth, ye valleys, and, ye rocks, descend ;
 The wither'd branch let balmy fruits adorn,
 And clust'ring roses 'twine the leafless thorn ;
 Burst forth, ye vocal groves, your joy to tell—
 The God of Peace redeems his Israel.”

Roused at the solemn call, from all her shores
 Her eager tribes, behold, Judæa pours !
 Tho' scarce the morn asserts her bashful sway,
 And doubtful Darkness still contends with day,

I see them rush, like rolling surges driven,
 Or night-clouds, riding o'er the glooms of Heav'n.
 There waves the white robe, thro' the dusky glade,
 Here passing helms gleam dreadful thro' the shade,
 Faint o'er the cliffs the fading torch-light plays,
 And dying watch-fires fling their sullen blaze;
 Fly the scared panthers from their pierced retreats,
 While Salem wond'ring mourns her desert streets.

Why crowd ye cities forth? some reed to find?
 Some vain reed trembling to the careless wind?
 Or throng ye here to view, with doating eye,
 Some chieftain stand in purple pageantry?
 Such dwell in kingly domes—no silken form
 Woos the stern cliff, and braves the mountain storm.
 What rush ye then to seek? some Prophet-Seer?
 One mightier than the Prophets find ye here—
 The loftiest bard, that waked the sacred lyre,
 To Him in rapture pour'd his lips of fire;
 Attuned to Him the voice of Sion fell—
 Thy name, Elias, closed the mystic shell.

* * * * *

See! forth he comes, his holy office giv'n,
 Herald of Christ, high harbinger of Heav'n.
 Hark! how the rocks his warning voice resound,
 And Jordan's caverns tell the strain around;
 While poor and rich, the soldier and the sage,
 The bloom of youth, and hoary locks of age,
 In gath'ring crowds, Messiah's name adore,
 And rush, all trembling to the sacred shore;
 Bend with pale rev'rence 'neath the sprinkled wave,
 Their crimes confess, and hail the power to save.

* * * * *

But who is He, majestic, mournful mild,
 Bright as a God, yet lowly as a child,
 Who meekly comes the sacred right to crave,
 And add fresh pureness to the crystal wave?
 Well may'st thou tremble, Baptist; well thy cheek,
 Now flush'd, now pale, thy lab'ring soul bespeak!
 'Tis He, the Christ, by ev'ry Bard foretold!
 Hear him, ye nations, and ye Heav'n's behold!
 "The Virgin born to bruise the Serpent's head,
 The Paschal Lamb to patient slaughter led,

The King of Kings to crush the gates of Hell,
Messiah, Shiloh, Jah, Emmanuel."——
See! o'er his head, soft sinking from above,
With hov'ring radiance hangs the mystic dove:
Dread from the cloud Jehovah's voice is known,
"This is my Son, my own, my well-lov'd Son."

Baptist rejoice! thy gifted eyes have seen
The brightest hour of man, since time hath been.
By thee anointed for the ghostly fight,
Heav'n's Warrior-Son assumed his arms of light,
Stern marches forth his deadly Foe to find,
And wage th' immortal battle of mankind.
And thou, oh saint of floods! whose wave hath roll'd,
Pregnant with wonder, from the days of old;
Scene of the hero's deeds, and prophet's song,
Still, Jordan, flow, exulting sweep along.
Bright as the morn from ocean's wavy bed,
From thee Messiah raised his spotless head,
Call'd all his glories forth, and pass'd sublime,
To pour his light o'er ev'ry darkling clime.

'Tis done, and vanish'd, like an airy dream,
The list'ning crowds from Jordan's hallow'd stream,
Primeval Solitude her reign resumes,
And silence saddens o'er the slumb'ring glooms——
And, Prophet, where art thou? I hear no more
Thy footsteps rustle on the reedy shore,
Nor view thee sit upon the moonlight stone,
Like the pale spirit of the wilds, alone,
Alas! far other scenes await him now;
Far heavier cares oppress his weary brow:
Mid Salem's court he stands, in virtue's pride,
And guilty Grandeur dwindles at his side.
Yet, Jordan, oft shall Mem'ry's eye renew
Thy willow'd banks, and hills of distant blue;
There, if the wastes no kingly pomp display,
No festive pleasures crown the jocund day;
Yet Pride, and Avarice, and guilty Fear,
Ambition wild, and dark Revenge are here,
Passions and Appetites, a fiercer train
Than e'er rush'd howling o'er the desert plain.

Still shrinks he not—in conscious virtue bold,
No dangers daunt him, and no toils withhold.

Where yon proud dome the sons of riot calls,
And Salem's nobles crowd the gorgeous halls ;
Where ev'ry charm that wealth and arts supply,
In bright profusion meets the wond'ring eye ;
See, stern, unmoved, in native grandeur great,
The Prophet tow'rs, and breathes the words of fate.
Yes, as he boldly brands each dark offence,
Truth all his arms, his shield but innocence ;
See Herod, 'mid his guards enthroned on high,
In pride of pow'r, in regal panoply,
Shrinks 'neath the Hermit's gaze, by conscience stung,
A paler Ahab from a bolder tongue.

Oh Salem ! 'mid the storms that round thee roll,
Frequent and loud, to warn thy slumb'ring soul ;
Dash'd from thy hand when Judah's sceptre falls,
And the stern stranger rules thy captive walls ;
When now, more thrilling than the trumpet's blast
Elias stands, the mightiest and the last
Of all the sons of Prophecy, to tell
That fate comes rushing on thee, Israel ;
Say, can'st thou still the wing of Mercy spurn,
Hearing be deaf, and seeing not discern ;
Sunk as thou art, and stain'd with holy blood,
Still would'st thou madly swell thy guilt's dark flood ?

Yet, Baptist, go, exulting to thy doom——
Tho' Rage condemn thee to the dungeon's gloom ;
Yon dreary vault where morn can never break,
Nor ev'ning zephyr fan thy fever'd cheek,
Nor Friendship's voice, in sorrow doubly dear,
Pour its fond music in thy lonely ear——
Yet thine are joys the tyrant never knew ;
Hope's fairest flow'rs thy rugged couch shall strew ;
Thy nights in blissful visions glide away,
And holy musings steal its length from day.

For thee, O king, to drown corroding care,
Command the feast, and bid the dance be there ;
Still 'mid thy blazing halls, in trappings proud,
Affect the god, and awe the flatt'ring crowd.
Yet tho' the lute and shell and horn prolong
The burst of melody, and swell the song ;
Tho' witching beauty tries each wily art,
And woos and wins and rules thy pow'rless heart ;

What tho' to heav'n thy guilty revels swell,
 Far brighter raptures cheer the captive's cell—
 Glad is the tale consenting tongues record;
 "Messiah reigns, high deeds proclaim the Lord,
 The deaf can hear, the blind receive the sight,
 And wither'd palsy springs with new delight;
 On Pain's pale cheek reviving roses bloom,
 And shrouded Death starts wond'ring from the tomb."

Enrapt'ring thought! what now demands him more?
 His task is done, his holy cares are o'er!
 Messiah reigns, believed, confess'd, adored,
 And earth's remotest climes shall own his word.
 Then, tyrant yield, thy fatal vow fulfil;
 Rush, fell enchantress, glut thy vengeful will;
 Exhaust th' inventive cruelty of hate,
 And learn how Virtue triumphs o'er its fate.
 Backward he looks with self-approving eye,
 Before him smiles bright Immortality:
 Forgiving, fearless, calm, he yields his breath,
 And mounts to Glory on the wings of Death.

Yes, if in triumph thro' the realms of air,
 His form unchanged no wheels of lightning bear;
 Not less august his martyr'd soul shall rise
 Again, Messiah's herald, to the skies.
 Whence, oh! if, stooping from thy starry sphere,
 Thou deign'st one future thought in pity here,
 Pleased shalt thou view thy holy rite confess'd,
 Thy name revered, where glows the human breast,
 Thy Master's reign to age nor clime confined,
 The world his temple, and his race mankind.

JOHN BAYLY—Oxford Prize Poem.

DUKE ROBERT'S COMPLAINT.

Duke Robert sat in the donjon-keep,
 Of Cardiff's Castle strong,
 Sad pondering o'er his fall'n estate,
 And every burning wrong;
 His darken'd face to Heav'n he rais'd,
 And thus he made his moan:—

" 'Tis hard to sit in this donjon vile,
While a traitor sits on my throne."

'Twas on a merry April morn,
The air was sote and bland,
When lo! he heard the hunter's horn,
And a jocund greenwood band
Came clanging by his prison tower;—
" My pretty page!" cried he,
" Peep through the grate, and spy, if thou can'st,
What hunters bold these be."

" 'Tis William, the heir of Henry Beauclerc,
And his youthful noble train,
With the Countess De Perche, and the gailant your
prince
Has hold of her palfrey's rein.
Pardy! it is a gallant sight,
To see their brave array,
O would I were a lusty young squire
To hunt in the greenwood to-day!"

" Boy! boy!" the Royal Norman cried,
" Dare not to speak that name—
Though twenty captive years have chill'd
It sets my blood on flame.
Look on thy King! My scorched eyes
Are hideous to the sight!—
It was that tyrant's fierce command
That robb'd them of their light!

" But though, on them no more is giv'n
The outward light to shine,
Of sun and moon, and beamy star,
Yet inward light is mine.
Yes, tyrant fell, my spirit sees,
Upon the Norman shore,
Yon found'ring bark;—the hour is nigh
When thou wilt smile no more!

" Ay, mark me, boy! of that proud train
Who pass'd this tower to-day,
The young and fair, and debonaire,
Will soon be snatch'd away.

No passing bell for them shall toll,
 No funeral rites be said;
 O'er their remains the sea shall roll,—
 Its caves shall be their bed!

“ Then shall the dark usurper feel,
 Who robb'd me of my right,
 That Heav'n had yet in store for him,
 A dart from its quiver bright:
 When he mourns the death of his kingdom's heir,
 Then even in this grim tower
 More light of heart will his captive be,
 Than he in his Royal Bower!”

TO BEAUTY

Tell me, Beauty, what art thou,
 What is then thy magic spell?
 Thou, before whom myriads bow,
 Goddess bright, where do'st thou dwell?

Dwell'st thou in the raven tress,
 Dark as midnight's jetty dye,
 In the cheek's bright roseate bloom,
 In the dark and brilliant eye?

Tell me, Beauty, tell me true.
 Lurk'st thou in the dimpled smile?
 In the light and graceful form,
 Does thy witching power beguile?

No, ah, no, in these *alone*,
 Beauty, thou can'st never dwell,
 'Tis in bright *Expression's* beam,
 That is found thy magic spell.

And in vain the sparkling eye,
 And the cheek so bright and fair;
 These can never, never charm,
 If expression dwell not there.

But when in the eye's bright flash,
 We can see the spirit speak,

And each passion of the soul,
 Painted on the glowing cheek ;
 When, in every feature, shine
 Genius bright, and fancy's fire,
 Where is he, so cold, so dead,
 Who can gaze, and not admire ?

R. S. L.

 LIFE.

Life is the time to smile ; as doth the infant eye,
 When all unconscious of the ills of dark mortality ;
 Life is the time for joy, the flame that burns so bright
 At the altar of childhood's heart, ere sin hath dimm'd its
 heavenly light.

Life is the time to blush, as doth the youthful cheek,
 When warmed with feeling's generous rush, it glows with
 tints that speak ;
 Life is the time to gain—the gold of earth alone ?
 No,—a gem of Heaven's treasury, the Pearl of price un-
 known.

Life is the time to give an ear to pity's call,
 A heart to friends, a hand to foes, a Christian's love to all ;
 Life is the time for toil, to run the Christian race,
 To wrestle hard with sin, and gain at Christ's *right hand*
 a place.

Life is the time to love, to seek the bright reward,
 Which the Omnipotent will give the followers of their Lord ;
 Life is the time to die, to yield the parting breath,
 To raise to heaven the trusting eye, and triumph e'en in
 Death.

A. W. L.

THE ISLE QUEEN.

Fronting the wave-embosom'd shore of France,
And bulwark'd with her everlasting main,
O'er which the cloud-white cliffs sublimely gaze,
Like genii, rear'd for her defence, behold
The Isle-queen!—every billow sounds her name!
The ocean is her proud triumphal car
Whereon she rideth, and the rolling waves
The vassals which secure her victory;
Alone and matchless in her sceptred might,
She dares the world. The spirit of the brave
Burns in her; laws are liberty; and kings
Wear crowns that glitter with a people's love,
And, while undimmed, their glory ever endures;
But once dishonour'd,—and the sceptre falls,
The throne is shaken, patriot voices rise,
And, like storm'd billows by the tyrant gale
Awaken'd—loud and haughty is their roar!

Heaven-favour'd land! of grandeur, and of gloom,
Of mountain pomp and majesty of hills,
Though other climates boast, in thee supreme
A beauty and a gentleness abound;
Here all that can soft worship claim, or tone
The sweet sobriety of tender thought,
Is thine: the sky of blue intensity,
Or charm'd by sunshine into picture clouds,
That make bright landscapes when they blush abroad.—
The dingle grey, and wooded copse, with hut
And hamlet, nestling in the bosky vale,
And spires brown peeping o'er the ancient elms,
And steeped cities, faint and far away,
With all that bird and meadow, brook and gale
Impart,—are mingled for admiring eyes,
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene.

But Ocean is thy glory: and methinks
Some musing wand'rer by the shore I see,
Weaving his island fancies.—Round him, rock
And cliff, whose grey trees mutter to the wind,
And streams down rushing with a torrent ire:

The sky seems craggy with her cloud piles hung,
Deep mass'd, as though embodied thunder lay
And darken'd in a dream of havoc there !
Before him, Ocean, yelling in the blast,
Wild as the death-wail of a drowning host !
The surges,---be they tempests as they roll,
Lashing their fury into living foam,
Yon war-ship shall out-brave them all !---her sails
Resent the winds, and their remorseless howl ;
And when she ventures the abyss of waves,
Remounts, expands her wings, and then---away !
Proud, as an eagle dashing through the clouds.
And well brave scion of the Empress Isle
Thy spirit mingles with the mighty scene,
Hailing thy country on her ocean throne.

MONTGOMERY'S *Satan*

TELL ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Once more I breathe the mountain air ; once more
I tread my own free hills ! Even as a child
Clings to its mother's breast, so do I turn
To thee my glorious home. My lofty soul
Throws all its fetters off : in its proud flight
'Tis like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing
Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon
With eye undazzled. Oh ! ye mighty race
That stand like frowning giants, fix'd to guard
My own proud land ; why did ye not hurl down
The thundering avalanche, when at your feet,
The base usurper stood ? A touch---a breath,
Nay even the breath of prayer, ere now, has brought
Destruction on the hunter's head ; and yet
The tyrant pass'd in safety. God of Heaven !
Where slept thy thunderbolt ?

Oh ! Liberty,
Thou choicest gift of Heaven, and wanting which
Life is as nothing ; hast thou then forgot
Thy native home, and must the feet of slaves
Pollute this glorious scene ! It cannot be.

Even as the smile of Heaven can pierce the depths
 Of these dark caves, and bid the wild flowers bloom
 In spots where man has never dared to tread ;
 So thy sweet influence still is seen amid
 These beetling cliffs. Some hearts yet beat for thee,
 And bow alive to Heaven : thy spirit lives,
 Ay, and shall live, when even the very name
 Of tyrant is forgot. Lo ! while I gaze
 Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow,
 The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes
 A crown of glory on his hoary head :
 Oh ! is not this a presage of the dawn
 Of freedom o'er the world ? Hear me, then, bright
 And beaming Heaven ! while kneeling thus I swear
 To live for FREEDOM, or with her—to die !

AN EARTHQUAKE.

—'Twas day—and yet there came no light,
 Or only such as made more horrible
 The desolation that before was hid
 In the black shroud of darkness.—The red sun,
 Blood-stained and dim, look'd on the fallen city
 Like an affrighted murderer on the corse
 Mangled beneath his foot.—'The work is done !—
 Silence is in the streets !——
 Fanes, domes, and spires, lie crumbled on the ground ;
 Hovels are tost on palaces ; and gold
 Shines upon heaps of dust and scattered stones.
 The voice of man is o'er ; his might is crush'd
 Like a bruis'd reed ; the labours of his hand
 Are strew'd as leaves before a tempest. Mark
 Where his rich temples lie ! and see !
 As the gaunt earthquake with his giant stride,
 Again goes staggering by, how, roaring, fall
 His everlasting pyramids, and mock
 In reeking loneliness, the pride that called
 Their feebleness eternal.
 The silent multitude in breathless awe,
 Stand on the shore of the mute, sullen sea,——

A dense, dark mass, and fear is on their souls,
 Like an o'erhanging cloud. Their lips are white
 As the salt foam, and quivering in despair ;—
 They gaze, but speak not. In the wither'd heart
 The half-formed prayer dies. The grey-hair'd man,
 Mad with the misery that death has wrought,
 Thinks of his murdered children and blasphemes
 The God he worshipp'd in his youth. The child
 Looks on his mother, and perplexed to see
 Her depth of agony, forgets to weep.—
 The very ocean seems to share with them
 Their tongueless terror, and is hush'd as death.—
 Yet, hark !—far off there comes the hollow sound
 Of rushing waves.—Nearer and louder !—Lo !
 The waters have arisen, and instinct
 With a strange life, needing no winds to guide,
 Are sweeping on in their wild majesty !
 Arm'd with the voice of thunder when it leaps
 Among the mountain chasms, see ! they come !—
 But louder, wilder, and more terrible,
 The bursting shriek of that last multitude
 Along the barren sands !—Up—up to heaven !
 Shaking the Almighty's throne, that dread sound rose,—
 That last unearthly Miserere !—Hush !—
 The billows are upon them.—They have pass'd
 For ever and for ever from the earth ;—
 The lordly element has won its prey,
 And howling proudly holds its reckless course.

H. G. BELL.

WHAT'S HALLOW'D GROUND.

What's hallow'd ground ? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not to be trod
 By man, the image of his God ;
 Erect and free,
 Unscourg'd by superstitions rod
 To bow the knee ?

That's hallow'd ground—where mourn'd and miss'd
 The lips repose our love has kiss'd ;

But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?

No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallow'd down to Earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old,
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap;
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has saved mankind,
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light,
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that: and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend heaven's reeking space;
The colours planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Tho' Death's pale horse lead on the race
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven ! but Heaven rebukes my zeal :
The cause of truth and human weal
O God above !
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love.

Peace, Love—the Cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,—
Prayers sound in vain and temples shine
When they are not ;
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To inclinations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in dome's august ?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That man can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan !
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is Heaven !

Its roof star-pictured, Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirits feeling,
And God himself to man revealing
Th' harmonious spheres,
Make music, tho' unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair Stars ! Are not your beings pure ?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure ?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above ;
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime,
I read the doom of distant time,

That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What's hallow'd ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !
Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! Go forth
Earth's compass round,
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallow'd ground !

CAMPBELL.

TO THE GENIUS OF AFRICA.

O THOU, who from the mountain's height
Rollest down thy clouds with all their weight
Of waters to old Nile's majestic tide ;
Or o'er the dark sepulchral plain
Recallest Carthage in her ancient pride,
The mistress of the main ;
Hear, Genius, hear thy children's cry !
Not always should'st thou love to brood
Stern o'er thy desert solitude
Where seas of sand toss their hot surges high ;
Nor, Genius, should the midnight song
Detain thee in some milder mood,
The palmy trees among,
Where Gambia to the torches' light,
Flows radiant through the awaken'd night.

Ah, linger not to hear the song !
Genius, avenge thy children's wrong !
The demon Commerce on your shore
Pours all the horrors of his train,
And hark ! where from the fields of gore
Howls the hyæna o'er the slain ;
Lo ! where the flaming village fires the skies !
Avenging Power, awake ! arise !

Arise, thy children's wrongs redress !
Ah, heed the mother's wretchedness,

When in the hot infectious air,
 O'er her sick babe she bows oppress'd—
 Ah, hear her when the Christian's tear
 The drooping infant from her breast;
 Whelmed in the waters, he shall rest!
 Hear thou the wretched mother's cries,
 Avenging Power! awake! arise!

By the rank infected air
 That taints those dungeons of despair,
 By those who there imprisoned die,
 Where the black herd promiscuous lie,
 By the scourges blackened o'er
 And stiff and hard with human gore,
 By every groan of deep distress,
 By every curse of wretchedness,
 By all the train of crimes that flow
 From the hopelessness of woe,
 By every drop of blood bespilt,
 By Afric's wrongs and Europe's guilt,
 Awake! arise! revenge! SOUTH

MARKET NIGHT.

“ O winds howl not so long and loud;
 Nor with your vengeance arm the snow:
 Bear hence each heavy loaded cloud,
 And let the twinkling star-beams glow.
 “ Now sweeping floods rush down the slope
 Wide scattering ruin—stars shine soon!
 No other light my love can hope:
 Midnight will want the joyous moon.
 “ O guardian spirits, ye that dwell
 Where woods and pits and hollow ways,
 The lone night traveller's fancy swell
 With fearful tales of other days,—
 “ Press round him:—Guide his willing steed
 Through darkness, dangers, currents, snows;
 Wait where from roaring thickets freed
 The dreary heath's rude whirlwind blows,

" That rushing o'er th' unshelter'd waste
 Bears the old thorn's white load on high,
 Or plows the earth with frightful haste;
 The dried grass mounts, the hail stones fly.

" Then o'er the hill, with furious sweep,
 It writhes, it rends the shiv'ring tree—
 Sure-footed beast thy road thou'lt keep:
 Nor storm nor darkness startles thee!

" O blest assurance! trusty steed
 To thee the buried road is known!
 Home, all the spur thy footsteps need,
 When loose the frozen rein is thrown.

" Between the roaring blasts that shake
 The naked elder at the door,
 Though not one prattler to me speak,
 Their sleeping sighs delight me more.

" Sound is their rest—they little know
 What pain, what cold their father feels;
 But dream perhaps they see him now,
 While each the promised orange peels.

" Would it were so! The fire burns bright,
 And on the warming trencher gleams;
 In expectation's raptur'd sight
 How precious his arrival seems!

" I'll look abroad!—'tis piercing cold!—
 How this bleak wind assails his breast!
 Yet there the parting clouds unfold:
 The storm is verging in the west.

" There shines a star!—O welcome sight!—
 Through the thin vapours bright'ning still!
 Yet, 'twas beneath the fairest night
 The murd'rer stain'd yon lonely hill.

" Mercy, kind Heav'n! such thoughts dispel!
 No voice, no foot is heard around!
 Perhaps he's near the haunted well!
 Or by the gibbet or the pound!

" Distressing hour! 'tis very late!
 O Mercy, Mercy, guide him home!
 Hark!—then I heard the distant gate—
 Repeat it, echo! quickly come!

When in the hot infectious air,
 O'er her sick babe she bows oppress'd—
 Ah, hear her when the Christian's tear
 The drooping infant from her breast;
 Whelmed in the waters, he shall rest!
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 By all the train of crimes that flow
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SOUTHERN

MARKET NIGHT.

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 Perhaps he’s near the haunted well !
 Or by the gibbet or the pound !

“ Distressing hour ! ’tis very late !
 O Mercy, Mercy, guide him home !
 Hark !—then I heard the distant gate—
 Repeat it, echo ! quickly come !

"One minute now will cease my fears—
Or still more wretched must I be!
No! surely Heav'n has spared our tears,
I see him clothed in snow—'tis he.—
"Where have you stray'd? put down your load;
How have you borne the storm, the cold?
What horrors did I not forebode!—
That beast is worth his weight in gold."
Thus spoke the joyful wife;—then ran
In grateful steams to hide her head;
Dapple was housed, the weary man
With joy glanced o'er the children's bed.
"What all asleep!—so best;" he cried;
O what a night I've travelled through!
Unseen, unheard, I might have died;
But Heav'n has brought me safe to you.
"Dear partner of my nights and days,
That smile becomes thee!—Let us then
Learn, though mishap may cross our ways,
It is not ours to reckon when."

BLOOMFIELD

THE IMMORTAL MIND.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?
Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eyes shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above, or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure :
An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly :
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

BYRON.

TO THE LARK.

Mount, child of morning, mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms :
Bathed in the fountains of the dew,
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new;
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far shower'd around, the hill, the plain
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their veil aside ;
While warm with hope and rapturous joy
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will :
'Tis sunshine all and ease.

Like thy own plumes along the sky,
 Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
 No tract behind them as they fly
 Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
 'Twas thus with youthful ardour fired,
 I vainly thought to soar:
 To snatch from fate the dazzling prize,
 Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.---
 ---Alas! th'unbidden sighs will rise.
 Those days shall dawn no more.

How glorious rose life's morning star!
 In bright procession round her car,
 How danced the heavenly train!
 Truth beckon'd from her radiant throne,
 And Fame held high her starry crown,
 While Hope and Love look'd smiling down,
 Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion pass'd;---
 Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
 It melted from my gaze.
 And, narrowing with each coming year,
 Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
 While pride forbade, the starting tear
 Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
 One lingering, doubtful, beam is shed;
 One ray not yet withdrawn;
 And still that twilight soft and dear,
 That tells of friends and former cheer,
 Half makes me fain to linger here,---
 Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on! sing on! What heart so cold,
 When such a tale of joy is told,
 But needs must sympathize!
 As from some cherub of the sky
 I hail thy morning melody.---
 ---Oh! could I mount with thee on high,
 And share thy ecstasies!

MRS. BARBAULD.

SONG OF THE VIRGINS OF ISRAEL.

Daughters of Israel ! praise the Lord of Hosts !
Break into song ! with harp and tabret lift
Your voices up, and weave with joy the dance ;
And to your twinkling footsteps toss aloft
Your arms ; and from the flash of cymbals shake
Sweet clangour, measuring the giddy maze.

Shout ye ! and ye, make answer ! Saul hath slain
His thousands ; David his ten thousands slain.

Sing a new song. I saw them in their rage,
I saw the gleam of spears, the flash of swords,
That rang against our gates ! The wanderer's watch
Ceased not. Tower answer'd tower : a warning voice
Was heard without ; the cry of woe within !
The shriek of virgins, and the wail of her
The mother in her anguish, who fore-wept,
Wept at the breast her babe, as now no more.

Shout ye ! and ye, make answer ! Saul hath slain
His thousands ; David his ten thousands slain.

Sing a new song. Spake not the insulting foe ?
I will pursue, o'ertake, divide the spoil.
My hand shall dash their infants on the stones ;
The ploughshare of my vengeance shall draw out
The furrow, where the tower and fortress rose.
Before my chariot Israel's chiefs shall clank
Their chains. Each side their virgin daughters groan ;
Erewhile to weave my conquest on their looms.

Shout ye ! and ye, make answer ! Saul hath slain
His thousands ; David his ten thousands slain.

Thou heard'st, O God of battle ! Thou whose look
Snappeth the spear in sunder. In thy strength,
A youth, thy chosen, laid thy champion low.
Saul, Saul pursues, o'ertakes, divides the spoil,
Wreathes round our necks those chains of gold, and robes
Our limbs with floating crimson. Then rejoice,
Daughters of Israel ! from your cymbals shake
Sweet clangour, hymning God, the Lord of Hosts !

Ye shout ! and ye, make answer ! Saul hath slain
His thousands ; David his ten thousands slain.

SOTHERY.

And darted through the heavens : Behold the gale
Sang like a dirge ; and the white billows lash'd
The boat, and then like ravenous lions dash'd
Against the deep wave-hidden rocks, and told
Of ghastly perils as they backward roll'd.

The lovers driven along from hour to hour,
Were helpless, hopeless, in the ocean's pow'r.
—The storm continued, and no voice was heard,
Save that of some poor solitary bird,
Which sought a shelter on the quivering mast,
But soon borne off by the tremendous blast,
Sank in the waters screaming. The great sea
Bared like a grave its bosom silently ;
Then sank and parted like an angry thing
With its own strength at war : The vessel flew
Toward the land, and then the billows grew
Larger and white, and roared as triumphing,
Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray
That shone like loose snow as it passed away.
At first, the dolphin and the porpoise dark
Came rolling by them, and the hungry shark
Followed the boat, patient and eager-eyed,
And the grey curlew slanting dipped her side,
And the hoarse gull his wings within the foam ;
But some had sunk---the rest had hurried home.
And now pale Julia and her husband (clasped
Each in the other's arms) sat viewing death ;
She, for his sake in fear, silently gasped,
And he to cheer her kept his steady breath,
Talking of hope, and smiled like morning.---There
They sate together in their sweet despair :
Sometimes upon his breast she laid her head,
And he upon her silent beauty fed,
Hushing her fears, and 'tween her and the storm
Drew his embroider'd cloak to keep her warm ;
She thanked him with a look upturned to his,
The which he answered by a tender kiss,
Pressed and prolonged to pain ! her lip was cold,
And all her love and terror mutely told,
---The vessel struck---

BARRY CORNWALL.

And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice like us in motion and light."

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres !
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,
The boundless visible smile of him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

BRYANT.

A STORM.

There was a tempest brooding in the air
Far in the west. Above, the skies were fair,
And the sun seem'd to go in glory down :
One small black cloud (one only) like a crown,
Touch'd his descending disk and rested there :
Slow then it came along, to the great wind
Rebellious, and (although it blew and blew)
Came on increasing, and across the blue
Spread its dark shape, and left the sun behind.
—The daylight sank, and the winds wailed about
The bark wherein the luckless couple lay,
And from the distant cloud came scattering out
Rivers of fire : it seemed as though the day
Had burst from out the billows far away.
No pilot had they their small boat to steer
Aside from rocks ; no sea-worn mariner
Who knew each creek and bay and shelt'ring steep,
And all the many dangers of the deep.
They fled for life,—(for happiness is life)
And met the tempest in his hour of strife
Abroad upon the waters : they were driven
Against him by the angry winds of heaven ;
And all around, the clouds, the air, the sea,
Rose from unnatural dead tranquillity,
And came to battle with their legions : Hail
Shot shattering down, and thunder roared aloud,
And the wild lightning from his dripping shroud
Unbound his arrowy pinions blue and pale,

And darted through the heavens : Behold the gale
Sang like a dirge ; and the white billows lash'd
The boat, and then like ravenous lions dash'd
Against the deep wave-hidden rocks, and told
Of ghastly perils as they backward roll'd.

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The which he answered by a tender kiss,
Pressed and prolonged to pain ! her lip was cold,
And all her love and terror mutely told,
---The vessel struck---

BARRY CORNWALL

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

"There is a God" all nature cries :

A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm almighty, mind all-wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify his name.

Thy name great Nature's sire divine
Assiduous we adore ;

Rejecting godheads at whose shrine
Benighted nations blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds in boundless space,
Myriads of miles each hour
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue circle studs the face
Of that enamelled flower.

But, Thou, too, madest that floweret gay
To glitter in the dawn ;
The hand that fired the lamps of day,
The blazing comet launch'd away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

"As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to thy will ;"

By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound

One order to fulfil.

LORD BROUGHAM.

SEVILLE.

"Awake, ye Sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo Chivalry your ancient Goddess calls,
But wields not as of old her thirsty lance."

I wandered 'mid the motley crowds
In the boasted Marvel's walls ;
And idleness, deceit and sloth
Defiled her ancient Halls.

And I thought of the glorious days gone by,
And of Spain's chivalric wreath :

I asked where the glory had vanished now,
And there arose the answer DEATH.

I wandered 'mid the motley throng,
In the boasted Marvel's walls;
And I thought of the time when the turban'd hosts
Possessed the Alcazar's Halls;
And I spake, does no trace save this remain
Of the Moorish pride and faith?
Have the signs and the tokens departed all?—
And there arose the answer DEATH.

I wandered 'mid the lazy crowds,
In the boasted Marvel's walls,
With minds as dull as the smoke they drew
Beneath her ancient Halls;
And I said, are those gallant spirits gone
That lived but in glory's breath?
Oh! where are the glorious sons of Spain?
And there arose the answer—DEATH.

I turned from amid the lounging crowds
And left the Marvel's walls,
And I wandered the only living thing
In the Mausoleum's Halls;
And a voice as I pass'd came o'er my soul
With a low but chilling breath,
Thou musest now 'mid the best of Spain,
For these are the realms of DEATH.

THE CONVICT.

The glory of evening was spread through the west,
On the slope of a mountain I stood,
While the joy that precedes the calm season of rest,
Rang loud through the meadow and wood.

“And must we then part from a dwelling so fair,”
In the pain of my spirit I said;
And, with a deep sadness, I turned to repair
To the cell where the convict is laid.

The thick-ribbed walls that o'er-shadow the gate,
Resound and the dungeons unfold:
I pause, and at length through the glimmering grate
That outcast of pity behold.

His black matted head on his shoulder is bent,
And deep is the sigh of his breath,
And with stedfast dejection his eyes are intent
On the fetters that link him to death.
'Tis sorrow enough on that visage to gaze,
That body dismissed from his care;
But my fancy has pierced to his heart, and pourtrays
More terrible images there.
His bones are consumed and his life-blood is dried
With wishes the past to undo;
And his crime, through the pains that o'erwhelm him descried,
Still blackens and grows on the view.
When from the dark synod, or blood-reeking field,
To his chamber the monarch is led;
All soothers of sense their soft virtue shall yield,
And quietness pillows his head.
But if grief self-consumed in oblivion would doze,
And conscience her tortures appease;
'Mid tumult and uproar this man must repose
In the comfortless vault of disease.
When his fetters at night have so pressed on his limbs,
That the weight can no longer be borne;
If while a half-slumber his memory bedims,
The wretch on his pallet should turn;
While the gaol mastiff howls at the dull clanking chain,
From the roots of his hair there shall start
A thousand sharp punctures of cold sweating pain,
And terror shall leap at his heart.
But now he half raises his deep sunken eye,
And the motion unsettles a tear;
The silence of sorrow it seems to supply,
And asks me for why I am here.
" Poor victim ! no idle intruder has stood
With o'erweening complaisance our state to compare,
But one whose first wish is the wish to be good,
Is come as a brother thy sorrows to share.
" At thy name, though Compassion her nature resign,
Though in virtue's proud mouth thy report be a stain,
My care, if the arm of the mighty were mine,
Should place thee where yet thou might'st blossom again."

WORDSWORTH.

WHAT MAKES A KING.*

'Tis not wealth that makes a king,
Nor the purples' colouring,
Nor a brow that's bound with gold,
Nor gates on mighty hinges roll'd.

The King is he, who void of fear,
Looks abroad with bosom clear ;
Who can tread ambition down,
Nor be sway'd by smile or frown ;
Nor for all the treasure cares
That mine conceals or harvest wears,
Or that golden sands deliver,
Bosom'd in a glassy river.

What shall move his placid might ?
Not the head-long thunder-light,
Nor the storm that rushes out
To snatch the shivering waves about,
Nor all the shapes of slaughter's trade,
With forward lance, or fiery blade.
Safe with wisdom for his crown,
He looks on all things calmly down ;
He welcomes fate, when fate is near,
Nor taunts his dying breath with fear.

Grant that all the kings assemble,
At whose head the Scythians tremble ;—
Grant that in the train be they
Whom the Red-Sea shores obey,
Where the gems and chrystal caves
Sparkle up thro' purple waves ;
Bring with these the Caspian stout,
Who scorns to shut th' invader out ;
And the daring race that tread
The rocking of the Danube's bed ;
With those again where'er they be,
Who lapp'd in silken luxury
Feed, to the full, their lordly will ;—
The noble mind is monarch still.

* This beautiful piece is a translation of part of a Chorus in Seneca's *Thyestes*.

No need has he of vulgar force,
 Armour or arms or chested horse,
 Nor all the idle darts that light
 From Parthian in his feigned flight,
 Nor whirling rocks from engines thrown
 That come to shake whole cities down.

No :—to fear not earthly thing,
This it is that makes the king,
 And all of us whoe'er we be,
 May carve us out this royalty.

LEIGH HUNT's *Feast of the Poets*.

THE GRAVE OF COLUMBUS.

Silence, solemn, awful, deep,
 Doth in that hall of death her empire keep ;
 Save when at times the hollow pavement, smote
 By solitary wand'rer's foot, amain
 From lofty dome, and arch, and aisle remote,
 A circling loud response receives again.
 The stranger starts to hear the growing sound,
 And sees the blazon'd trophies waving near ;—
 " Ha ! tread my feet so near that sacred ground ! "
 He stops and bows his head :—" Columbus resteth here ! "

Some ardent youth, perhaps ere from his home
 He launch his vent'rous bark, will hither come,
 Read fondly o'er and o'er his graven name
 With feelings keenly touch'd,—with heart of flame ;
 Till, wrapp'd in fancy's wild delusive dream,
 Times past, and long forgotten, present seem,
 To his charm'd ear, the east-wind rising shrill,
 Seems through the Hero's shroud to whistle still.
 The clock's deep pendulum swinging, through the blast
 Sounds like the rocking of his lofty mast ;
 While fitful gusts rave like his clam'rous band,
 Mix'd with the accents of his high command.
 Slowly the stripling quits the pensive scene,
 And burns, and sighs, and weeps to be what he has been.

O ! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name !
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young, from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part ?

O ! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name !
When but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,—
A desert bare, a shipless sea ?
They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O ! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name !
When mem'ry of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality ?

A twinkling speck, but fix'd and bright,
To guide us through the dreary night,
Each hero shines and lures the soul
To gain the distant, happy goal.
For is there one who musing o'er the grave
Where lies interr'd the good, the wise, the brave,
Can poorly think beneath the mould'ring heap,
That noble being shall for ever sleep ?
No; saith the gen'rous heart, and proudly swells,—
"Tho' his cered corse lies here, with God his spirit dwells.

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.—When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to th'insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent: Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings—
The powerful of the earth---the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,---the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between
The venerable woods---rivers that move

In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green—and, poured round all
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe, are but an handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet, the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure! All that breathe
Will share thy destiny: the gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee; as the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bow'd with age, the infant in the smiles,
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustain'd and sooth'd
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. BRYAN

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Oh ! show me where is He,
 The high and holy One,
 To whom thou bend'st the knee,
 And pray'st, " Thy will be done !"
 I hear thy voice of praise,
 And, lo ! no form is near ;
 Thine eyes I see thee raise,
 But where doth God appear ?
 Oh ! teach me who is God, and where his glories shine,
 That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

Gaze on that arch above—
 The glittering vault admire !
 Who taught those orbs to move ?
 Who lit their ceaseless fire ?
 Who guides the moon, to run
 In silence through the skies ?
 Who bids that dawning sun
 In strength and beauty rise ?
 There view immensity !—behold, my God is there—
 The sun, the moon, the stars, his majesty declare !

See, where the mountains rise ;
 Where thundering torrents foam ;
 Where, veil'd in lowering skies,
 The Eagle makes his home !
 Where savage nature dwells,
 My God is present too—
 Through all her wildest dells
 His footsteps I pursue :
 He rear'd those giant cliffs—supplies that dashing stream—
 Provides the daily food, which stills the wild bird's scream.

Look on that world of waves,
 Where finny nations glide ;
 Within whose deep, dark caves
 The ocean-monsters hide !
 His power is sovereign there,
 To raise—to quell the storm ;
 The depths his bounty share,
 Where sport the scaly swarm :

Tempests and calms obey the same almighty voice,
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids the world rejoice

Nor eye nor thought can soar
Where moves not he in might ;—
He swells the thunder's roar,
He spreads the wings of night.
Oh ! praise the works divine !
Bow down thy soul in prayer ;
Nor ask for other sign
That God is every where—

The viewless spirit he—immortal, holy, bless'd—
Oh ! worship him in faith, and find eternal rest !

HUGH HUTT

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

I am thy friend—Oh ! think on this,
But not whilst millions court thee ;
Whilst sparkles high the cup of bliss,
And powerful ones support thee.

May no harsh thought of *me* intrude,
When soft allurements woo thee ;
To darken with a shade so rude,
The phantoms which pursue thee !

A thousand heads around thee bow—
A thousand welcomes meet thee,—
A thousand smiles salute thee now—
And countless friendships greet thee,—

The flush of health is on thy cheek,
The hopes of manhood fire thee,
And through thy orbs of lightning, break
The high thoughts that inspire thee.

The meed of genius decks thy brow
And Fame's loud trumpets laud thee,
Thy youthful pulse beats high, for thou
Behold'st a world applaud thee.

But wert thou sick, or sad, or lorn,
 Would that gay world befriend thee ?
 Ah ! no ; 'twould turn in silent scorn,
 Should fate's dark clouds attend thee !
 But I will stand like a rock in the sea
 Whilst the tempest sweeps above thee ;
 And thy tristful heart as it clings to me,
 Shall feel how much I love thee.
 There's not on this cold selfish earth,
 A breast where love is brighter ;
 That trembling flower of heavenly birth
 No lily of earth is whiter.
 More dear those liquid orbs of thine,
 Than other's smiles of gladness ;
 The paleness of thy brow divine
 More heavenly in its sadness.
 I am thy friend ! Oh ! turn to *me*
 When sorrow's mists o'ertake thee,
 When ills of earth encompass thee
 And heartless ones forsake thee.

THE TENTH PLAGUE.

The avenger of Jacob came down from on high,
 And his countenance blazed on the far troubled sky,
 And the boldest and bravest stood pale and aghast,
 As he dreadfully rode on the pestilent blast.
 And wide was the stroke—to each unsprinkled door
 His death gleaming meteor, the fierce cherub bore ;
 Not a house could escape the fell swoop of his sword,
 From the cot of the slave to the dome of the lord.
 Then burst the wild death-cry and shriek of affright,
 All flood-like and dire on the silence of night ;
 And the loud mingling clangour of curses and cries,
 On the wings of the tempest roll'd up to the skies.
 Then rose the deep sob of heart-bursting with grief,
 And the wild laugh of madness that mocks at relief,

And the moan that proclaims the full conquest of care,
O'er the heart stricken victims of icy despair.

Then o'er her young babe did the mother's tears run,
As she prest to her bosom her first-born son ;
For its smiles they were fled and bereft of its breath,
It convulsively writhed in the tortures of death.

Then sprang the proud youth from his couch of repose,
And grasping his armour he ask'd for his foes !
Half way from its scabbard his bright falchion flies,
When unwounded he staggers, falls prostrate, and dies.

Then droop'd the lone widow, and gray was her head,
By the son of her youth she was shelter'd and fed,
Her pride and her comfort—she lived by his care,
She flew to his couch—but her son was not there.

She sought him and found him—he lay as he fell,
And black as the sulphur-scorch'd demons of Hell,
His cheek it was cold and his eye shot no ray,
For his spirit had fled from its dwelling of clay.

She lay down beside him—her tears ceased to flow,
Not a sob nor a groan gave a sign of her woe ;
Her course it was ended, her journey was done,
And she pillow'd her head on the breast of her son.

Hark ! hark ! how Egyptia the ruin bewails,
Her beauty is withered, her puissance fails ;
Her sons they are fall'n, not in fields that are gory,
They were struck without warning, and died without glory.

But hark, on the wind rolls the voice of a song,
Now louder and louder it echoes along ;
Still higher and higher the swelling notes rise,—
'Tis the pæan of multitudes piercing the skies.

But whence is that host that with banners unfurl'd,
Rolls on like the flood that o'er mastered the world ?
And what are those wild notes that through the air sweep,
Like the voices of winds when they burst from their sleep ?

The men of that host are the children of Shem ;
The fall of Egyptia is freedom to them ;
No more shall the task-master torture his slave,
Nor the Hebrew be laid in a bondsman's vile grave.

For the sword of Jehovah hath blazed on the land,
And Israel is saved by the strength of his hand,
And now their hosannahs they raise to that might,
Which hath scattered o'er Egypt destruction and night.

J. BENNETT.

PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Star of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lovest on mariners to shine,
Those votive garments wet, to thee
We hang, within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tost,
We called no other name but thine,
And hoped when other hope was lost.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone in all the sky,
And mountain-waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high ;
When virgins for their true loves sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee ;
The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
When wrecking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle virgin-form we see
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
The howling storms that seem to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet ;
The surging seas recede to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the desert waters wild,
Who pitying hears the seaman's cry,
The God of mercy, as a child
On that chaste bosom loves to lie ;
While soft the chorus of the sky

I wandered 'mid the motley throng,
 In the boasted Marvel's walls;
 And I thought of the time when the turban'd hosts
 Possessed the Alcazar's Halls;
 And I spake, does no trace save this remain
 Of the Moorish pride and faith?
 Have the signs and the tokens departed all?—
 And there arose the answer DEATH.

I wandered 'mid the lazy crowds,
 In the boasted Marvel's walls,
 With minds as dull as the smoke they drew
 Beneath her ancient Halls;
 And I said, are those gallant spirits gone
 That lived but in glory's breath?
 Oh! where are the glorious sons of Spain?
 And there arose the answer—DEATH.

I turned from amid the lounging crowds
 And left the Marvel's walls,
 And I wandered the only living thing
 In the Mausoleum's Halls;
 And a voice as I pass'd came o'er my soul
 With a low but chilling breath,
 Thou musest now 'mid the best of Spain,
 For these are the realms of DEATH.

THE CONVICT.

The glory of evening was spread through the west,
 On the slope of a mountain I stood,
 While the joy that precedes the calm season of rest,
 Rang loud through the meadow and wood.

“And must we then part from a dwelling so fair,”
 In the pain of my spirit I said;
 And, with a deep sadness, I turned to repair
 To the cell where the convict is laid.

The thick-ribbed walls that o'er-shadow the gate,
 Resound and the dungeons unfold:
 I pause, and at length through the glimmering grate
 That outcast of pity behold.

For the sword of Jehovah hath blazed on the land,
And Israel is saved by the strength of his hand,
And now their hosannahs they raise to that might,
Which hath scattered o'er Egypt destruction and night.

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Who pitying hears the seaman's cry,
The God of mercy, as a child
On that chaste bosom loves to lie ;
While soft the chorus of the sky

Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
 And angel voices name on high
 The Mother of the Heavenly King.
 Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep !—at that blest name
 The waves sleep silent round the keel,
 The tempests wild their fury tame,
 That made the deep's foundations reel ;
 The soft celestial accents steal
 So soothing through the realms of woe,
 The newly damned a respite feel
 From torture in the depths below.
 Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the mild and placid seas,
 Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
 Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
 O'er all that to the depths go down,
 With hymns of grateful transport own ;
 When gathering clouds obscure their light,
 And heaven assumes an awful frown,
 The Star of Ocean glitters bright.
 Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! when angel lyres
 To hymn thy holy name essay ;
 In vain a mortal harp aspires,
 To mingle in the mighty lay !
 Mother of God ! one living ray
 Of hope our grateful bosoms fires,
 When storms and tempests pass away,
 To join the bright immortal quires.
 Ave Maris Stella.

LEYD.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

Six days the heavenly host, in circle vast,
 Like that untouching cincture which enzones
 The globe of Saturn, compassed wide this orb,
 And with the forming mass floated along,

In rapid course, through yet untravelled space,
Beholding God's stupendous power,—a world
Bursting from Chaos at the omnific will,
And perfect ere the sixth day's evening star
On Paradise arose. Blessed that eve!
The Sabbath's harbinger, when, all complete,
In freshest beauty from JEHOVAH's hand,
Creation bloomed; when Eden's twilight face
Smiled like a sleeping babe: the voice divine
A holy calm breathed o'er the goodly work:
Mildly the sun, upon the loftiest trees,
Shed mellowly a sloping beam. Peace reigned,
And love, and gratitude; the human pair
Their orisons poured forth; love, concord, reigned.
The falcon perched upon the blooming bough
With Philomela, listened to her lay;
Among the antlered herd, the tiger couched
Harmless; the lion's mane no terror spread
Among the careless ruminating flock.
Silence was o'er the deep; the noiseless surge,
The last subsiding wave,—of that dread tumult
Which raged, when Ocean at the mute command,
Rushed furiously into his new-cleft bed,—
Was gently rippling on the pebbled shore;
While, on the swell, the sea-bird with her head
Wing-veiled, slept tranquilly. The host of heaven,
Enraptured in new delight, speechless adored;
Nor stopped their fleet career, nor changed their form
Encircular, 'till on that hemisphere,—
In which the blissful garden sweet exhaled
Its incense, odorous clouds,—the Sabbath dawn
Arose; then wide the flying circle oped,
And soared, in semblance of a mighty rainbow.
Silent ascend the choirs of seraphim;
No harp resounds, mute is each voice; the burst
Of joy and praise, reluctant they repress,—
For love and concord all things so attuned
To harmony, that Earth must have received
The grand vibration and to the centre shook:
But soon as to the starry altitudes
They reached, then what a storm of sound tremendous,
Swelled through the realms of space! The morning stars
Together sang, and all the sons of God

Shouted for joy! Loud was the peal, so loud
 As would have quite o'erwhelmed human sense.
 But to the earth it came a gentle strain
 Like softest fall breathed from Æolian lute,
 When 'mid the chords the evening gale expires.
 Day of the Lord! creation's hallowed close!
 Day of the Lord! (prophetical they sang)
 Benignant mitigation of that doom,
 Which must, ere long, consign the fallen race,
 Dwellers in yonder star, to toil and woe!

GRAHAM.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

There is a voice of magic power
 To charm the old,—delight the young,
 In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
 In every clime, in every tongue;
 Howe'er its sweet vibrations rung
 In whispers low, in poets lays,
 There lives not one who has not hung
 Enraptured on the voice of praise.
 The timid child at that soft voice,
 Lifts for a moment's space the eye;
 It bids the flutt'ring heart rejoice,
 And stays the step prepared to fly:
 'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,
 And flushes o'er that rosy face,
 Whilst shame and infant modesty
 Shrink back with hesitating grace.
 The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
 At that sweet voice still deeper glows;
 Her quivering lips in vain would seek
 To hide the bliss her eyes disclose.
 The charm her sweet confusion shows,
 Oft springs from some loud broken word,
 Oh praise! to her how sweetly flows
 Thine accent from the loved one heard!
 The hero when a people's voice
 Proclaims their darling victor near,

Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
Their shouts of love of praise to hear?
Yes! fame to generous minds is dear,—
It pierces to their inmost core,
He weeps who never shed a tear,
He trembles who ne'er shook before.

The poet too—ah! well I deem
Small is the need the tale to tell,
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,
On thee at noon, at midnight dwell?
Who knows not that thy magic spell
Can charm his every care away?
In memory cheer his gloomy cell;
In hope can lend a deathless day.

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye,
To mark the tear with love replete,
To feel the softly breathing sigh,
When friendship's lips the tones repeat;
But oh! a thousand times more sweet,
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound
By dwelling on his fair one's name;
The mother listens for the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame;
Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallowed flame
Parted on earth, to meet in heaven;—

That voice can quiet passion's mood;
Can humble merit raise on high;
And from the wise and from the good
It breathes of immortality.

There is a lip there is an eye
Where most I love to see it shine;
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh—
My mother! need I say 'tis thine?—

MISS MITFORD

GERTRUDE VON DER WART.

* She is here supposed to be standing near the Rack when her husband perist

Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
 The breeze threw back her hair ;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
 All that she loved was there.
 The night was round her clear and cold,
 The holy heaven above ;
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.

“ And bid me not depart,” she cried,
 “ My Rudolph, say not so !
 This is no time to quit thy side ;
 Peace, peace, I cannot go.
 Hath the world aught for *me* to fear
 When death is on *thy* brow ?
 The world ! what means it ?—*mine is here*——
 I will not leave thee now.

“ I have been with thee in thine hour
 Of glory and of bliss ;
 Doubt not its memory's living power
 To strengthen me through *this* !
 And thou mine honour'd love and true,
 Bear on, bear nobly on !
 We have the blessed heaven in view,
 Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow
 From woman's breaking heart ?
 Through all that night of bitterest woe
 She bore her lofty part ;
 But oh ! with such a glazing eye,
 With such a curdling cheek——
 Love, love ! of mortal agony,
 Thou, only *thou* should'st speak !
 The wind rose high, but with it rose
 Her voice, that he might hear :
 Perchance that dark hour brought repose,
 To happy bosoms near,

While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute chords low,
Had still'd his heart so oft.

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheeks such kisses press'd,
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last !

She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.

While e'en as o'er a martyr's grave,
She knelt on that sad spot ;

And weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not !

MRS. HEMANS.

LIFE'S LIKENESS.

Life is—what ?

It is the shooting of a star,
That gleams along the trackless air,
And vanishes, almost to nought ;
And such is man,—
He shines and flutters for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what ?

It is the vermeil of the rose,
That blooms but till the east wind blows,
Then all entombed in sweets, doth fade and rot ;
And such is man,—
He struts in bravery for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what ?

It is a dew-drop of the morn,
That quiv'ring hangs upon the thorn,
Till quaff'd by sunbeams, 'tis no longer aught.

And such is man,—
He's steep'd in sorrow for a span,
And melts forgot.

Life is—what ?
A stone whose fall doth circles make,
On the smooth surface of the lake,
Which spread till one and all forsake the spot ;
And such is man,—
Midst friends he revels for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what ?
It is a bubble of the morn
Raised by a little globe of rain,
Whose heir destroys the fabric it hath wrought ;
And such is man,—
Swelled into being for a span,
And broke, forgot.

Life is—what ?
A shadow on the mountain's side,
A rock that doth in ether hide,
Driven by the northern gale in tempests fraught ;
And such is man,—
He hangs on greatness for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what ?
It is the sound of cannon near,
Which strikes upon the startled ear,
And ceases ere we can distinguish aught ;
And such is man,—
He frights and blusters for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what ?
It is the swallow's sojournment
Which ere the summer's robe is rent,
Flies to some distant bourne by instinct taught ;
And such is man,—
He rents his dwelling for a span
And flits—forgot.

And is this life ?
Oh yes ! and had I time I'd tell
A hundred shapes more transient still,
But whilst I speak, fate whets his slaughterous knife ;
And such is man—
While reck'ning o'er life's little span
Death ends the strife.

THE DEFENCE OF ACRE.

Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
Whose giant force Britannia's armies led !
Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might ;
Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear !
At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb !
Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To Salem still their generous aid supply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry !

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
Th' Apostate chief,---from Misraim's subject shore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore ;
When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
And Desolation hoped an ampler sway ;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd ?
What arm repell'd the victor Renegade ?
Britannia's champion !---bathed in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless Seaman stood :
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,---
E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's might.
Oh day of death ! Oh thirst, beyond controul,
Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's soul !
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road ;

O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew.
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.
While proudly glow'd above the rescued tower
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.

HEBER.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O Reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.
I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize:
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree,
Can emblem see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.
Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home, amid my friends, I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.
And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain austerities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
 Less bright than they;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?
 So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they;
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

SOUTHEY.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Some love to range the world's wide round,
 Some court the city's giddy charms,
 Some list the trumpet's clanging sound,
 Joy'd at the thought of war's alarms;—
 Ambitious arts and pleasure's smiles,
 With deep distrust *I* cautious flee,
 And glory's vain deceitful wiles,
 For *home, sweet home*, is all to me!
 Fond hopes of wealth, vain dreams of ease,
 Of future riches, future rest,
 And all that fancy's self could please,
 Fill the void chasm of many a breast;
 They seek the busy haunts of life,
 Explore the desert, brave the sea,
 For these they join in worldly strife,
 But *home, sweet home*, is all to me!
 Loved home! dear scene of every bliss
 That clings around my grateful heart!
 My Mary's smile! my infant's kiss!
 What purer joys can life impart?
 Content with what my God has given,
 I live what others wish to be;
 Enjoying earth and hoping heaven,
 My *home, sweet home*, is all to me!

THE MOURNFUL HARP.

My harp no more is twined with flowers,
The bough on which I leant is rotten ;
Yet all the joys that once were ours,
Are far too sweet to be forgotten.

No string will sound to pleasure's touch ;
No note awake that speaks of gladness :
Such is my mournful harp, and such
The heart that thou hast doom'd to sadness.

In vain for me the spring bequeaths
The calm where beauty's wing reposes ;
In vain for me the summer breathes
Its blushing flowers and fields of roses.

In vain for me the joyful hearth—
The cheeks that glow, the eyes that glisten ;
In vain the syren voice of mirth ;
I heed not,—hear not—cannot listen.

Will pity to thy breast repair,
When grief o'er error is repenting ?
Yes, thou who art as angel fair,
Wilt as an angel be relenting.

And then my harp in ecstasy
Will sound—'tis alway sad without thee ;
And bliss will come again, and I
Will sing in thrilling strains about thee.

FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end ;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Dying or living none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time—
 Beyond the reign of death—
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath ;
 Nor life's affections transient fire
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire !

There *is* a world above
 Where parting is unknown,---
 A long eternity of love
 Form'd for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star, by star declines,
 Till all are past away ;
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day :
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

While the body of Henry II. was lying in state in the Abbey-church of Fontevraud, it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and reproached himself bitterly for that rebellious conduct, which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

Torches were blazing clear,
 Hymns pealing deep and slow,
 Where a King lay stately on his bier,
 In the church of Fontevraud ;
 Banners of battle o'er him hung,
 And warriors slept beneath,
 And light, as the noon's broad light was flung
 On the settled face of Death.

On the settled face of Death,
 A strong and ruddy glare,
 Though dimm'd at times by censer's breath,
 Yet it fell still brightest there

As if each deeply furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show——
Alas ! that scepter'd mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul.
And solemn were the strains they pour'd
In the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent King in sight.——

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang,
With a sounding thrill of dread.
And the holy chaunt was hush'd awhile,
As by the torches flame
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
A dark glance high and clear,
But his proud heart through his breast-plate shook,
When he stood beside the bier.
He stood there still, with a drooping brow,
And clasp'd hands o'er it rais'd ;——
For his Father lay before him low,
It was Cœur de Lion gazed.

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast ;
But there's more in late repentant love,
Than steel may keep suppress'd.
And his tears brake forth at last, like rain.——
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior train,
And he reck'd not that they saw.

He look'd upon the dead,
And sorrow seem'd to lie,
A weight of sorrow ev'n as lead,
Pale on the fast shut eye.

He stoop'd and kiss'd the frozen cheek,
And the hand of lifeless clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
Gave his soul's passion way.

“Oh, Father! it is vain
This late remorse and deep!
Speak to me, Father! once again!—
I weep—behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my Sire!
To hear thee bless thy son.

“Speak to my mighty grief;
Ere now the dust hath stir'd!
Hear me! but hear me!—Father, Chief,
My King! I *must* be heard!—
Hush'd, hush'd!—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus?—Woe, woe, for all
The love my soul forgot!

“Thy silver hairs I see
So still, so sadly bright!
And, Father, Father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last
No longer could'st thou strive,—
Oh! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say ‘Forgive!’

“Thou wert the noblest King,
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove where spears were proved
In war the bravest heart;
Oh! ever the renown'd and loved
Thou wert—and *there* thou art.

“Thou that my boyhood's guide
Did'st take fond joy to be!—
The times I have sported at thy side,
And climb'd thy parent knee!

And there before the blessed shrine,
 My Sire, I see thee lie,—
 How will that sad still face of thine
 Look on me till I die ! ”

MRS. HEMANS.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the mighty plain,
 The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It lead me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

KIRKE WHITE.

FALL OF JERUSALEM

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh Earth ! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the Son of Man.
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign,
When the Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away :
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain,
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage-feasts begin their jocund strain
Still to the pouring out the Cup of Woe ;
Till Earth a drunkard reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And Heaven his presence own, all rent with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated cities then,
The towers and temples named of men
Eternal, and the thrones of Kings ;
The gilded summer palaces,
The earthly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings ;
Ask ye the destiny of them ?
Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem !
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurl'd ;
The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
And the vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

Oh ! who shall then survive ?
Oh ! who shall stand and live ?
When all that hath been, is no more :
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy ;
When for the breathing earth and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an ark.

Farewell to thee, who from our eyes
 Art shrouded by the tears that blind us ;
 Each passing breeze shall waft our sighs,
 To those we love and leave behind us !
 Yet though we roam
 Far, far from home——
 Whatever storms may hover o'er us ;
 Where'er we rove,
 With thoughts of love
 We turn to thee---the land that bore us !
 Our Home ! oh, still that magic name
 Shall breathe a holy spell around us---
 And make us, e'en 'mid shouts of fame,
 Sigh for the early links that bound us.
 The flowery ties
 The young bright eyes,
 That still in dreams seem watching o'er us ;
 Oh ! while we rove,
 The forms we love
 Still people thee---the land that bore us.
 The storms may rise, the winds may roar,
 Triumphant still we sail through danger
 For we behold the land once more
 That welcomes back the weary stranger.
 The port we hail,
 Furl up our sail,
 While those we love stand mute before us ;
 No more we rove,
 With joyful love
 We leap on THEE---THE LAND THAT BORE US.

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

To trace the bright rose fading fast
 From a fair daughter's cheek,
 To read upon her pensive brow
 The fears she will not speak ;
 To mark that deep and sudden flush
 So beautiful and brief—
 Which tells the progress of decay ;—
 This is a Father's grief.

When languour from her joyless couch
Has scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness that comes with night
Departs not with the day;
To meet the fond endearing smile
That seeks, with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart —
This is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead;
To look unconsciously for *her*,
The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys—and look *in vain*—
This is a Father's grief.

To stand before the sufferer's couch
While life is ebbing fast,
To mark that once illumined eye
With death's dull film o'ercast;—
To watch the struggles of the frame
When earth has no relief,
And hopes of heaven are breathed *in vain* —
This is a Father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,
And life is pain no more,
Not when the dreary tomb is closed
O'er her so loved before;
Not then does kind oblivion come
To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave *he goes* —
A Father's rooted grief.

For oh! to dry a mother's tears
Another babe may bloom;
But what remains on earth for him
Whose last is in the tomb?
To think his child is *dead* —
To hope their parting *word*;
These, these may *soothe* — *no word* —
Can heal a *Father's grief*.

ON THE DEITY.

There is a voice in every leaf,
A voice in every rill !
A voice that speaketh everywhere,
In flood and fire, thro' earth and air,
A tongue that's never still.

'Tis the Great Spirit wide diffused
Through every thing we see !
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious—**LIFE** and **DEATH**
Time and Eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun
And in the thunder cloud ;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forest's
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, every where
In all things—darkness, light,
Silence and sound ; but most of all
When slumber's dusky curtains fall
At the dead hour of night.

I feel Him in the silent dews
By grateful earth betray'd ;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south-wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am !)
I've turned in sullen mood,
From all these things whereof **HE** said
When the great whole was finished,
That they were " very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like unwholesome dew——
The darkness that encompass'd me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet he was patient, slow to wrath,
 Though every day provoked
 By selfish, pining, discontent,
 Acceptance cold or negligent,
 And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
 For my insensate heart——
 Not always so—I woke again,
 To join Creation's rapturous strain,
 "O Lord how good thou art!"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
 The glorious sun broke out,
 And love, and hope, and gratitude,
 Dispell'd that miserable mood,
 Of darkness and of doubt.

SOLITUDE.

I have been where the violets bloom,
 Where the Heather sheds its rich perfume,
 Where the gay birds chirp'd in wild delight,
 Tho' man was distant from my sight,
 Where nought was seen, save the herbage rude,
 But yet it was not SOLITUDE.

I have been on the vessel's deck,
 Upon Ocean's face a scarce view'd speck;
 Above, but the sky, and below, but the wave,
 The tomb for the mind, and the body's grave,
 When the scene with silence seem'd imbued,
 But yet it was not SOLITUDE.

I have been in my chamber lone,
 Thinking of ages past and gone,
 Voice nor sound have been with me,
 But I have felt the glow of the spirit free;
 With the voice of the soul I have been endued,
 And have spurned at the thought of SOLITUDE.

I have been in the rich Parterre,
 The voices of flowers mingle there;

I've marked the set of the glowing sun,
Prouder than, aye, when his race is run;
Alone the fragrant walks I've trod,
But yet I have felt not SOLITUDE.

I have been on the mountain side,
And have watched the course of the rushing tide,
Bounding and leaping down it goes,
Like the might of the warrior crushing his foes,
The grey stone and stream were all I view'd,
But I felt it not as SOLITUDE.

I have been on the level plain,
And have watched the course of the stream again;
Placid and sweet it has glided along,
Like the gentle notes of a far-off song,
Or a symbol of broken peace renewed,
But I never thought it SOLITUDE.

The Earth on her bosom has felt me lie,
As I watched the moon as she rolled on high,
And the "Starry host" that gathered there,
To people the multitudinous air;
Oh! who but a soul, untaught and rude,
Would call *that* feeling SOLITUDE.

But I have been in a mingled throng,
And have seen the dance, and heard the song,
And thoughts of the clay of mortality,
Amid such scenes have come over me,
And my soul with sorrow has been imbued,
And this—oh! this is SOLITUDE.

TO THE MOON.

O Moon! the oldest shades 'mongst oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in;
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thy airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless every where, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;

And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent : the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee : thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house. The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—thy myriad sea !
O Moon ! far-spooning Ocean bows to thee,
And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

What is there in thee, Moon ! that thou shouldst move
My heart so potently ? When yet a child
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.
Thou seem'dst my sister : hand in hand we went
From eve to morn across the firmament.
No apples would I gather from the tree,
Till thou had'st cool'd their cheeks deliciously :
No tumbling water ever spake romance,
But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance :
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
Until thou lifted'st up thine eyelids fine :
In sowing time ne'er would I dibble take,
Or drop a seed till thou wast wide awake ;
And, in the summer-tide of blossoming
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing,
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
No melody was like a passing spright,
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee were fashioned to the self-same end ;
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
With all my ardours ; thou wast the deep glen,
Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun,
Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won ;
Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—
My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed :—
Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon,
O what a wild and harmonized tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful !
On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
Myself to immortality.—

KEAT'S *Endymion*.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount and stream and sea!

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight——
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forest of the west
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar's shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain,
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fann'd,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, *they* rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth!

MRS. HEN.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger of respectable appearance and in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to compose a requiem for the funeral of a person of distinction. The composer who was in a highly nervous state, imagined that this was an omen of his own decease, and that the requiem would be for himself, which was actually the case, for the music was performed at his own interment.

A Requiem ! and for whom ?
For beauty in its bloom ?
For valour fall'n—a broken rose or sword ?
A dirge for King or Chief,
With pomp of stately grief,
Banner, and torch, and waving plume deplored ?

Not so—it is not so !
The warning voice I know,
From other worlds a strange mysterious tone ;
A solemn funeral air,
It called me to prepare,
And my heart answered secretly—my own !

One more then—one more strain,
In links of joy and pain
Mighty the troubled spirit to enthal !
And let me breathe my dower,
Of passion and of power,
Full into that deep lay—the last of all !

The last !—and I must go
From this bright world below,
This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet sound !
Must leave its festal skies
With all their melodies,
That ever in my breast glad echoes found.

Yet have I known it long :
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been th' o'er-mastering flame ;
Swift thoughts, that came and went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken as a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul ;

I strive with yearnings vain,
 This spirit to detain,
 Of the deep harmonies that past me roll !
 Therefore, disturbing dreams
 Trouble the secret streams
 And founts of music that o'erflow my breast ;
 Something far more divine
 Than may on earth be mine,
 Haunts my worn heart and will not let me rest.

Shall I then *fear* the tone
 That breathes from worlds unknown ?——
 Surely these feverish aspirations *there*
 Will grasp their full desire,
 And this unsettled fire
 Burn, calmly, brightly, in immortal air.

One more then—one more strain,
 To earthly joy and pain,
 A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell !
 I pour each fervent thought
 With fear, hope, trembling fraught,
 Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell.

MRS. HEMANS

IRAD, A SON OF CAIN,

On the Summit of Ararat—the Flood rising—the Ark seen in the distance.

Flash on, ye lightnings ! till ye've wrenched
 Earth's last torn bough away !
 Rise, rise ye waters ! till ye have quenched
 The sickly eye of day !
 Here, on this parting speck of land,
 Defying thee and death, I stand
 Life's latest thing of clay,
 Whose dust may into darkness fall,
 Whose spirit shall survive ye all.
 Sun, fare-thee-well ! death's rolling haze
 Swathes round thy god-like hue ;
 Ah ! how unlike those happy days,
 When, on the mountain's blue,

We worshipped thy departing light—
The brave—the beautiful—the bright !

Now, to my lonely view,
Thou look'st amid each closing cloud,
Like earth's last spirit in its shroud.—

Hark ! from their everlasting thrones
The giant hills are hurled,
While roused creation madly groans
As ruin clasps the world !

The mighty eagles that have flown
For many a day, now weary grown,
With their strong pinions furled,
Fall screaming in that ocean's war,
Whose billows roll without a shore.

Hell laughs at Heaven, whose lightning sears
The millions such as I,
Who never dream'd in happier years,
In the wild deep to die !

Their countless forms float past me now,
With faded cheek and ghastly brow,
With dim and blood-shot eye,
Fix'd where is heard Jehovah's voice
In thunder, bidding death rejoice !

Thou ocean ! thunder yet, and flash
Above the highest hill ;
But there is none to hear thee dash—
The soul of life is still ;

None but those dwellers of the Ark
Can list, from their sky-guarded bark,
The great Eternal's will,

Yet can they lift the voice of praise
Lone in the Earth of their young days.

(the Ark passes by.)

Drift on, proud bark of God !—drift on,

I seek no home in thee ;
I could not live when there are none
To taste life's cup with me !
Earth's young and beautiful are dead,
Her glorious millions perished—

Their grave is in the sea :

Then be my home, where death has hurl'd
The joys of an extinguished world !

(He springs off the rock, and the ark passes on.)

D. MOORE.

THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.

Why does my mother steal away
To hide her struggling tears ;
Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd
The secret of her fears ;
My father gazes on my face
With yearning earnest eye ;——
And yet there's none among them all,
To tell me I must die !

My little sisters press around
My sleepless couch, and bring
With eager hands their garden gift,
The first sweet buds of spring ;
I wish they'd lay me where those flowers
Might lure them to my bed,
When other Springs and Summers bloom,
And *I* am with the dead.

The sunshine quivers on my cheek,
Glitt'ring, and gay, and fair,
As if it knew my hand too weak,
To shade me from its glare !
How soon 'twill fall unheeded on
This death-dew'd glassy eye !
Why do they fear to tell me so ?
I know that I must die.

The summer winds breathe softly through
My lone, still, dreary room ;
A lonelier and a stiller one
Awaits me in the tomb !
But no soft breeze will whisper there,
No mother hold my head !
It is a fearful thing to be
A dweller with the dead !

Eve after eve the sun prolongs
His hour of parting light,
And seems to make my farewell hours
Too fair, too heavenly bright !
I know the loveliness of earth,
I love the evening sky !
And I should not murmur, if
They told me I must die.

My playmates turn aside their heads
When parting with me now,
The nurse that tended me a babe,
Now soothes my aching brow.
Ah ! why are those sweet cradle-hours
Of joy and fondling fled ?
Not e'en my parents' kisses now
Could keep me from the dead !

Our Pastor kneels beside me oft,
And talks to me of Heaven ;
But with a holier vision still,
My soul in dreams hath striven :
I've seen a beckoning hand that call'd
My faltering steps on high ;
I've heard a voice that trumpet-tongued,
Bade me prepare to die !

They whisper ! Hark ! what stifling sobs
Burst from my mother's breast ;
They should not grieve that one so young
Is hastening home to rest !
My father bends with warning voice,
Oh ! that his words were said !
If I should tremble now, he'd weep
When I am with the dead !

He clasps me in his struggling arms,
He strives to speak—in vain !
Ah ! whence this bitter anguish ?—God
Be with me in my pain !
Sisters, draw nearer !—Mother, raise
My head ;—one kiss—reply—
I see you not,—I feel ye not—
Say ! is not this to die ?

MRS. GORE.

THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

There is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy;
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing;
Brighter than summer beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world—and O, how blest!—
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold:

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer gale,
Tis not refreshed by vernal showers.
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours:

No: for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the Eternal Throne.

There forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky:
It is THE DWELLING PLACE OF GOD.

TO THE DEPARTED YEAR.

Yes ! thou art gone, for ever fled,
Thy bustle all is o'er ;
Thou sleepest with the silent dead,
And thou shalt wake no more :
Yes ! finished is thy transient reign,
And we may never meet again.

The flowers that life's young path beguiled,
Have faded one by one ;
The friends who on my childhood smiled,
They, they, alas ! are gone,
And thou hast vanished from my view,
E'en thou, O year ! hast left me too.

But should I weep that thou art gone,
Should anguish rend my breast,
That thy brief moments now are flown,
And thou in peace dost rest ?
Should I, O year ! thy loss deplore,
Or weep that thou may'st wake no more ?

Oh no ! for though with honied wing,
O'er some bright hours you flew ;
Though smiling pleasure thou did'st bring,
Yet brought'st thou anguish too :
Though bliss one moment sparkled bright,
The next 'twas quench'd in sorrow's night.

And thus, alas ! 'twill ever be,
While life's fast current flows,
Each future rolling year, like thee,
A scene of joys and woes,
Where lights and shades alternate play,
Now dimmed with clouds, now bright and gay.

And those, alas ! who smile to-day,
To-morrow shed the tear ;
And thus while Time his sceptre sway,
Shall all be fickle here ;
But Time himself at last shall be
Forgotten in Eternity :

And there no changes shall we know,
No pain, no sullen care ;
No grief that rends our hearts below,
Shall ever haunt us there ;
But joy shall burn for ever bright,
In the pure realms of endless light.

E. S. L.

EXECUTION MILITAIRE.

This piece is descriptive of the moment when the condemned Soldier is kneeling to receive the fire of the party appointed to be his executioners.

His doom has been decreed,
He has own'd the fatal deed,
And its forfeit is here to abide ;
No mercy now can save,
They have dug the soldier's grave,
And the hapless and the brave
Kneel beside.

No bandage wraps his eye,
He is kneeling there to die,
Unblinded, undaunted, alone ;
His parting prayer has ceased,
And his comrade and the priest,
From their gloomy task released,
Both are gone.

His kindred are not near
The fatal shot to hear ;
They can but weep the deed when 'tis done ;
They would shriek, and wail, and pray,
It is good for him to-day
That his friends are far away,
All but one.

In mute but wild despair,
The faithful hound is there,
He has reached the master's side with a spring ;
To the hand which rear'd and fed
Till the ebbing pulse has fled,
Till that hand is cold and dead
He will cling.

What art in lure or wile
That one can now beguile
 From the side of his master and friend?
 He has burst his cord in twain,
 To the arm which strives in vain,
 To repel him he will strain
 To the end.

The tear-drop who shall blame
 Though it dim the veteran's aim,
 Though each breast along the line heave a sigh?
 Yet, 'twere cruel now to save,
 And together in the grave
 The faithful and the brave,
 Let them lie.

LORD F. L. GOWER.

THE DEAD.

Number the grains of sand out-spread
 Wherever ocean's billows flow,
 Or count the bright stars over head
 As these in their proud courses glow.
 Count all the tribes on earth that creep,
 Or that expand the wing in air,
 Number the hosts that in the deep
 Existence and its pleasures share.
 Count the green leaves that in the breath
 Of spring's blythe gale are dancing fast;
 Or those all faded sere in death
 Which flit before the wintry blast.—
 Aye! number these and myriads more,
 All countless as they seem to be;
 There still remains an ampler store
 Untold by, and unknown of thee.
 Ask'st thou—"who or what be they?"
 Oh! think upon thy mortal doom;
 And with anointed eye survey
 The silent empire of the tomb!

Think of those who erst have been
Living as thou art—even now ;
Looking upon life's busy scene
With glance as careless, light, as thou.
All these, like thee, have lived and moved,
Have seen—what now thou look'st upon ;
Have feared, hoped, hated, mourned, or loved,
And now from mortal sight are gone.
Yet, though unseen of human eye,
Their reliques slumber in the earth ;
The boon of immortality
To them was given with their birth.
They were, and having been, they are,
Earth but contains their mould'ring dust ;
Their deathless spirits, near or far,
With thine must rise to meet the just.
Thou know'st not but they hover near,
Witness of every secret deed,
Which shunning human eye or ear,
The spirits of the dead may heed.
An awful thought it is to think,
The viewless dead outnumber all
Who, bound by life's connecting link,
Now share with us this earthly ball.
It is a thought as dread and high,
And one to wake a fearful thrill,
To think, while all who *live* must *die*,
THE DEAD ! THE DEAD ! are *living* still.
BERNARD BARTON.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

Beneath the chancel's hallow'd stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few, save rustic mourners, known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words, upon thy rough stone graven,
Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare—

Thy innocence—thy hopes of heaven,
In simplest phrase recorded there.
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my brother's grave !

The place is silent. Rarely sound
Is heard these ancient walls around,
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet
Discoursing in the public street ;
Nor hum of business dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell,
From neighbouring fort or citadel ;
No sound of human toil or strife,
In death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
Or breaks the silence still and deep

Where thou, beneath thy burial-stone,
Art laid in that unstartled sleep

The living eye hath never known.

The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps the unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile

Those windows on the Sabbath-day ;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-toned Sabbath-chime,

Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees ;
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,

And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet

Of earthly ills, in thoughts of heaven ;

What voice of calm and solemn tone

Is heard above thy burial-stone ?

What form, in priestly meek array,

Beside the altar kneels to pray ?

What holy hands are lifted up,

To bless the sacramental cup ?

Full well I know that reverend form,

And if a voice could reach the dead,

Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,
My brother, makes thy heart his bed.
That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.
It is not long since thou wert wont
Within these sacred walls to kneel ;
This altar, that baptismal font,
These stones, which now thy dust conceal,
The sweet tones of the Sabbath-bell,
Were holiest objects to thy soul ;
On these thy spirit loved to dwell,
Untainted by the world's control.
My brother, those were happy days,
When thou and I were children yet !
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes, the heart can ne'er forget !
My soul was then, as thine is now,
Unstain'd by sin, unstung by pain ;
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow——
Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
How blithely then we hail'd the ray
Which usher'd in the Sabbath day !
How lightly then our footsteps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God !
For souls in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
Best meet the pure unhallow'd shrine,
Which guiltier bosoms own divine.
I feel not now as then I felt ;——
The sunshine of my heart is o'er ;
The spirit now is changed, which dwelt
Within me in the days of yore.
But thou wert snatch'd, my brother, hence
In all thy guileless innocence ;
One Sabbath saw thee bend the knee,
In reverential piety,——
(For childish faults forgiveness crave)——
The next beam'd brightly on thy grave.
The crowd, of which thou late wert one,
Now throngs across thy burial-stone ;
Rude footsteps trample on the spot,
Where thou liest mouldering —not forgot ;

And some few gentler bosoms weep
In silence o'er thy last long sleep.
I stood not by thy feverish bed,
I look'd not on thy glazing eye,
Nor gently lull'd thy aching head,
Nor view'd thy dying agony !
I felt not what my parents felt,—
The doubt—the terror—the distress;—
Nor vainly for my brother knelt ;—
My soul was spared that wretchedness :
One sentence told me, in a breath,
My brother's illness and his death !
And days of mourning glided by,
And brought me back my gaiety ;
For soon in childhood's wayward heart
Doth crush'd affection cease to smart.
Again I join'd the sportive crowd
Of boyish playmates, wild and loud ;
I learnt to view with careless eye
My sable garb of misery ;
No more I wept my brother's lot,—
His image was almost forgot ;
And every deeper shade of pain
Had vanish'd from my soul again.
The well-known morn, I used to greet
With boyhood's joy, at length was beaming,
And thoughts of home and raptures sweet
In every eye but mine were gleaming ;
But I, amidst that youthful band
Of bounding hearts and beaming eyes,
Nor smiled nor spoke at joy's command,
Nor felt those wonted ecstasies !
I loved my home, but trembled now
To view my father's alter'd brow ;
I fear'd to meet my mother's eye,
And hear her voice of agony ;
I fear'd to view my native spot,
Where he who loved it now *was not*.
The pleasures of my home were fled ;—
My brother slumber'd with the dead.
I drew near to my father's gate ;
No smiling faces met me now,

I entered,—all was desolate,
Grief sat upon my mother's brow ;
I heard her, as she kiss'd me, sigh ;
A tear stood in my father's eye ;
My little brothers round me press'd,
In gay, unthinking childhood bless'd.
Long, long, that hour has pass'd ; but when
Shall I forget its gloomy scene !

The Sabbath came: With mournful face
I sought my brother's burial place ;
That shrine, which when I last had view'd,
In vigour by my side he stood.
I gazed around with fearful eye :
All things reposed in sanctity.
I reach'd the chancel,—nought was changed :
The altar decently arranged,
The pure white cloth above the shrine,
The consecrated bread and wine,
All was the same. I found no trace
Of sorrow in that holy place.
One hurried glance I downward gave,—
My foot was on my brother's grave !
And years have pass'd—and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb ;
And cheerful is my mother's brow ;
My father's eye has lost its gloom ;
And years have pass'd—and death has laid
Another victim by thy side ;
With thee he roams, an infant shade,
But not more pure than thee he died.
Blest are ye both ! your ashes rest
Beside the spot ye loved the best ;
And that dear home, which saw your birth,
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth.
But who can tell what blissful shore
Your angel-spirits wander o'er !
And who can tell what raptures high
Now bless your immortality !
My boyish days are nearly gone ;
My breast is not unsullied now ;
And worldly cares and woes will soon
Cut their deep furrows on my brow,—

And life will take a darker hue

From ills my brother never knew ;

And I have made me bosom friends,
And loved, and link'd my heart with others ;
But who with mine his spirit blends,

As mine was blended with my brother's !
When years of rapture glided by,

The spring of life's unclouded weather,
Our souls were knit, and thou and I,

My brother, grew in love together.
The chain is broke that bound us then ;
When shall I find its like again !

MOULTRIE.

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

Well, thou art gone, and I am left ;

But oh ! how cold and dark to me
The world, of every charm bereft,
Where all was beautiful with thee !

Though I have seen thy form depart

For ever from my widow'd eye,

I hold thee in mine inmost heart ;

There, there, at least, thou can'st not die.

Farewell on earth ; Heaven claim'd its own ;

Yet when from me thy presence went,

I was exchanged for God alone :

Let dust and ashes learn content.

Ha ! those small voices silver-sweet !

Fresh from the fields my babes appear ;

They fill my arms, they clasp my feet ;

—“ Oh could your father see us here ! ”

MONTGOMERY.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

For thou did'st die for me, O Son of God !
By thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn ;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod ;
And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn.
Thou, that wert wont to stand
Alone, on God's right hand,
Before the ages were, the Eternal, eldest born.
Thy birth-right in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return, ingratitude and hate,
The limbs thou healed'st brought thee no relief,
The eyes thou opened'st calmly view'd thy fate :
Thou, that wert wont to dwell
In peace tongue cannot tell,
Nor heart conceive the bliss of thy celestial state.
They dragged thee to the Roman's solemn Hall,
Where the proud Judge in purple splendour sate ;
Thou stood'st a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait ;
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurled,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.
Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When " Crucify him ! " yell'd the general shout ;
No hand to guard thee 'mid those insults rude,
No lip to bless in all that frantic rout ;
Whose lightest whispered word
The Seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.
They bound thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain ;
The blood, from all thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepened thy robe of mockery's crimson grain ;
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.
They smote thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With many a spear thy shuddering side they pierced ;

The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave, t'enhance thy unslaked, burning thirst :
Thou, at whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And the long buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.
Low bowed thy head convulsed, and drooped in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry ;
Slow struggled from thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony.
That head whose veillless blaze
Filled angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.
And thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes bound,
The sealed stone confirmed thy mortal doom,
Lone watchmen walk'd thy desert burial ground,
Whom heaven could not contain,
Nor th' immeasurable plain
A vast Infinity inclose or circle round.
For us, for us, thou didst endure the pain ;
And thy meek spirit bowed itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
T' avert the Father's wrathful vengeance-flame :
Thou, that could'st nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to thy all-glorious name.

MILMAN.

THE COMFORTER.

Oh ! thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone ;

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too !

Oh who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
One Peace-branch from above !

Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

MOORE.

THE PATRIOT.

Poor is his triumph, and disgraced his name,
Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame :
For him though wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
Though Fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
Though twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade :
For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans sung,
No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue :
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier ;
The curse of widows, and the orphan's tear,
Cry to high Heav'n for vengeance on his head :
Alive detested, and accurst when dead.

Not so the Patriot Chief, who dared withstand
The base invader of his native land ;
Who made her weal his noblest, only end ;
Ruled, but to serve her ; fought, but to defend ;
" Her voice in council, and in war her sword ;
Loved as her father, as her God adored ; "
Who firmly virtuous, and severely brave,
Sunk with the freedom that he could not save !

On worth like his the Muse delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph or defeat ;
Crowns with true glory, and with spotless fame,
And honours PAOLI's more than Frederick's name.

BUTSON.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Pale is his cheek with deep and passionate thought,
Save when a fevered hectic crosses it,
Flooding its lines with crimson.—From beneath
The long dark fringes of his drooping lid
Stream forth the fitful glances of his eye,
Like star-beams from the bosom of the night.
Above his high and ample forehead float
The gloomy folds of his wild waving hair,
Even as the clouds that crown a lofty hill
With a more stern sublimity. Upon
That broad and prominent front, the fiery seal
Of Febris seems to burn ; and on his lid
The swelling brow weighs heavily, as though
Bursting with thoughts for utterance too intense.
His lip is curled with something too of pride,
Which ill beseems the meekness and repose
That should, at such an hour, within his heart,
Spite of this world's vexations, be ensphered.
'Tis not disdain ; for only those he loves
Are round him now, with mild, low whispered words,
Tendering heart-offered kindnesses,—and watching
With fond inquietude the couch whereon
His slender form reclines. What can it be ?
Perchance some rooted memory of the past.
Some dream of injured pride that fain would wreak
Its force on dumb expression ; some fierce wrong
Which his young soul hath suffered unappeased.
But thoughts like these must be dispelled before
That soul can plume its wings to part in peace.

And now his gaze is lifted to the face
Of one who bends above him with an air
Of sweet solicitude, and props his head

Even with her own white arms ; until at length
The sliding pillow is replaced ;—but ere
His cheek may press on its uneven down,
Her delicate hand hath smoothed it.—Her blue eyes
With tenderness grew darker as they dwell
Upon the wreck before her ;—and a tear,
Collecting 'neath their fringes large and bright,
Fall on the snow of her high-heaving breast.

Too well divineth he the voiceless grief
Which breathes in each unbidden sigh, and beams
From forth her humid eyes ; too well he knows
That love and keen anxiety for him,
Have paled the ruby of her lip, and chased
The rose's dye from her so beautiful cheek ;
His quivering lips unclose, as if to pour
The fond acknowledgments of grateful love
On that sweet mourner's ear ;—but his parched tongue
Denies its office. Gathering then each ray,
Each vivid ray of feeling from his heart
Into a single focus,—in his eye
His inmost soul is glassed ; and love, deep love,
And grateful admiration beam confessed,
In one wild passionate glance !

The gentle girl
Basks her awhile in that full blaze,—then stoops,
And hiding her pale visage in his bosom,
Murmurs sounds inarticulate, but sweet
As the low wail of summer's evening breath
Amid the wind-harp strings. Then bursts the tide
Of woe which may no longer be repressed ;
Stirred from its source by chill hope-withering fears,
And from her charged lids, big drops descend
In quick succession. With more tremulous hand
Clasps she that sufferer's neck.

Upon his brow
The damps of death are settling, and his eyes
Grow fixed and meaningless. She marks the change
With desperate earnestness ; and staying even
Her breath, that nothing may disturb the hush,
Lays her wan cheek still closer to his heart,
And listens as its varying pulses move,
Haply, to catch a sound betokening life.

It beats ; again another——and another——
And now hath ceased—for ever ! What a shriek,
A shrill and soul-appalling shriek peals forth,
When the full truth hath rushed upon her brain !
Who may describe the rigidness of frame,
The stony look of anguish and despair,
With which she hangs o'er that unmoving clay ?
Not I : MY pencil hath no farther power,
So we'll let fall the Grecian painter's veil.

THE DEATH OF THE WORLD.

I dreamed the world was dead—the giant world !
And all the elements that had composed
Its mighty being, were decayed and gone.
The Sun, bright herald of the morning's smile,
Had lost his fires for ever—and the Moon,
That, born of silentness, would gently steal
Into night's placid bosom, and yet speak
With her pale light, had wept herself to death.
The Stars had perished, and the Sky itself
Was nothing now,—the Mountains which the winds
Had made the partners of their boisterous mirth——
The Vales to which the shepherd's rustic pipe
Had given a tongue,—the Trees and flowing Streams
And Ocean with his billows—all were still.
There seemed no Heaven, no Earth—but boundless space,
A lone monotonous vacuity,
That pall'd the eye and sicken'd on the heart.
No Insect lived, and every Bird had passed
With its sweet song away ; and Morn, and Noon
And Eve and dewy Night, and odorous Spring,
Who used to come with flower-wreathed diadem,
And smile upon the Earth : and Summer bright,
Who gazed serenely through her sunny hair,
And marked her own loved roses wake to life——
And Autumn with his chaplet of brown leaves——
And Winter with his snowy coronet,
Had faded into chaos. I alone
Was living there, if life it can be called,

To feel the death of all we love—yet breathe.
 The friends whom I had known—the one I loved
 Better than earth's best treasures—were no more.
 The heart that beat in unison with mine—
 The eye that wept or brightened with mine own,
 The tongue that never yet had learned to blame;
 The lips, sweet dwelling of the ruby kiss,
 And cheeks that blushed at their own loveliness,
 Were lost to me for ever. Then a voice
 As if the thunder spake with its cloud-tongue,
 Burst on my ear, and chaos was no more.
 The shadows pass'd away, and varied light
 Was streaming o'er a melancholy plain,
 That seemed as boundless as the boundless sea,
 Who bares his willing bosom to the storm,
 Or draws down roses from the parting sun;
 And thou wert there my Isabel—my love,
 And made an Eden of the wilderness.
 There came a band of revellers, who seemed
 Returning from some distant carnival
 For all were masked :

They clustering gathered round
 And danced before us, and we wandered on
 To the mixed voice of timbrel and of lute;
 When suddenly they stopt and wildly sang
 The words that still are sounding on my ear,
 And waking terror in my spell-bound soul.

“ We are come, we are come, from the carnival of death!
 We have struck to earth the mighty, and feasted on their
 breath !

The peasant strove to shun us, but we hurled the rebel down,
 Then tore the monarch from his throne, and trampled on his
 crown.

“ We have been in the dwellings of the haughty and the
 great,
 We found them in their majesty, we left them desolate;
 We saw around the sculptured forms that stood through
 Time's decay,
 And made the limbs of living men as stony cold as they.

“ We have been upon the battle-field to the warrior in his
pride,
We have torn the mother from the child, the lover from
his bride;
We have track'd the seaman on the deep towards his
native shore,
But the hills and vallies of his youth were seen by him no more.
“ The tyrant and the slave now share one common bed,
And the grave-worm holds his revels in the chamber of the
dead;
The loveliest all are mouldering low—the noblest bosoms
chill,
The temples are deserted now—the breath of life is still.
“ Ye are the only victims left—the last that we may crave,
And we'll bear ye along, with ghastly song, to the regions of
the grave;
A circle we'll trace above the place where ye sleep with
your kindred clay,
That no grass may grow, and no flowers may blow, where
ye coldly waste away.”

They ceased, the masks dropp'd off, and all were then
Pallid and fleshless, as if earth's lone tombs
Had opened wide their portals to the day,
And sent their bloodless tenants to the world
As scourges for the living.

“ Ye are ours,”

They said, and rush'd to tear thee from my arms;
And then I struggled as if all my soul—
My hopes of heaven—eternity of life—
And presage of a paradise above
Were wrapt in thy possession—and awoke.

THE OCEAN GRAVE.

Friends! when I die, prepare my welcome grave
Where the eternal Ocean rolls his wave;
Rough though the blast, still let his free-born breeze,
Which freshness wafts to earth from endless seas,
Sigh o'er my sleep, and let his glancing spray,
Weep tear-drops sparkling with a heavenly ray,

A constant mourner then shall watch my tomb,
And nature deepen while it soothes the gloom.

O let that element whose voice had power
To cheer my darkest, soothe my loneliest hour,
Which through my life my spirit loved so well,
Still o'er my grave its tale of glory tell.

The gen'rous ocean, whose proud waters bear
The spoil and produce they disdain to wear,
Whose wave claims kindred with the azure sky,
From whom reflected stars beam gloriously;
Emblem of God ! unchanging, infinite,
Awful alike in loveliness and might ;
Rolls still untiring like the tide of time,
Binds man to man, and mingles clime with clime.
And, as the sun, which from each lake and stream
Through all the world, where'er their waters gleam,
Collects the cloud his heavenly ray conceals,
And slakes the thirst which all creation feels,
So ocean gathers tribute from each shore,
To bid each climate know its want no more.
Exiled on earth, a fetter'd prisoner here,
Barr'd from all treasures which my heart holds dear,
The kindred soul, the fame my youth desired,
Whilst hope hath fled which once each vision fired ;
Dead to all joy, still to my fancy glow
Dreams of delight which heaven-ward thoughts bestow,
Not then in death shall I unconscious be
Of that whose whispers are Eternity.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

THE WIDOW.

Among the tombs she walks at noon of night,
In miserable garb of widowhood.
Observe her yonder, sickly, pale and sad,
Bending her wasted body o'er the grave
Of him who was the husband of her youth.
The moon-beams trembling through these ancient yews
That stand like ranks of mourners round the bed
Of death, fall dismally upon her face,

Her little, hollow, withered face, almost
Invisible, so worn away with wo.
The tread of hasty foot passing so late,
Disturbs her not; nor yet the roar of mirth,
From neighbouring revelry ascending loud.
She hears, sees nought, feels nought. One thought alone
Fills all her heart and soul; half hoping, half
Rememb'ring sad, unutterable thought!
Utter'd by silence and by tears alone.
Sweet tears! the awful language, eloquent
Of infinite affection, far too big
For words. She sheds not many now. That grass,
Which springs so rankly o'er the dead, has drunk
Already many showers of grief: a drop
Or two are all that now remain behind,
And from her eye that darts strange fiery beams,
At dreary intervals, drip down her cheek,
Falling most mournfully from bone to bone.
But yet she wants not tears. That babe that hangs
Upon her breast, that babe that never saw
Its father—he was dead before its birth—
Helps her to weep, weeping before its time,
Taught sorrow by the mother's melting voice
Repeating oft the father's sacred name.
Be not surprised at this expense of wo!
The man she mourns was all she called her own,
The music of her ear, light of her eye,
Desire of all her heart, her hope, her fear,
The element in which her passions lived,
Dead now, or dying all: nor long shall she
Visit that place of skulls. Night after night,
She wears herself away. The moon-beam, now,
That falls upon her unsubstantial frame,
Scarce finds obstruction; and upon her bones,
Barren as leafless boughs in winter time,
Her infant fastens his little hands, as oft,
Forgetful she leaves him awhile unheld.
But look! she passes not away in gloom;
A light from far illumines her face, a light
That comes beyond the moon, beyond the sun,
The light of truth divine, the glorious hope
Of resurrection at the promised morn,
And meetings then which ne'er shall part again.

POLLOCK.

A constant mourner then shall watch my tomb,
And nature deepen while it soothes the gloom.

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POLLOCK.

TO BELSHAZZAR.

Belshazzar ! from the banquet turn,
Nor in thy sensual fulness fall ;
Behold ! while yet before thee burn
The graven words, the glowing wall.
Many a despot men miscall,
Crown'd and anointed from on high ;
But thou, the weakest, worst of all—
Is it not written, thou must die ?

Go ! dash the roses from thy brow—
Grey hairs but poorly wreath with them ;
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
More than thy very diadem,
Where thou hast tarnished every gem :—
Then throw the worthless bauble by,
Which, worn by thee even slaves condemn—
And learn like better men to die !

Oh ! early in the balance weigh'd,
And ever light of word and worth,
Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,
And left thee but a mass of earth.
To see thee moves the scorner's mirth :
But tears in Hope's averted eye,
Lament that even thou hadst birth—
Unfit to govern, live, or die.

BYRON

THE BRAVE.

Where have the valiant sunk to rest
When the sands of life were numbered ?
On the downy couch ? on the gentle breast,
Where their youthful visions slumbered ?
When the mighty pass'd the gate of death
Did love stand by bewailing ?
No---but upon war's fiery breath
Their blood-dyed flag was sailing.

Not on the silent feverish bed
 With weeping friends around them,
 Were the parting prayers of the valiant said,
 When death's dark angel found them.
 But in the stern and stormy strife,
 In the flush of lofty feeling,
 They yielded to honour the boon of life,
 While battle's bolts were pealing,
 When the hot war-steed with crimson'd mane,
 Trampled on breasts all stained and gory,
 Dashed his red hoof on the reeking plain,
 And shared in the rider's glory.
 Or seek the brave in their ocean-grave,
 'Neath the dark and restless water;
 Seek them beneath the whelming wave,
 So oft deep-dyed with slaughter.
 There lie the gallant and the proud,
 The eagle-eyed and lion-hearted,
 For whom the trump of fame rung loud,
 When body and soul were parted.
 Or seek them in fields where the grass grows deep,
 Where the vulture and raven hover;
 There the sons of battle quiet sleep,
 And widowed love goes there to weep,
 That their brief and bright career is over.

BROOKS.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.)

Thou sword upon my side,
 Why glance thy beams so wide?
 Fair art thou in my sight,
 Thou art my joy, delight,
 Hurrah!
 "Me doth a brave knight bear,
 Therefore I shine so fair;
 I guard a freeman's right
 That brings the sword delight,
 Hurrah!"

Good sword ! yes ! I am free,
And from my soul love thee,
As though upon my side
Thou wert a lovely Bride !

Hurrah !

“ To thee for woe or weal,
I gave my Life of steel ;
Oh ! that we married were—
Thy Bride when wilt thou bear ?
Hurrah ! ”

The trumpet's solemn warning
Marks our bridal morning ;
When yonder cannons bray
I bear my Love away !
Hurrah !

“ Oh ! blest by thee embraced,
Thou bridegroom, bear me ! haste !
In keen desire I wait ;
My wreath doth thee await,
Hurrah ! ”

Why clashest thou for fight
Thou iron joy so bright ?
Within thy sheath so wild
Why clashest thou my child,
Hurrah !

“ I clash within the sheath
To meet the strife of death ;
Wild longing for the foe,
Thou seest me clashing so,
Hurrah ! ”

In thy small house abide ;
What wilt thou here, sweet Bride ?
Stay, in thy chamber, stay,
Soon bear I thee away.
Hurrah !

“ Thy love then quickly prove,
Oh ! garden fair of love,
Where blood-red roses grow,
And death is seen to blow,
Hurrah ! ”

Now from the sheath arise,
Delight of warrior's eyes,

Come out, come out, my sword :
I will fulfil my word.

Hurrah !

“ How joyous is the air !
The bridal dance how fair !
The steel, 'mid sunny beams
In bridal splendour gleams.
Hurrah ! ”

Up, up ! ye warriors bold,
Ye German knights of old,
Your heart the loved one warms,
Then take her to your arms.
Hurrah !

Erst on the left she threw,
Stol'n beams, concealed and few,
God on the other side
Doth bless the chosen bride.
Hurrah !

With glowing love imprest
Her bridal mouth be press'd,
Then to your arms receive her,
And cursed be they who leave her !
Hurrah !

Now may the loved one sing,
And beams around her fling ;
The bridal morn gleams wide—
Hurrah ! Thou Iron Bride
Hurrah !

THE WARRIOR'S SONG.

Fill high the bowl ! 'tis perhaps the last
The kindred warriors e'er may drain !
Oh, when to-morrow's fight is past
How few to pledge it may remain !
Fill high the bowl ! 'tis perhaps the last
That Beauty's hand may yield to thine !
Oh, when it o'er her lip has pass'd
It gives a joy more sweet than thine.

Fill high the bowl! 'tis perhaps the last
 That will beneath this roof be crowned.
 Soon the wild breeze that murmurs past
 May sweep its ruined wall around.
 Fill high the bowl! 'tis perhaps the last
 In which we hail our fathers' fame!
 Oh! when 'tis by our children pass'd,
 May added glories gild their name!
 Fill high the bowl—'tis perhaps the last—
 In it come pledge the heroes' grave!
 For him, Death's pang, ere felt is past—
 It lingers only to the slave. MRS. ROLLS

ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS PICTON

Oh! give to the hero the death of the brave—
 On the field where the might
 Of his deeds shed a light,
 Through the gloom which o'ershadows the grave.
 Let him not be laid on the feverish bed,
 There to waste through the day,
 Like a taper away,
 And live 'till the spirit be dead.
 Oh no! let him lie on fame's death-bed of pride;
 On the hoof-beaten strand
 With his sword in his hand,
 And a fresh-welling wound in his side.
 No—not with the stealth of disease he should die;
 He should bound o'er the flood,
 Of his fame and his blood,
 To the glory that waits him on high!
 For the life-blood, whose stream to our country is given,
 In the pride of its worth,
 Shall be hallow'd on earth,
 And the soul shall be honoured in heaven.
 Such fate, gallant Picton! was thine, when the few
 Who survived thee in fight,
 Won the day by the light,
 That thy deeds shed around Waterloo! MOOR

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

Oh ! God unseen but not unknown,
Thine eye is ever fixed on me ;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompass'd by thy Deity.

Throughout this universe of space,
To nothing am I long allied ;
For flight of time and change of place,
My strongest, dearest, bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they ?
Friends whom I knew, I know no more ;
Companions once that cheered my way
Have dropt behind or gone before.

Now I am one amidst the crowd
Of life and action hurrying round ;
Now left alone—for like a cloud
They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself I sometimes part,
Unconscious sleep is nightly death ;
Yet surely by my bed thou art,
To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done or said,
How little can I now recall ;
Forgotten things to me are dead,
With thee they live, thou knowest them all,

Thou hast been with me from the womb,
Witness to every conflict here ;
Nor wilt thou leave me at the tomb,
Before thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes, the only one
Of all my time to be foretold ;
Though when, and where, and how, can none
Of all the race of man unfold.

That moment comes when strength must fail
When health, and hope, and comfort flown,
I must go down into the vale,
And shade of death with thee alone.

Alone with thee ; in that dread strife,
Uphold me through mine agony ;
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

Then when the imbodyed spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod ;
And in the unveiled presence stands
Of thee, my Saviour and my God,

Be mine eternal portion this,
Since thou wert always here with me ;
That I may view thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with thee.

MONTGOMERY

MAGDALENE'S HYMN.

FROM "THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE."

The air of death breathes through our souls,
The dead all round us lie ;
By day and night the death-bell tolls,
And says, " Prepare to die."

The face that in the morning sun
We thought so wond'rous fair,
Hath faded, ere his course was run,
Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave,
With thin locks silvery-grey ;
I see the child's bright tresses wave
In the cold breath of clay.

The loving ones we loved the best,
Like music, all are gone !
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
Their monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs ;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight voices sweet,
Like fragrance fill the room :

And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
 Come bright'ning from the tomb.
 We know who sends the visions bright,
 From whose dear side they came !
 —We veil our eyes before the light,
 We bless our Saviour's name !
 This frame of dust, this feeble breath,
 The Plague may soon destroy ;
 We think on Thee, and feel in death,
 A deep and awful joy.
 Dim is the light of vanish'd years,
 In glory yet to come ;
 O idle grief ! O foolish tears !
 When Jesus calls us home.
 Like children for some bauble fair
 That weep themselves to rest ;
 We part with life—awake ! and there
 The jewel in our breast !

WILSON.

THE CRUSADER'S SONG.

Forget the land which gave ye birth,
 Forget the womb which bore ye ;—
 Forget each much loved spot of earth,
 Forget each dream of glory.
 Forget the friends that by your side
 Stood firm as rocks unbroken ;—
 Forget the late affianced bride,
 And every dear love-token.—
 Forget the hope that in each breast
 Glowed like a smouldered ember ;
 But still the Holy Sepulchre,
 Remember ! Oh Remember !
 Remember all the vows ye've sworn
 At holy Becket's altar ;—
 Remember all the ills ye've borne,
 And scorn'd to shrink or falter.
 Remember every laurel'd field,
 Which saw the crescent waving ;—
 Remember when compell'd to yield,
 Uncounted numbers braving.

Remember these, remember too
The cause ye strive for ever ;
The cross ! the Holy Sepulchre !
Forget, forget them never.
By him who in that sepulchre
Was laid in Death's cold keeping ;—
By her who bore, who reared him, her
Who by that Cross sat weeping.
By those whose blood so oft has cried
Revenge for souls unshriven !
By those whose sacred precepts guide
The path to yonder Heaven.
From youth to age, from morn to eve,
From Spring-tide to December ;
The Holy Sepulchre of Christ,
Remember ! Oh Remember ! HENRY NEELE.

VICTORY.

How gloriously the festive bells resound !
Pealing their gladness thro' the azure night,
As though the triumph of ten thousand hearts
In full-voiced chorus shook the starry air,
And made it joyous music ! Now they swell
Aloft, in one tempestuous wave of sound,
Then, faintly die, like war-notes on the wind,
Then on again ! with an ecstatic roar,
Thrilling the empire with a brave delight.

England hath laid her sceptre on the deep,
And with her thunder, chased her ocean-foes
Like leaves before the breathing of a blast !
England hath rear'd her banners on the plain
Of battle, Victory waved them, and the world
Again shall echo with her haughty name.
And hence, a stormy rapture shakes the isle ;
Hence the loud music of her hollow fanes,
Whether in cities emulously tower'd
Among the skies, or in lone hamlets seen,—
Still pouring out the language of the land ;
With all those pageantries, and fiery pomps

That hang and glitter from her window'd piles,
Emblazed with mottoes and triumphal scenes.

Not one to whom the name of country clings
With spelling fondness, but this hour adores.
The old men feel the sunshine of far youth
Returning, fresh as when the hero glow'd.
The young,—lip, eye, and daring heart, are stirr'd ;
Their very blood seems rippled with delight,
So deep the fulness of this warlike joy.
Yea hollow cheeks of Sadness, and the brows
Of Poverty, and lean-faced Want itself,
Forget their nature in a share of fame !

MONTGOMERY'S *Satan*.

DEATH OF POMPEY.

Not when his golden eagles flew
In sun-bright splendour o'er him,
When he "came, and saw, and overthrew,"
And kings bent down before him,—
Not in his regal hour of pride,
When his navies darken'd Egypt's tide,
To fame and conquest bore him,—
Did ever Pompey's laurel'd brow
To one fond heart seem bright as now !
When a Monarch—ay, almost a God—
Rome's fickle legions crown'd him ;
When nations waited on his nod,
And myriads throng'd around him ;
Cornelia sate beside his throne,—
His fame, wealth, honours, all her own,—
Her's the sole chains that bound him,
But never did her lips avow
Such deep devoted love as now !
Forlorn, deserted, and betrayed,
An exile on the wave ;
Doom'd of the satraps he had made
Life's paltry boon to crave ;
Of wealth, fame, power, even hope bereft,

Scorned by his summer friends and left
No refuge but the grave,—
What raised his soul his fate above?—
What, but Cornelia's changeless love!

She looks upon Pelugium's strand,
Fierce hosts are hurrying there;
And she numbers each succeeding band,
With a wild and troubled air.
Proud ships are dancing in the bay;
"Is it their homage thus they pay,"
She asks, "or but a snare,
A dark device of Cæsar's hate,
To seal my royal Pompey's fate?"

A bark comes tilting thro' the spray,
To bear him to the shore;
One kiss—and then away, away!
One word—and all is o'er!
Vain her entreaties, vainer now,
The bodings wild that cloud the brow
Her lips may press no more;
Bright prowls are stirring in the bay;
The die is cast—away, away!

A shriek is on the noontide wave,
Despairing loud, and shrill;—
Oh that her love had power to save
The blood they rush to spill!
It may not be;—he looks his last;
One moment and the struggle's past,
Even now his heart grows chill;—
He draws his mantle o'er his eyes,
And as he *lived* great Pompey *dies*.

And shouts of triumph rend the air,
From the slaves who mark his fall;
But the voice of Cornelia's deep despair
Is heard above them all!
'Tis the requiem wild of woman's love;
The cry of blood to heaven above;
May vengeance note the call!
And yon dastard traitor's cheeks grow pale
At the dooming tones of that fearful wail.

'Tis eve : those savage shouts are o'er,
That shriek hath died away ;
And far from Egypt's fatal shore,
Her bark pursues its way ;
What is to her the fitful breeze,
The conflict stern of skies and seas,
To the calm of yonder bay ?—
She'd rather seek the whirlpool's breast
Than on its blood-stained waters rest !
What reck's it where the casket lies,
When the gem it shrined is gone,—
Who bids the funeral pile arise
When the deathless soul is flown ?
And yet may honours, duly paid,
Truth's tears appease a warrior's shade,
For a martyr's wrongs atone ;—
Fall'n chief ! those offerings—half divine—
That incense of the heart is thine !
Though of all the minions of thy power,
Who once meet homage paid thee,
Who fawned on thee in fortune's hour,
And when it waned betrayed thee,—
Not one court parasite is near
To mourn above the bloody bier,
Where traitor hands have layed thee,
Two humbler friends with duteous love,
Now bend thy mangled form above.
And, gathering from a gasping wave
The relics of a bark,
Wreck'd like the glories of the brave,
When fortune's clouds grow dark ;
They spread them for thy funeral pile—
Then breathing vengeance deep the while,—
Kindle the glowing spark ;—
And flames as bright as truth arise,
To grace great Pompey's obsequies !

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

Oh ! weep not, mother, though thy child
Too soon from thee must part ;
Oh ! let not useless sorrow break
Thy fond—thy doting heart !
I have no fear, no dread of death
Nor shrink from its cold sleep ;
I know no terror—feel no pain
But when I see thee weep.
Although but few have been my years,
Which now are closing fast,
I feel no wish to tarry here,
Nor sigh for what is past.
I leave this weary world of woe,
More lasting joys to reap ;
Then wherefore grieve to lose thy child,—
Oh, wherefore, mother weep ?
To leave *thee*, whom I ever loved—
To say farewell to *thee*,—
To meet thy last fond gaze,—to hear
Thy fervent prayer for me,
Would move my dying heart, and to
My ebbing soul sink deep ;
Yet could I patiently bear this,
But cannot see thee weep.
Then weep not, mother, though thy child
Too soon from thee must part ;
Oh, let not useless sorrow break
Thy fond—thy doting heart !
E'n now I feel the chill of death,—
I strive to breathe——'tis vain !
Oh, mother !—one embrace !—I die !—
We part to meet again !

SCENE OF MISERY.

A dreadful winter came, each day severe,
Misty when mild, and icy cold when clear ;
And still the humble dealer took his load,
Returning slow, and shiv'ring on the road :

The lady, still relentless, saw him come,
And said, ' I wonder, has the wretch a home ?'
' A hut ! a hovel !'—' Then his fate appears
To suit his crime.'—' Yes, lady, not his years ;
No ! nor his sufferings, nor that form decayed :'
' Well ! let the parish give its paupers aid :
You must the vileness of his acts allow ;'
' And you, dear lady, that he feels it now :'
' When such dissemblers on their deeds reflect,
Can they the pity they refused expect ?
He that doth evil, evil shall he dread !'—
' The snow,' quoth Susan, ' falls upon his bed,—
It blows beside the thatch—it melts upon his head :'
' 'Tis weakness, child, for grieving guilt to feel ;'
' Yes, but he never sees a wholesome meal ;
Through his bare dress appears his shrivell'd skin,
And ill he fares without, and worse within :
With that weak body, lame, diseased, and slow,
What cold, pain, peril, must the sufferer know !'
' Think on his crime.'—' Yes, sure, 'twas very wrong ;
But look (God bless him !) how he gropes along !'
' Brought me to shame.'—' Oh ! Yes, I know it all—
What cutting blast ! and he can scarcely crawl ;
He freezes as he moves—he dies ! if he should fall :
With cruel fierceness drives this icy sleet,—
And must a Christian perish in the street,
In sight of Christians ?—There ! at last he lies ;
Nor unsupported can he ever rise ;
He cannot live.'—' But is he fit to die ?'
Here Susan softly mutter'd a reply,
Look'd round the room—said something of its state,
Dives the rich, and Lazarus at his gate ;
And then aloud—' In pity do behold
The man affrighten'd, weeping, trembling, cold :
Oh ! how these flakes of snow their entrance win
Through the poor rags, and keep the frost within ;
His very heart seems frozen as he goes
Leading that starved companion of his woes :
He tried to pray—his lips I saw them move,
And he so turn'd his piteous looks above ;
But the fierce wind the willing heart opposed,
And, ere he spoke, the lips in misery closed :

Poor suffering object ! yes, for ease you pray'd,
And God will hear—he only, I'm afraid.'
' Peace ! Susan, peace ! pain ever follows sin !'
Ah ! then, thought Susan, when will ours begin ?
' When reach'd his home, to what a cheerless fire
And chilling bed will those cold limbs retire !
Yet ragged, wretched as it is, that bed
Takes half the space of his contracted shed ;
I saw the thorns beside the narrow gate,
With straw collected in a putrid state :
There will he, kneeling, strive the fire to raise,
And that will warm him rather than the blaze ;
The sullen, smoky blaze, that cannot last
One moment after his attempt is past.
And I so warmly, and so purely laid,
To sink to rest—indeed, I am afraid !'—
' Know you his conduct ?'—' Yes, indeed, I know,
And how he wanders in the wind and snow ;
Safe in our rooms the threat'ning storm we hear,
But he feels strongly what we faintly fear !
' Wilful was rich, and he the storm defied ;
Wilful is poor, and must the storm abide ;'
Said the stern lady, ' 'Tis in vain to feel ;
Go and prepare the chicken for our meal.'

CRABBE.

PERPETUAL ADORATION.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine—
My temple, Lord ! that arch of thine—
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my frequent prayers.
My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves ;
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music breathes of Thee !
I'll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence like thy throne ;
And the pale stars shall be at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack,
That clouds awhile the day-beams track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through.

There's nothing bright above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity !

There's nothing dark below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy truth shall turn all bright again.

MOORE.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Yes, we shall meet again,
When this world's strife is over ;
And where comes not care or pain,
A brighter land discover.

I will not think, in lasting night,
Earth's love and friendship dies,
It lives again serenely bright,
In worlds beyond the skies.

I will not think the grave hath power
To dim this heart's undying love,—
Oh ! may I still in death's dark hour,
Its lasting fondness prove.

Immortal sure some feelings are ;—
Oh ! not of earth the pure devotion,
Which lives in one fond earthly care,
And that—pure Friendship's soft emotion.

For brightest this wide world appears,
When far each selfish care is driven ;
Soft Pity ! dry not yet thy tears—
They make dark earth resemble heaven.

For other's weal, for other's woe,
 Let me have smiles and tears to give ;
 And all my busy cares bestow,
 In some fond trusting heart to live.

And let a voice be murmuring near,
 When other sounds are faint and low ;
 And whisper softly in my ear,
 When death's chill dews are on my brow—

“ Yes, we shall meet again
 When this world's strife is over ;
 And where comes not care nor pain,
 A better land discover.”

THE LAST LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

Sweet lyre ! say, why forsaken ?
 Why sleeps that melting strain ?
 When will thy soul awaken
 With sounds so sweet again ?
 Thy chords have gently warbled
 The modest shepherd's name ;
 And proudly have they echoed
 The haughty warrior's fame.

Sweet lyre ! from thee oft has flow'd
 The gay, the sprightly air ;
 Thou hast also sadly told
 Of sorrow and despair ;
 When with sacred praise inspired.
 Thy theme has soared on high,
 The list'ning crowds admired,
 And thought an angel nigh.

Now, forgotten and unstrung,
 Thy numbers die away ;
 That soft strain so lately sung,
 Was thy last, thy parting lay.
 Let the mournful tear be shed,
 Thy fame will soon expire ;
 For the minstrel's soul has fled,
 He strikes an Angel's lyre.

THE FATE OF THE FRIENDLESS.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky ;
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die ;
Yet on that rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if it wept such waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away ;
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade ;
The winds bewail the leafless tree,—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tempe's desert strand ;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand ;
Yet, as if grieving to efface,
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me.

WILDE.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The Isles of Greece ! the Isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung ;
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.
The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute

To sounds which echo further west,
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—

And Marathon looks on the sea ;

And musing there an hour alone,

I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;

For standing on the Persian's grave,

I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow,

Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;

And ships, by thousands, lay below,

And men in nations ;—all were his !

He counted them at break of day—

And when the sunset, where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,

My country ? On thy voiceless shore

The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more !

And must thy lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,

Though link'd among a fetter'd race,

To feel at least a patriot's shame,

Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;

For what is left the poet here ?

For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?

Must *we* but blush ? Our fathers bled.

Earth ! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead !

Of the three hundred grant but three,

To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?

Ah ! no ; -the voices of the dead

Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, " Let one living head,—

But one arise—~~we~~ we come, we come !"

'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine !

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call——
 How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave——
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine :
 He served—but served Polycrates——
 A tyrant ; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend !
 That tyrant was Miltiades !
 Oh ! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks——
 They have a king who buys and sells ;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells :
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade——
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing, and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

BYRON.

THE IVY.

Dost thou not love, in the season of Spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath ?
Its glossy leaf and its silvery stem ;
Oh ! dost thou not love to look on them ?
And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
Where glist'ning waters run,
To see by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream ?
And oh ! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee ?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson the scene displays ?
It should be thus, at an age like thine ;
And it has been thus with me ;
When the freshness of feeling and heart were mine,
As they never more can be :
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.
Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant Ivy had grown,
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own.

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I, at thy years, might do,
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turned again
That scathed wreck to view :
But now I can draw from that mould'ring tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.
O smile not ! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught ;
That which will closest and longest cling,
Is alone worth a serious thought !
Should ought be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves not the dead ?
Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot ;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee !

BERNARD BARTON.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A *Mother's* love—how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love ?
—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above ;
To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
The warmest love that can grow cold ;
This is a mother's love.
To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born ;
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone ;
This is a mother's love.
Its weakness in her arms to bear ;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest ;

Then while it slumbers watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death ;
This is a mother's love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire ;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks ;
This is a mother's love.

And can a mother's love grow cold ?
Can she forget her boy ?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy ?
A mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild ;
—Is *this* a mother's love ?

Ten thousand voices answer “ No ! ”
Ye clasp your babes and kiss ;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow :
Yet, ah ! remember this ;
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die,—to curse his birth ;
—Is *this* a mother's love ?

A parent's heart may prove a snare ;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell ;
Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind ;
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Ev'n with a mother's love.

Blest infant ! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And pour'd upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the word ;
This was the lesson to her son.
—Time is eternity begun :
Behold that mother's love.

Blest mother ! who in wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,

Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God ;
Ah ! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
Begin Eternity in time,
Taught by that mother's love.

That mother's love ?—how sweet the name !

What *was* that mother's love ?

-- The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above

Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold ;

This was that mother's love.

MONTGOMERY.

THE GEYSER.

Hark ! from yon cauldron-cave, the battle-sound
Of fire and water warring under ground ;
Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,
Here might some spirit, fall'n from bliss abide,
Such fitful wailings of intense despair,
Such emanating splendours fill the air.
—He comes, he comes ; the infuriate Geyser springs
Up to the firmament on vapoury wings ;
With breathless awe the mounting glory view ;
White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.
But lo ! a glimpse ;—refulgent to the gale,
He starts all naked through his riven veil ;
A fountain column, terrible and bright,
A living, breathing, moving form of light :
From central earth to heaven's meridian thrown,
The mighty apparition towers alone ;
Rising, as though for ever he could rise,
Storm and resume his palace in the skies.
All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below ;
Around him beams the reconciling bow ;
Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,
(Till nature's doom,) the waters and the winds ;
While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,
The air illumine with celestial hues,

As if the bounteous sun were raining down
 The richest gems of his imperial crown.
 In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,
 Foot-bound to fathomless captivity ;
 A power unseen, by sympathetic spell
 For ever working,—to his flinty cell,
 Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres ;
 He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears ;
 Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,
 Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,
 While the low murmurs of the refulgent tide
 Far into subterranean silence glide,
 The eye still gazing down the dread profound,
 When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.
 —But is he slain and sepulchred ?—Again
 The deathless giant sallies from his den,
 Scales with recruited strength the ethereal walls,
 Struggles afresh for liberty,—and falls.
 Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,
 By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,
 He shall maintain, 'till Iceland's solid base
 Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.

MONTGOMERY.

SATAN.

Prince of the fall'n ! Around thee sweep
 The billows of the burning deep ;
 Above thee low'rs the sullen fire ;
 Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire ;
 And on thy sleepless vision rise
 Hell's living clouds of agonies.
 But thou dost like a mountain stand,
 The spear un-lifted in thy hand :
 Thy gorgeous eye---a comet shorn,---
 Calm into utter darkness borne.
 A naked giant, stern, sublime,
 Arm'd in despair, and scorning Time.
 On thy curl'd lip is throned disdain,
 That may revenge, but not complain :

Thy mighty cheek is firm, tho' pale ;
There smote the blast of fiery hail !
 Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
 The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem,
Thy King is in thy eyeball's beam,
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole chief of Hell's dark multitude.

 Thou prison'd, ruin'd, unforgiven !
Yet fit to master all---but Heaven.

CROLY.

HYMN OF THE CAPTIVE JEWS.

God of the Thunder ! from whose cloudy seat
 The fiery winds of Desolation flow :
Father of vengeance ! that with purple feet,
 Like a full wine-press, treads the world below :
The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
 Till thou the guilty land hast sealed for woe.

God of the Rainbow ! at whose gracious sign
 The billows of the proud their rage suppress :
Father of Mercies ! at one word of thine
 An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness !
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maiden's glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
 And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord,
 The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate ;
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian sword,
 Even her foes wept to see her fallen state ;
And heaps her ivory palaces became.
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temple sank amid the smouldering flame,
 For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
 And the sad city lift her crownless head ;

And songs shall wake, and dancing footsteps gleam,
Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of the dead.
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers,
To deck, at blushing eve, their bridal bowers,
And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves ;
With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
Envyng our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
'Neath the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy ;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home ;
He that went forth a tender yearling boy,
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come.
And Canaan's vines for us their fruit shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honied stores prepare,
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer
Where, o'er the cherub-seated God, full-blazed th' irra-
diate dome. MILMAN.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the centinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.
Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.
' Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn ;'—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.
CAMPBELL.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within ;
Oh ! 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may,
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.
When we see the first charm of our youth passes by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ;
Then, then, is the moment affection can sway,
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
Love nursed among pleasures is faithless as they,
But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow is true !
In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour th' flowers shed about ;
'Tis the clouds and the mist of our own weeping skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears ;
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out-by tears !
MOORE.

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

Let the great man, his treasures possessing,
Pomp and splendour for ever attend ;
I prize not the shadowy blessing,
I ask the affectionate friend.

Tho' foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,
His footsteps from wisdom depart ;
Yet my spirit shall never forsake him,
If he own an affectionate heart.

Affection ! thou soother of care,
Without thee, unfriended we rove ;
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
And the storms of mortality's state ;
What shall lull the afflicted to rest,
But the joys that on sympathy wait ?

What is fame, bidding envy defiance,
The idol and bane of mankind ;
What is wit, what is learning and science,
To the heart that is stedfast and kind ?

Even genius may weary the sight,
By too fierce and too constant a blaze ;
But Affection, mild planet of night !
Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms
Which encircle creation decay ;
It shall live mid the wide wasting storms,
That bear all undistinguished away.

When time at the end of his race
Shall expire with expiring mankind ;
It shall stand on its permanent base,—
It shall last till the last wreck of mind.

MRS. COTTLE.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

Nay, tell me not of lordly halls !

My minstrels are the trees ;

The moss and the rock are my tapestried walls,

Earth's sounds my symphonies.

There's music sweeter to my soul,

In the weed by the wild wind fanned ;

In the heave of the surge, than ever stole

From mortal minstrel's hand.

There's mighty music in the roar

Of the oaks on the mountain's side ;

When the whirlwind bursts on their foreheads hoar,

And the lightning flashes wide.

There's music in the city's hum,

Heard in the noontide glare ;

When its thousand mingling voices come

On the breast of the sultry air.

There's music in the forest stream,

As it plays through the deep ravine ;

Where never Summer's breath or beam

Has pierced its woodland screen.

There's music in the thundering sweep

Of the mountain waterfall ;

As its torrents struggle, and foam, and leap,

From the brow of its marble wall.

There's music in the dawning morn,

Ere the lark his pinion dries

In the rush of the breeze, through the dewy corn,

Through the garden's perfumed dyes.

There's music in the twilight cloud,

As the clanging wild swans spring ;

As homeward the screaming ravens crowd,

Like squadrons on the wing.

There's music in the depths of night,

When the world is still and dim ;

And the stars flame out in their pomp of light,

Like thrones of the Cherubim.

THE DROUGHT.

What strange, what fearful thing hath come to pass?
The ground is iron and the heavens are brass;
Man on the withering harvests casts his eye,
"Give me your fruits in season, or I die;"
The timely Fruits implore their parent Earth,
"Where is thy strength to bring us forth to birth?"
The Earth, all prostrate, to the Clouds complains,
"Send to my heart your fertilizing rains;"
The Clouds invoke the Heavens,—Collect, dispense
Through us your quickening, healing influence;"
The Heavens to Him that made them raise their moan,
"Command thy blessing and it shall be done;"
The Lord is in his temple;—hush'd and still,
The suppliant Universe awaits his will.

He speaks; and to the clouds the Heavens dispense,
With lightning speed, their genial influence;
The gathering, breaking Clouds pour down their rains,
Earth drinks the bliss through all her eager veins;
From teeming furrows start the Fruits to birth,
And shake their treasures on the lap of Earth;
Man sees the harvests grow beneath his eye,
Turns and looks up with rapture to the sky;
All that have breath and being now rejoice,
All Nature's voices blend in one great voice,
"Glory to God, who thus Himself makes known!"
—When shall all tongues confess Him God alone?

Lord, as the rain comes down from Heaven;—the rain
Which waters Earth, nor thence returns in vain;
But makes the tree to bud, the grass to spring,
And feeds and gladdens every living thing;
So may thy word upon a world destroy'd,
Come down in blessing and return not void;
So may it come in universal showers,
And fill Earth's dreariest wilderness with flowers,
—With flowers of promise fill the world, within
Men's heart laid waste and desolate by sin;
Where thorns and thistles curse the infested ground,
Let the rich fruits of righteousness abound;
And trees of life for ever fresh and green,
Flourish where trees of death alone have been;

Let Truth look down from Heaven, Hope soar above,
Justice and Mercy kiss, Faith work by Love ;
Nations new-born their fathers' idols spurn ;
The Ransom'd of the Lord with songs return ;
Heralds the year of Jubilee proclaim ;
Bow every knee at the Redeemer's name ;
O'er lands with darkness, thralldom, guilt o'erspread,
In light, joy, freedom, be the Spirit shed ;
Speak thou the word ; to Satan's power say " Cease,"
But to a world of pardon'd sinners " Peace."
---Thus in thy grace, Lord God, Thyself make known,
Then shall all tongues confess thee God alone.

MONTGOMERY.

MONCONTOUR.

In 1569, in the reign of Charles IX. of France, a desperate battle was fought at Moncontour, in Poitou, between the Huguenots under Admiral Coligny, contending for the enjoyment of religious liberty, and the King's army under the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. The Huguenots, who had previously lost three successive battles, were again defeated.

Oh ! weep for Moncontour. Oh ! weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power ;
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God.

Oh ! weep for Moncontour. Oh ! weep for the slain
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain.
Oh ! weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair.

One look, one last look, to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers,
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed that our own should be laid.

Alas ! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids,
To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and for ever. The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave;---
Our hearths we abandon;---our lands we resign;---
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

MACAULAY.

MARMION'S FLIGHT FROM TANTALLON CASTLE.

Not far advanced was morning's day
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride.
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide :
The train from out the castle drew
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu !---
" Though something I might plain," he said,
" Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."---
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :---
" My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will ;
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone---
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp,"---
Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And---" This to me !" he said,---
" An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head !
And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message bear,

Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate ;
And Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your Lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)

I tell thee thou'rt defied !
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near
Lord Angus, thou hast lied !"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age.
Fierce he broke forth :—" And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall ?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go ?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no !
Up draw-bridge, grooms---what, Warder, ho !
Let the portcullis fall."—

Lord Marmion turn'd,---well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung :
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending razed his plume.

The steed along the draw-bridge flies
Just as it trembled on the rise ;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim :
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
" Horse ! horse !" the Douglas cried, " and chase !"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace :
" A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood.
I thought to slay him where he stood.

'Tis pity of him too," he cried,
" Bold can he speak and fairly ride :
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls. SIR. W. SCOTT.

THE DESCENT OF BRAMA.

But hark ! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals !
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds, that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

" Foes of mankind ! (her guardian spirits say)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm, shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the prostrate world ;*
Nine times hath guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled as the Mighty came ;
Nine times hath suffering mercy spared in vain——
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high !
Heaven's fiery horse beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light cloud and gallops on the storm !
Wide waves his flickering sword, his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below !
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed
Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !
To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm,
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore,
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,

* The Hindoos believe that Brama has descended to earth nine times in various forms, and that he will appear again as a warrior on a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders.

The tenth Avatar* comes! at Heaven's command
 Shall Seriswattee† wave her hallow'd wand!
 And Camdeo‡ bright and Ganesa§ sublime,
 Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime.
 Come, Heavenly powers! primeval peace restore!
 Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—Rule for evermore!”

CAMPBELL.

THE FOLLY OF REJECTING THE DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE STATE.

Oh! lives there Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
 One hapless dark Idolater of chance,
 Content to feed with pleasures unrefined,
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
 Who mouldering earthward 'reft of every trust,
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
 Here, live, alas! of Heaven-directed mien,
 Of cultivated soul and eye serene,
 Who hail thee man, the pilgrim of a day,
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
 Whose mortal life and momentary fire,
 Lights to the grave his chance created form,
 As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm;
 And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
 To night and silence sink for evermore!—
 Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
 Lights of the world, and demigods of fame?
 Is this your triumph,—this your proud applause,
 Children of Truth and champions of her cause?
 For this hath science search'd on weary wing
 By shore and sea—each mute and living thing?

* *Avatar* is the word used to express Brama's descent.

† *Seriswattee* corresponds to Minerva.

‡ The *Cupid* of the Hindoos.

§ The same as the *Janus* of the Romans.

Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heaven?
Oh! star-eyed science hast thou wandered there
To waft us back the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf and death distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurel'd leaf that murder rears,
Blood nursed and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic's head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heaven-ward Hope remain!
But if the warring winds of Nature's strife,
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If chance awaked inexorable power!
This frail and feverish being of an hour,
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom;
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man——
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing virtue pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told;
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

CAMPBELL

THE FOLLY OF WAR.

Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ?—The fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high :—from rock to rock,
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ;
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo ! where the giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorcheth all that glares upon ;
 Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon,
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done ;
 For, in this morn, three potent nations meet
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools !
 Yes, *Honour* decks the turf that wraps their clay !
 Vain sophistry ! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to trace their way
 With human hearts—to what ?—a dream alone.
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway,
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone ?

BYRON.

THE MARTYR STUDENT.

List not Ambition's call, for she has lured
To death her tens of thousands, and her voice,
Though sweet as the old siren's, is as false !
Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks
The battle-field, where red Destruction waves
O'er the wide plain his banner, trampling down
The dying and the dead ;—on Ocean's wave,
Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the fight—
The seaman follows her, to fall, at last,
In Victory's gory arms. To Learning's sons
She promises the proud degree, the praise
Of academic senates, and a name
That Fame, on her imperishable scroll,
Shall deeply 'grave. O there was one who heard
Her fatal promptings, whom the Muses mourn,
And Genius yet deplores ! In studious cell
Immured, he trimm'd his solitary lamp ;
And morn, unmark'd, upon his pallid cheek
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye
Reluctant closed, and sleep around his couch
Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night
Mingled insensibly—and night with day ;
In loveliest change the seasons came—and pass'd—
Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky
Wander'd the lark—the merry birds beneath
Pour'd their sweet woodland poetry—the streams
Sent up their eloquent voices—all was joy,
And in the breeze was life. Then summer gemm'd
The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn, as seen
In heaven the countless clustering stars. By day
The grateful peasant pour'd his song—by night
The nightingale :---he heeded not the lay
Divine of earth or sky, the voice of streams,
Sunshine and shadow, and the rich blue sky ;
Nor gales of fragrance and of life that cheer
The aching brow, relume the drooping eye,
And fire the languid pulse. One stern pursuit,
One master-passion master'd all ; and Death
Smiled inly, as Consumption at his nod
Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd the cheek

With roses that bloom only o'er the grave ;
And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,
Kindled unnatural fires !

Yet hope sustain'd
His sinking soul, and to the high reward
Of sleepless nights and watchful days, and scorn
Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,
Pointed exultingly. But Death,—who loves
To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss
From man's impatient lip,—with horrid glance
Mark'd the young victim, as, with fluttering step
And beating heart, and cheek with treacherous bloom
Suffused, he press'd where Science oped the gates
Of her high temple.

There, beneath the guise
Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd
The tyrant DEATH : and as around the brow
Of that ill-fated votary he wreath'd
The crown of Victory,—silently he twined
The cypress with the laurel :—at his foot
Perish'd the "MARTYR STUDENT !" CARRINGTON.

THE END.

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